Sept. 11, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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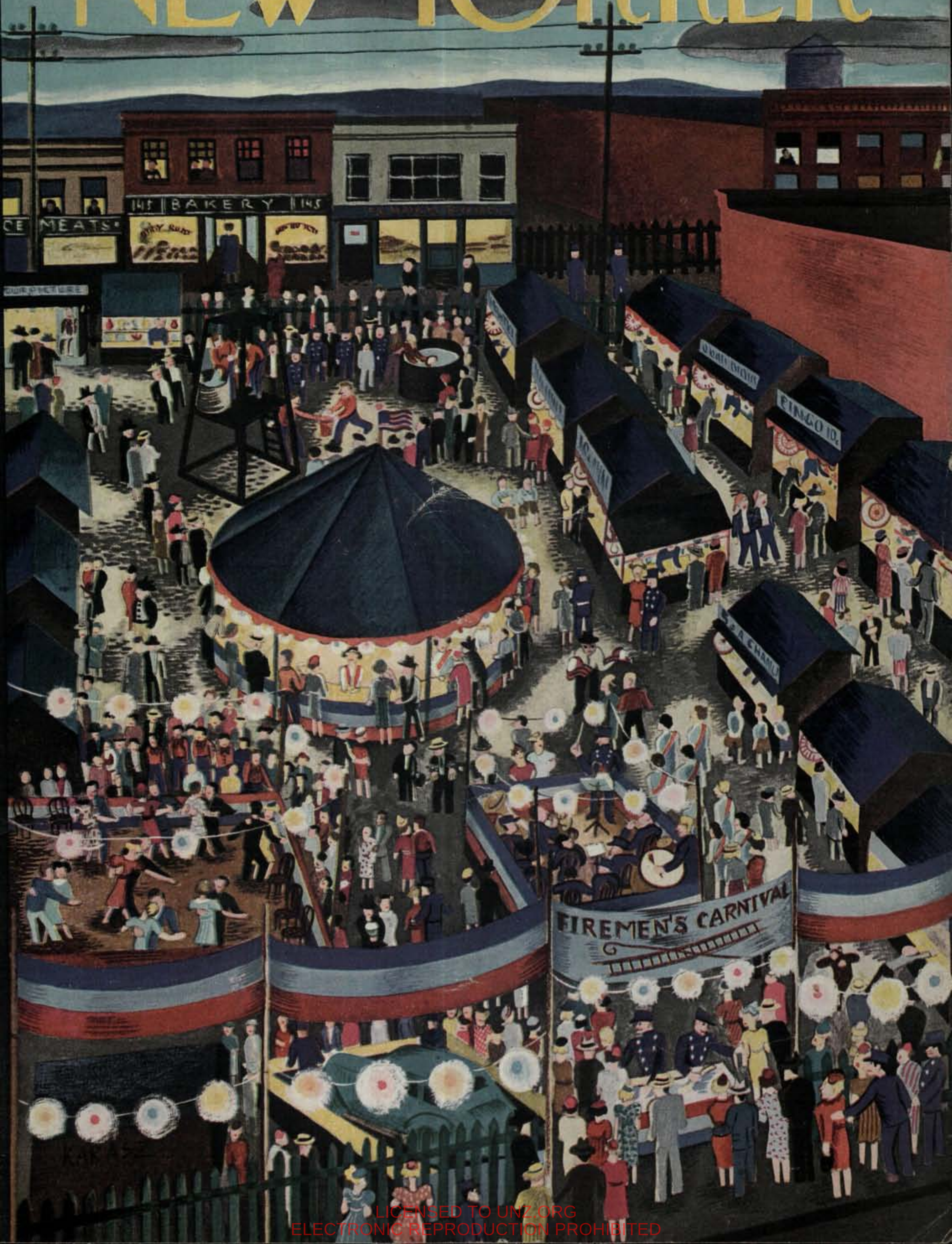

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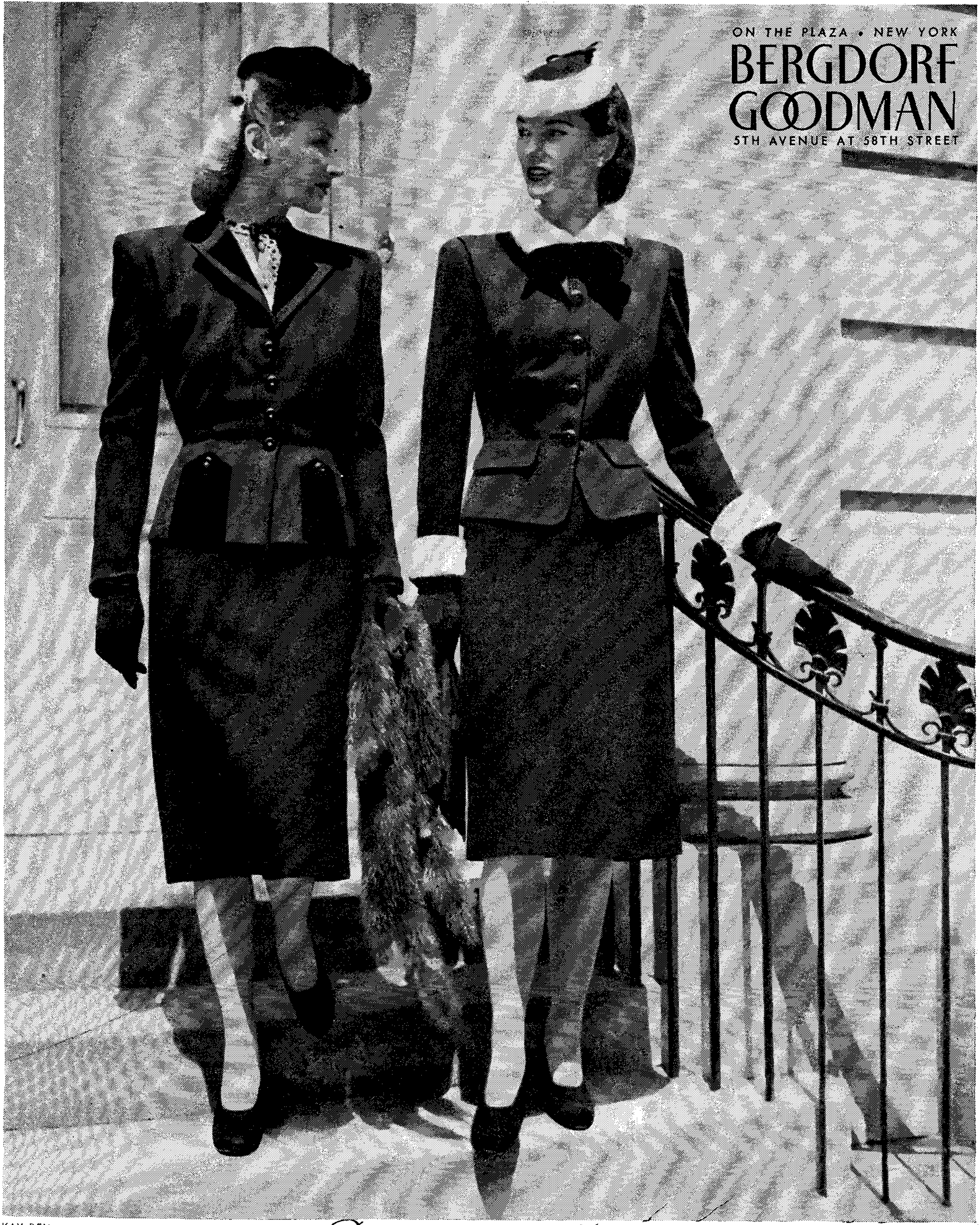

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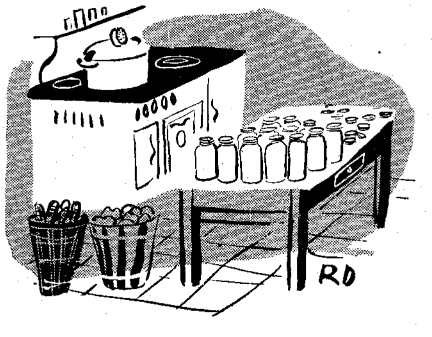

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes magnificent as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a piece about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fourth year. Edwin Cooper and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Murder Without Crime—There are only four people in this mild thriller, but there's not much for anyone to do except Henry Daniell. The others are Bretaigne Windust, Viola Keats, and Frances Tannehill. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family that survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Gladys George, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober though somewhat elementary attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is excellent in his rôle of the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a good, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique. The cast also includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music, but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or the other. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and the cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—Todd Duncan and Etta Moten in a return engagement of Gershwin's folk opera. Alexander Smallens will again conduct the orchestra. Reopens Mon., Sept. 13. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Betty Bruce and Frankie Hyers. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., except Sept. 11, at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of an operetta which has been curiously popular since the twenties. Everett Marshall and Frank Hornaday. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats., tentatively, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and sometimes funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes, among many others, Eric Blore. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Blossom Time—Alexander Gray and Barbara Scully in a revival of Romberg's operetta. Produced, of course, by the Shuberts. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

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Laugh Time—Ethel Waters, Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, and others in a vaudeville show produced by Paul Small and Fred F. Finklehoffe. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

My Dear Public—A musical comedy with Willie Howard, Nanette Fabray, and Eric Brotherson. Produced by Irving Caesar. Opens Thurs., Sept. 9. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Bright Lights—A revue with James Barton and Frances Williams, produced by Alexander H. Cohen and Martin H. Poll. Opens Tues., Sept. 14. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A New Life—A play by Elmer Rice, with Betty Field. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Wed., Sept. 15. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice-Capades of 1944—A skating revue, featuring such champions as Donna Atwood and Nate Walley. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30, beginning Tues., Sept. 14. Admission on opening night by purchase of War Bonds.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Sept. 9, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a charming greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue surrounded by ferns and fountains. Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also Kenneth Spencer and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Strictly Manhattan palm trees and a show that includes Ella Logan, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Not lapped by any waves, even at high tide, but still refreshing. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, a well-appointed place of large dimensions, offers Fred and Elaine Barry, Myrus the Mind Reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Ted Straeter's orchestra and a dance team.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this attractive room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Russ Smith's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Leo Reisman's orchestra and also, at the supper hour, Mischa Borr's orchestra and a show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the Leonard Ware Trio helps keep things going here. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): a casual sort of place, where Spivy can be found playing the piano and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 30, September 11, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

singing her repertory of rough-and-ready songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not much connection with the life Parisian, but there's Celeste Holm and a small show. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): both the music and the lights are soft enough for Romance.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place with a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Carl Brisson. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet: songs by Anne Francine and music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big, noisy show, headed by Grace Hayes; Charles Baum's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): claims to be New York's oldest Spanish night club, and it may well be. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band are playing here, which should be all you need to know. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Left Bank crossed with Times Square and a big show headed by Georgie Price. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE**, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Spivy commutes from her own club, and in addition there are Enric Madriguera's and Roy Eldridge's orchestras and girls galore. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment with some big and some fair-sized names, including Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and Maurice Rocco; Don Redman's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and a show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): castanets, ruffles, and dark, flashing eyes.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with music by Mary Lou Williams, Joshua White, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Chelsea Quealey. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday and a trio. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

ART

Drawings—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul César Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 14.

East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 10.

European and American—At **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by European and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 18. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: oils, mostly by European artists, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Daily 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 10. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 18.

Groups—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57: works in several media by Philip Evergood, Raphael and Moses Soyer, Anton Refrégier, and others, in the first show in this gallery's new quarters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 25. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Sept. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors, oils, and black-and-whites by members of this gallery's group, which includes Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, and Georges Schreiber. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 11. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose works were shown here last season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 25.

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Landscapes—Paintings of the Midi by Claude Monet, Auguste Renoir, Paul Cezanne, and other French artists: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 2.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Over a hundred paintings of scenes in battle zones and on the home front, originally done for *Life* by Tom Lea, Fletcher Martin, Paul Sample, and other American artists (through Sept. 19); also, an exhibition of aquatints, lithographs, and other prints by modern Argentine artists (through Oct. 17); and the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Ten newly acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

MUSIC

Romberg Concert—Sigmund Romberg conducting an orchestra in a program of his own compositions; soloists, Marthe Errolle, Eric Mattson, and others; a benefit for B'nai B'rith: Sat., Sept. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Salmaggi Opera—"Carmen," Thurs., Sept. 16; "La Traviata," Fri., Sept. 17; "Aïda," Sat., Sept. 18; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 10-11, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 12 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 17-18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 14-16, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 9, at 4:30 P.M. and Sat. and Sun., Sept. 11-12, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Bob Montgomery vs. Beau Jack for the world lightweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., Sept. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.

Dog Shows—At Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y.: Tuxedo Kennel Club, Sat., Sept. 11, at 10 A.M., and Westchester Kennel Club, Sun., Sept. 12, at 10 A.M.; benefits for Dogs for Defense, Inc.

Golf—Long Island G.A. Pro-Amateur, for the Woolsey Cup (an Army Relief Fund benefit), Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead, Thurs., Sept. 16.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 18. (Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 11; the Cowdin, Sept. 15; Stony Brook Claiming Stakes and the Beldame Handicap, Sept. 18.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 11:08 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and on other days between 11:24 A.M. and 1:24 P.M.

Yachting—Championship race on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., off Larchmont, Sun., Sept. 12, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Loan Drive—The campaign will be inaugurated with a program of speeches by such prominent figures as Governor Dewey and Archbishop Spellman, at Carnegie Hall, on Thurs., Sept. 9, at 8:45 P.M. There will also be an entertainment at Madison Square Garden on Sat., Sept. 11, at 8:30 P.M., at which Fred Astaire, Greer Garson, Judy Garland, James Cagney, and many other Hollywood stars will appear. (Admission to both programs by purchase of War Bonds.)

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material (through Oct. 31); also, an exhibition, assembled by Gregory Bateson, of photographs, sculptures, and paintings from Bali, showing the culture of its people and designed to illustrate the problems which confront an army of occupation in any foreign territory (through Sept. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with fliers' equipment, machine guns, airplane engines, and scale models of wind-tunnels (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of war trophies captured from the Germans, examples of lend-lease equipment, and photomurals of wartime life in both countries (through Sept. 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Photography—An exhibition showing the development of action-photography from 1837 to the present: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 19.

Mineola Fair—The annual exhibit of livestock and produce raised by the amateur and professional farmers of Long Island: Fair Grounds, Mineola, Tues. through Sat., Sept. 14-18, from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.

On the Air—A War Loan Drive program, with Mayor La Guardia and other civic leaders, dramatizing the part each borough is playing in the campaign, Sat., Sept. 11, at 1:30 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting; soloist, Robert Casadesus, Sun., Sept. 12, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Sept. 12, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Racing: Edgemere Handicap, Sat., Sept. 11, at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WEAF, and WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC; Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

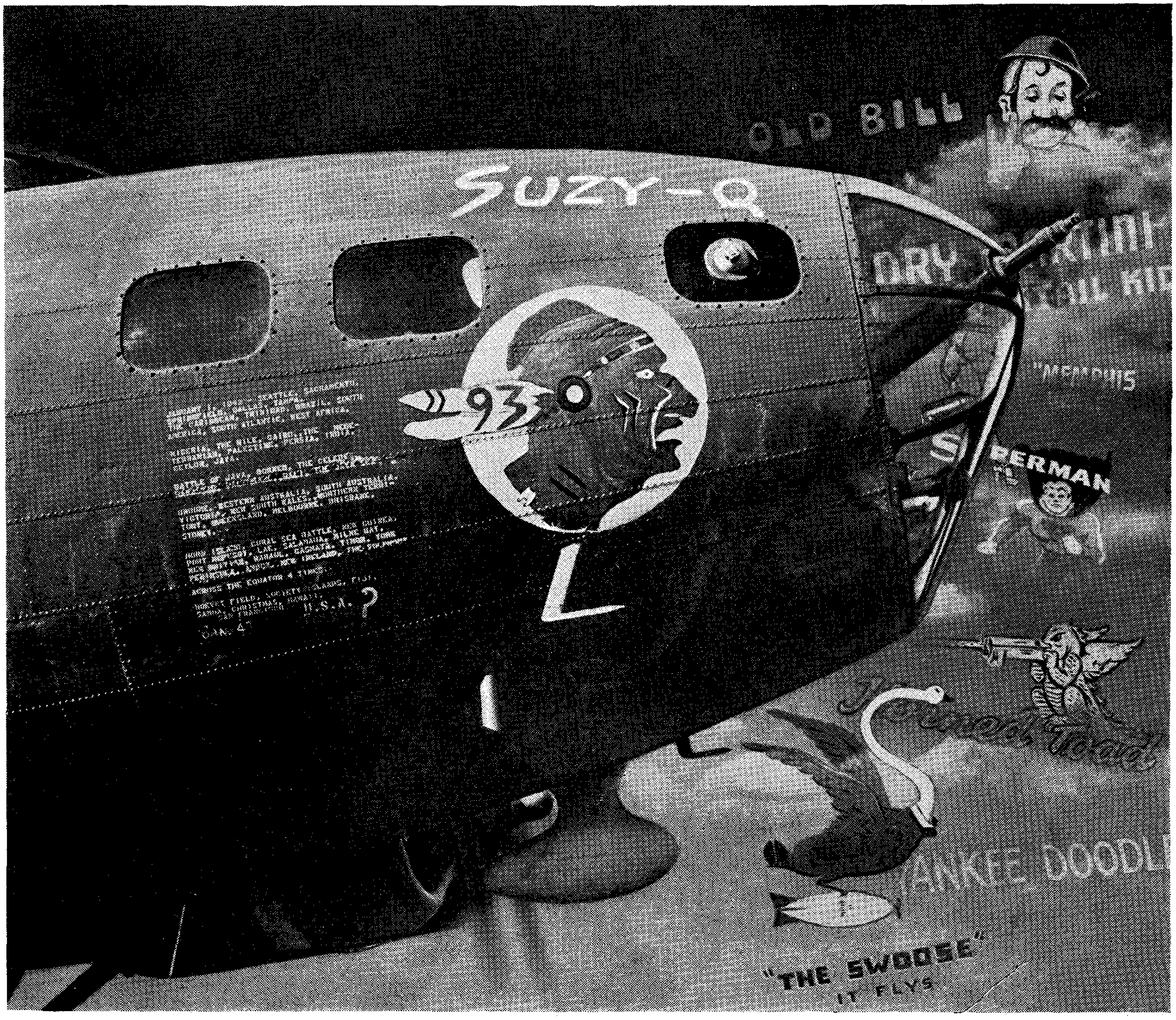
Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—European furniture from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries; Oriental and Aubusson rugs; and Old Meissen, Hochst, and other porcelains; from the collections of Mrs. L. Gordon Hamersley, Henry Root Stern, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 16-18, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Bataan—Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, and others carry out a realistic delaying action in the Philippines. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 10. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 12-13.)

The Constant Nymph—Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine in a satisfactory 1943 version of the reliable old story. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., Sept. 13. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Sept. 15.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A screen adaptation that you may have heard about, notable for its suspense, acting, and exceptional Technicolor, if not for its political convictions. Gary Cooper, Ingrid



Back the Attack – with War Bonds

Affection

As you read story after story about Boeing Flying Fortresses,* one thing is apt to impress you above all else . . . *and that is the deep-rooted affection which Fortress crews have for the sturdy ships which bring them back to their bases, time and again, from fierce battles with the enemy forces.*

Consider the case of the Fortress which fought off half a hundred Nazis for twenty minutes and then limped home with her left wing severely damaged, her inboard engine dead, and more than 2000 bullet holes in her tough hide. At the height of the action the skipper told his crew they could jump. "Sorry, sir," they called back over the interphone, "we're too busy shooting down Focke-Wulfs."

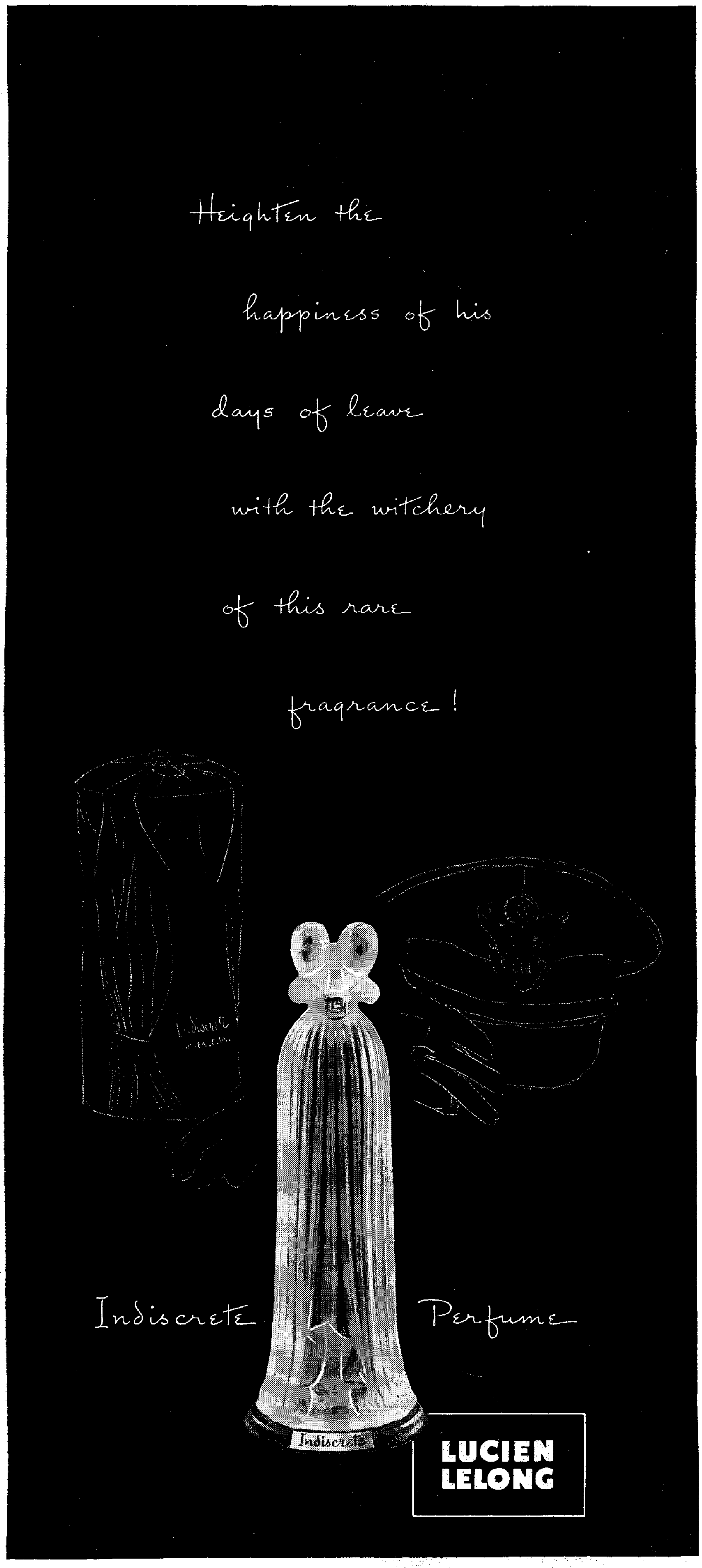
Or this, by another pilot: "We were traveling between 400 and 450 miles an hour. According to the slide rules, there was no chance of our pulling out of the dive. But we were goners if we didn't try. There were tearing noises; the bombs were crashing through the bottom. Then the Fortress came up level, and the wings were still with us! She's a great ship, and you know what I mean when I say GREAT!"

Back of stories like these, and the plane that inspires them, there *must* be designing and engineering and manufacturing skills of high degree. The Boeing engineering staff numbers over 3000 and includes men with experience in more than 25 distinct fields . . . structural, electrical, hydraulic, acoustical, metallurgical and many others.

Boeing products have consistently met or exceeded all claims made for them. True today, it will likewise be true tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS


Heighten the happiness of his days of leave with the witchery of this rare fragrance!
Indiscrete
Indiscrète Perfume
Indiscrète
LUCIEN LELONG

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Hers to Hold—Good, clean sentiment, involving Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Sept. 15. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 11-13. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 14-16. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 14-18.)

Mission to Moscow—Adaptation of Mr. Davies' book, worth attention on account of its ends if not all of its means. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and dozens more. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Sept. 11.)

Report from the Aleutians—A good-looking, informative, and often stirring documentary by Captain John Huston. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 14-15.)

This Is the Army—Big, Technicolored reproduction of the hit soldier show, with a harmless story thrown in. George Murphy, Charles Butterworth, and Joan Leslie are in the added Hollywood cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

This Land Is Mine—A persuasive story about a childlike school teacher in an occupied country who is quickly matured by his experience with the Nazis. Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Wed., Sept. 12-15.)

Watch on the Rhine—About the best anti-Fascist film that's turned up. Paul Lukas, Bette Davis, George Coulouris. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Sept. 9.)

Blockade (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed., Sept. 15.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of all the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad Czar. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Crossroads (1942)—Blackmail in the French diplomatic service. William Powell and Hedy Lamarr. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 15-16.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Sept. 16.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—The John P. Marquand novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 9.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 9.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the beach. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 13-14.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 10-13.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story, with Ronald Colman and Margo. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 9.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Dashiell Hammett's giddy thriller. Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 11-14.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 10-13.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1938)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Sept. 16.)

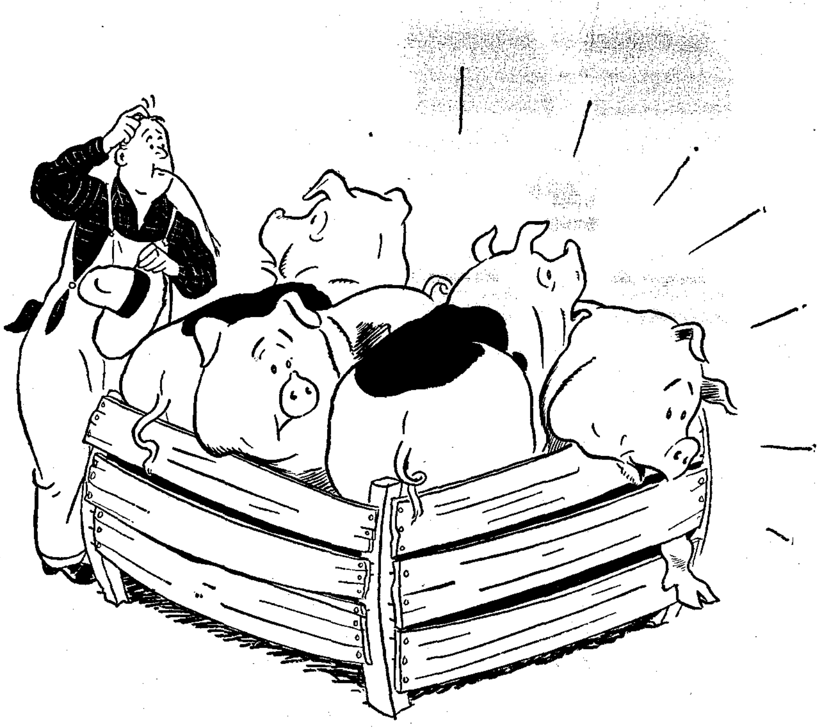
The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway film of war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 14-16.)

Stand-In (1937)—A satire on Hollywood. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed., Sept. 15.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 12-14.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer mixed up with labor problems and hurricanes. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 9.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing eight short dance sequences from various films (1909-1936) featuring, among others, Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire. Weekdays at 3, 4, and 5:30



Yes Indeed.... Pigs Grow Bigger

Farmer H. G. McCoy, First National's popular V.P., is in a jam—learning the hard way that housing projects should allow for expansion. Growth, Mr. McCoy, is the destiny of small pigs, if not their destination. We're sorry we couldn't accept your subscription to the FARM JOURNAL for it might have saved you a deal of trouble. *You* can cope with your housing shortage, however, while the paper shortage limits the FARM JOURNAL to 2,700,000 copies—all consigned to prepaid rural subscribers.

• • • •

Except for paper restrictions, the FARM JOURNAL would be well up toward an edition of 3,000,000 copies. Though we long ago gave up all new circulation effort, mailbags full of subscriptions are received each month—spontaneous recognition of that editorial leadership which has made FARM JOURNAL the largest rural magazine in America. If you raise your own spare ribs or simply want the truth and all of it about the farm situation, borrow if you must, but at any rate read the FARM JOURNAL.

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ONE
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FARM JOURNAL
Farmer's Wife
September 1943 5¢
For Peace, Abundance Is Might
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GRAHAM PATTERSON, ***Publisher***

FARM JOURNAL
AND ***Farmer's Wife***

Washington Square, **PHILADELPHIA**

She'll Certainly Love these MOSSE Gifts!

1. "Forget-me-not!" Exquisite Swiss hand-rolled white hankies ~ 3 with her name, 3, her initials in lovely French Beauvais embroidery. Assorted, blue, coral and sea-green. 4 for $8; 6 for $12

2. How she'll enjoy a handsome white bath set! "Bluebirds" for happiness, or four leaf "Clover" for luck ~ both with Beauvais embroidery. "Bluebirds" with stunning monogram in blue shades ~ "Clover" with her name in clover pink. . . Years of happy use! Each set, 2 bath towels, 2 hand towels, 2 wash cloths, a mat, $22.50

3. Every woman longs for a stunning tailored doily set ~ 'specially this of eggshell **Irish linen**, with two-toned hand-appliqué monograms, grey with rose, rose with blue, grey with chartreuse; 8 doilies, 8 napkins, a runner, $26

4. She'll bless you for this smart double duty luncheon-bridge set, with hand-appliqué, originally designed monograms ~ 4 doilies, 4 monogrammed napkins, a runner, and monogrammed bridge cloth. Colors: silver grey, soft blue, dusty rose, turquoise, maize, or peach, $16

5. For a bit of gay nineties fun ~ well-upholstered little ladies, 2 of yesteryear, 2 of today, hand-appliqué on linen guest towels. Box of 4 assorted, $10.00

All mailed in gift wrapping with holiday or special occasion cards. . . . Postage included. . . . Order now for Christmas. . . . Enclose her full name with address. . . . No C.O.D.'s on monogrammed orders.

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659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 18.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—There is still an urgent need for many men and women to fill emergency jobs. The Manhattan headquarters of the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), is prepared to assign residents of this borough to wartime tasks and also help them sign up with the Red Cross. (*In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.*)

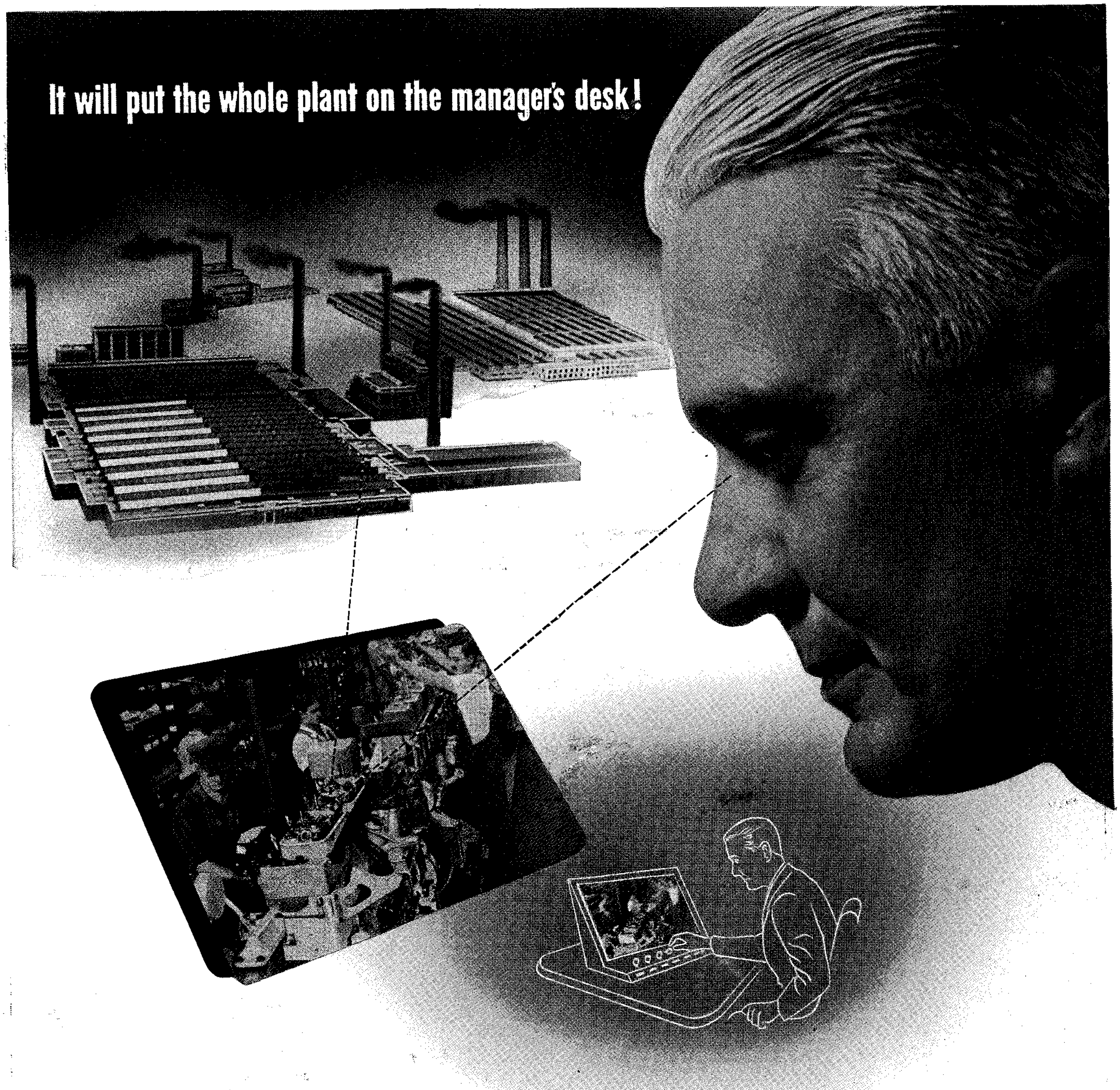
Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational *and recreational work with children on a regular* schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) men and women over eighteen to put in at least eight hours a week doing highly necessary but unskilled work in hospitals; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

The Third War Loan Drive is on, and the C.D.V.O. is recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening selling bonds and doing clerical work in connection with the Drive.

SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for bombs, blasting powder, shells, and other war materials. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for a hundred pounds or more (roughly, a stack five feet high) and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government requests that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and medicines. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it *will facilitate handling if you flatten them after* cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy still needs Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for Christmas packages to be sent overseas. For information about the size, contents, and other requirements, call the A.W.V.S. office. The organization will also arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and ping pong and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A. W. V. S. will fix them up. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.


It will put the whole plant on the manager's desk!

It may be miles from the plant manager's office to his most distant buildings, but it won't take a second for television to *show* him the production line in Building N, the mold problem in the foundry or the design change developed in the engineers' office.

Television equipment located in each department—and a receiving set on his desk . . . the manager's whole plant will be right in his office!

This is only one of the many unique possibilities of the magic of television. Industry and education, medicine and merchandising, science and entertainment—all will use it widely in the better world we're fighting for.

It is 17 short years since Farnsworth, pioneer in electronic television, first demonstrated the kind of television which today has brought clear images, colors and speed, and that waits only peace to establish itself as one of America's next great industries.

The results of Farnsworth's many years' pioneering in television and radio are now applied entirely to military equipment. Our extensive factories, well-equipped laboratories, our thousands of skilled workers, trained in the precision manufacture of the superlative Capehart Phonograph-Radio, are building highly technical electronic equipment for all our fighting forces.

When peace comes, Farnsworth television and radio equipment—including the superb Capehart—will be better because of what we've learned in war work . . . and much closer will be the day of home television . . . when you will *see* news made in world affairs, in sports, science, art and entertainment, on a television screen in your own home.

Help bring peace and Victory closer. Buy the War Bonds that buy America's winning weapons.

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana. Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

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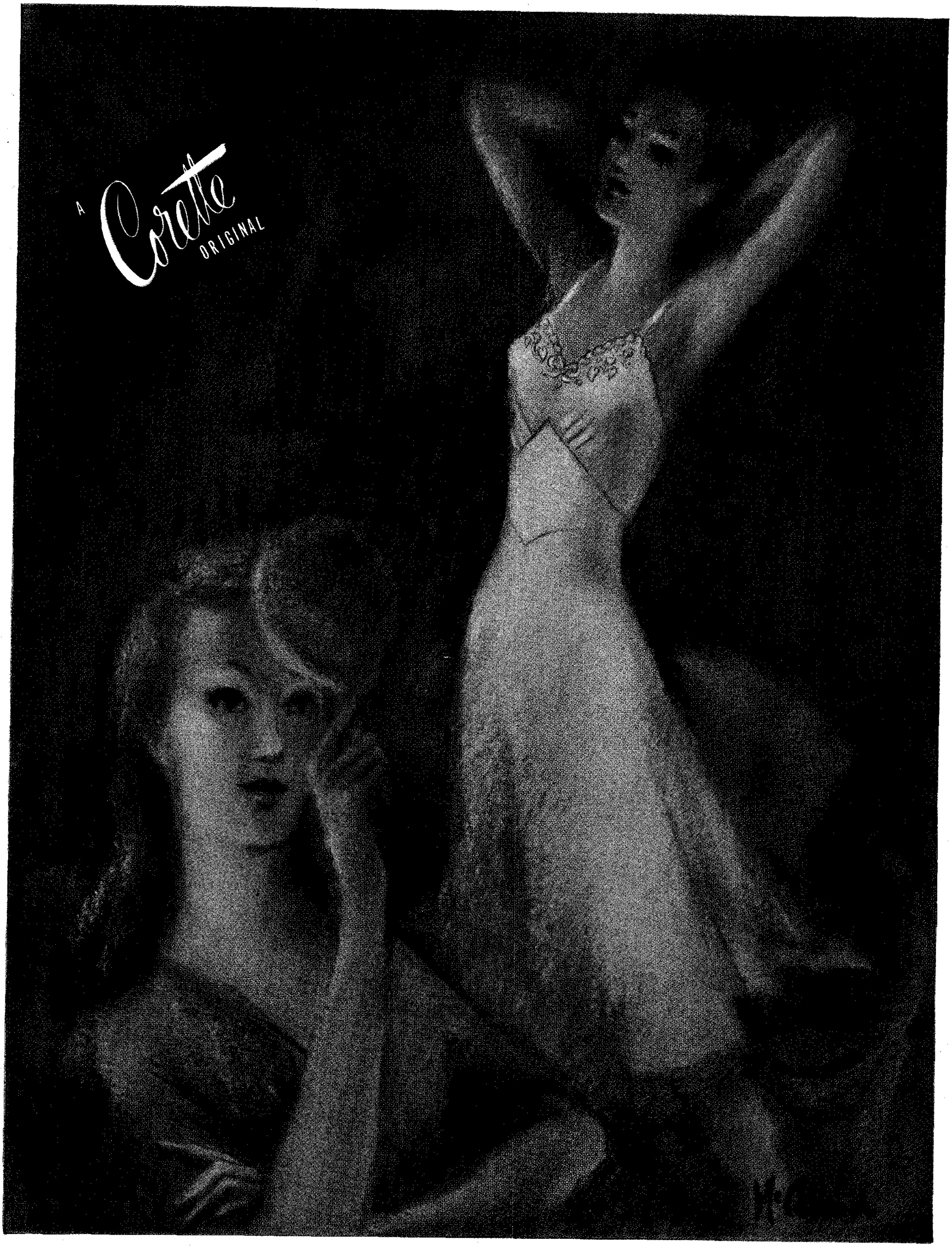

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The answer to a maiden's prayer. It's our All Arounder model, garlanded with hearts and flowers. Perfectly behaved, in action or repose. Bias top won't bind, straight-cut skirt won't expose knees. With darted bodice, diamond-shaped midriff to achieve flawless fit. about $3.

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Why Professor Tate spends his week-ends as a Section Hand

FOR VICTORY—KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

Professor Richard Tate teaches history in a western college town where Southern Pacific trains often stop.

Meeting him in his classroom you'd probably not suspect that he also works on railroad track, with a section crew. But Dick Tate doing his week-end job on S. P. right of way is a different man from Professor Tate delivering a weekday lecture to his students.

He looks healthier. He "eats" hungrier. And he's better pleased with his part in the war . . .

PROFESSOR TATE likes to think of himself as an example of what's happening to our whole country in this war. "Nowadays," the Professor declares, "we Americans are learning that a lot of tough work must be done if we're to keep our right to a free, good life.

"I see the trains go by packed with troops and war goods, and I know that railroad transportation is vital. That's why I'm mighty pleased I can get in some good licks of work on S. P. track."

IN WESTERN COMMUNITIES all along Southern Pacific's 15,000 miles of line, thousands of good citizens like our Professor Tate are giving up their week-end leisure to do a necessary war job for the railroad.

We are very proud of these emergency railroaders who answered our appeal for help to meet a serious shortage of track workers. Proud, too, of all our full-time S. P. "regulars" who carry the main work load.

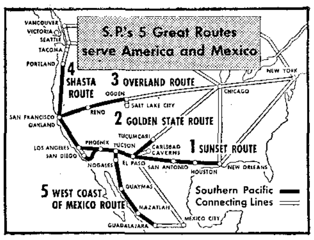
With more than 13,000 S. P. men now in the armed forces we need all the help we can get to keep the war trains rolling. We also need more cars and locomotives—but with what we now have *we're moving the greatest traffic load in our 80 years of railroading!*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC serves the great sweep of West and South. Over pioneer, strategic routes, our tracks converge on the Pacific Coast to point like daggers at Japan.

From Ogden in Utah across Great Salt Lake, across the High Sierra to San Francisco. From New Orleans in the deep South, from Houston, from El Paso, along the Rio Grande to Los Angeles and San Diego.

From Tucumcari in New Mexico over the Continental Divide to Southern California . . . from Portland in the evergreen Northwest down through Oregon, down through all of California. Southern Pacific's network of tracks throughout the West, Southwest and South contacts more military and naval establishments than any other railroad.

Steadily our war load grows. In mounting tempo until peace comes, the Victory trains must roll. *The men and women of Southern Pacific—ninety-five thousand strong—are dedicated to this all-important task!*


S.P.'s 5 Great Routes serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
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SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
RENO
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
GUADALAJARA
MEXICO CITY
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The friendly Southern Pacific

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One of America's railroads—
ALL united for Victory

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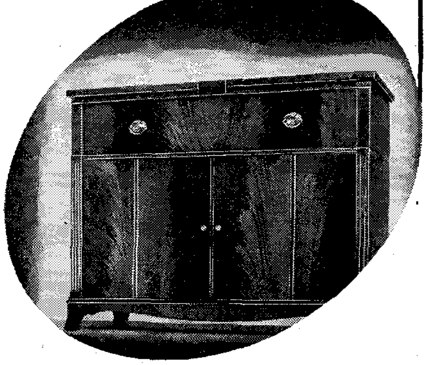
E H SCOTT

You might never recognize a Bassoon if you met, or heard, one . . . but its low vibrant note is vital in fine music. Composers use it for that substance and shading which mean so much to the brilliance of a performance. But to experience what the composer wrote and the orchestra played, you must *hear* the Bassoon in its own tone and timbre, as a Scott brings it to you.

For a Scott brings you each instrument in its own true voice . . . unaltered, distinct . . . with all the overtones which bejewel the fabric of fine music. Naturally, because of the Scott's amazing fidelity and reach, it was put into "active service" at once. Consequently the Scott-you-might-have-owned is patrolling the oceans that bear our ships . . . bringing messages from far-flung bases to convoys, merchantmen and ships of the line . . . or relieving the tense hours of our seamen who listen hungrily for their favorite programs from home.

If you love fine music, you will want a Scott. You will want to join the distinguished company of musicians, composers, ambassadors and notables in 154 countries who listen with this amazing instrument. Truly no greater musical experience could ever be yours, and after the war we'll build a Scott for *you!*



ARMY E NAVY

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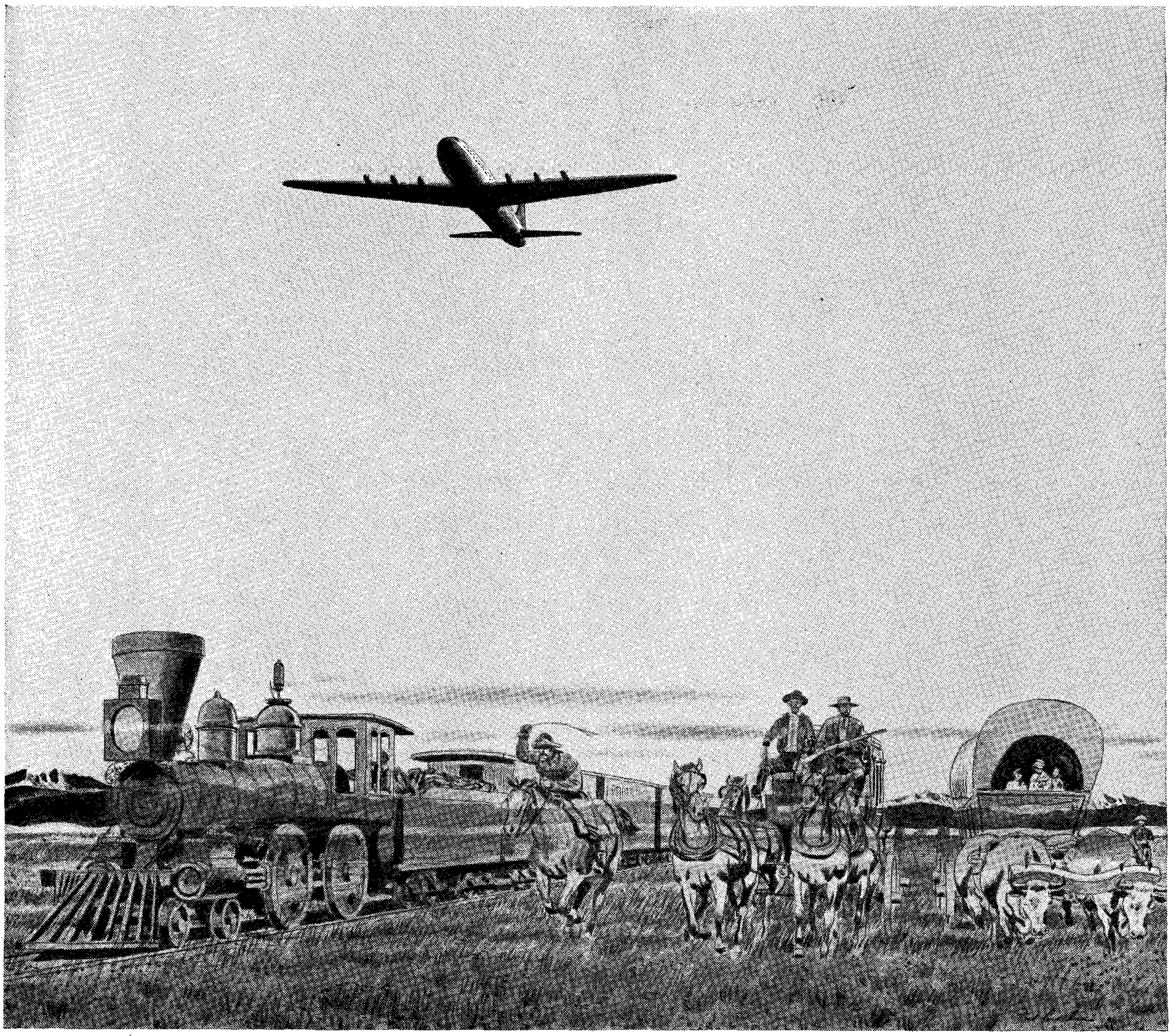

New York to California in the *Age of Flight*

Today in a nation fighting for its very existence, we are placing much of the burden of war on the airplane. What can we expect of it in a world of peace?

• • •

SOME DAY *you* will fly across this great country of ours. Then you will feel as never before the drama of its past . . . the greatness of its future.

Chances are you will choose the *direct* route . . . the Main Line Airway. In the space of a few hours, beneath your giant United Mainliner will spread out the whole vast panorama of this continent—its great industrial centers, its thousands of towns and hamlets, its rolling farmlands and rich cattle regions, its stately forests and fertile plains.

History itself will unfold before your eyes, for the Main Line Airway is the path of the pioneers. Over this Overland Route trudged the covered wagon, traveling only as far in a whole day as you will go in three minutes. You will trace the course of the Pony Express, the first transcontinental railroad and telegraph line, the first coast-to-coast highway. You will fly over the route selected by Government engineers for the first air mail service across the country.

Today, as then, the direct route is the *strategic* route over which flows a nation's commerce. Today, in Victory's cause, United is maintaining important scheduled passenger, mail and express service on the Main Line Airway and is also flying to every corner of this land and beyond its shores on military missions.

When peace is finally won, all of United's hundreds of millions of miles of flying experience will be devoted to the realization of the Age of Flight.

★ *Buy War Bonds and Stamps for Victory* ★

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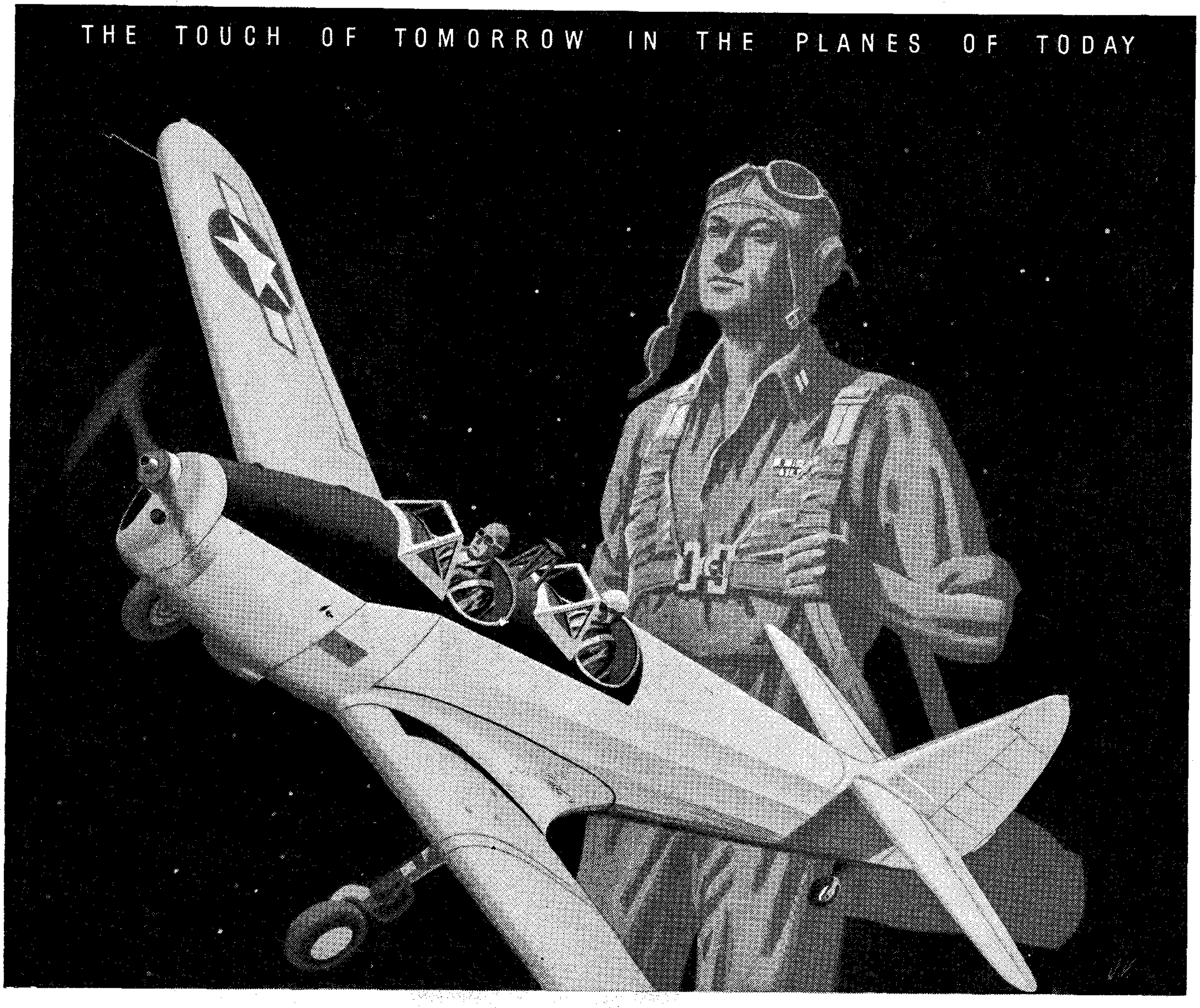
THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

Heroes' Alma Mater

Our airmen have proved themselves masters of anything that flies.

When you hear of their exploits you wonder how such skill, such devastating dexterity could be acquired in a few brief months. Surely, these men must have been "born to the blue."

Yet the plain fact is that scarcely one in a thousand ever flew a plane before the war. Each and every one had to be *trained*—thoroughly and quickly.

In their training, the Fairchild PT-19 Primary Trainer with "fighter" characteristics is their flying school.

This staunch little ship is ideal for the rigorous acrobatic program prescribed in primary training. In the words of a veteran pilot-teacher now at an Army flying school: "It is unnecessary to caution a student or to warn him about excessive speeds in pull-outs or dangerous positions while he is flying a PT-19. We simply go ahead and teach him to do every maneuver in the book: slow rolls, snap rolls, Immelmanns, loops, half rolls, inverted coordination exercises and turns, vertical reversements, spins, and combinations of these. The PT-19 can certainly 'take it.' That is the best confidence builder ever invented."

From behind soda fountain and plow, office desk and ivied walls, after a short intensive training in the PT-19, the most daring and expert flyers the world has known have emerged. After six hours training in a PT-19 it is not unusual to solo Army students who have never flown before.

As a constant check on the performance of PT-19's, on the American mainland and abroad, the reports of a corps of specialists written in the field, enable our engineers and designers back home to keep that "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today."

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

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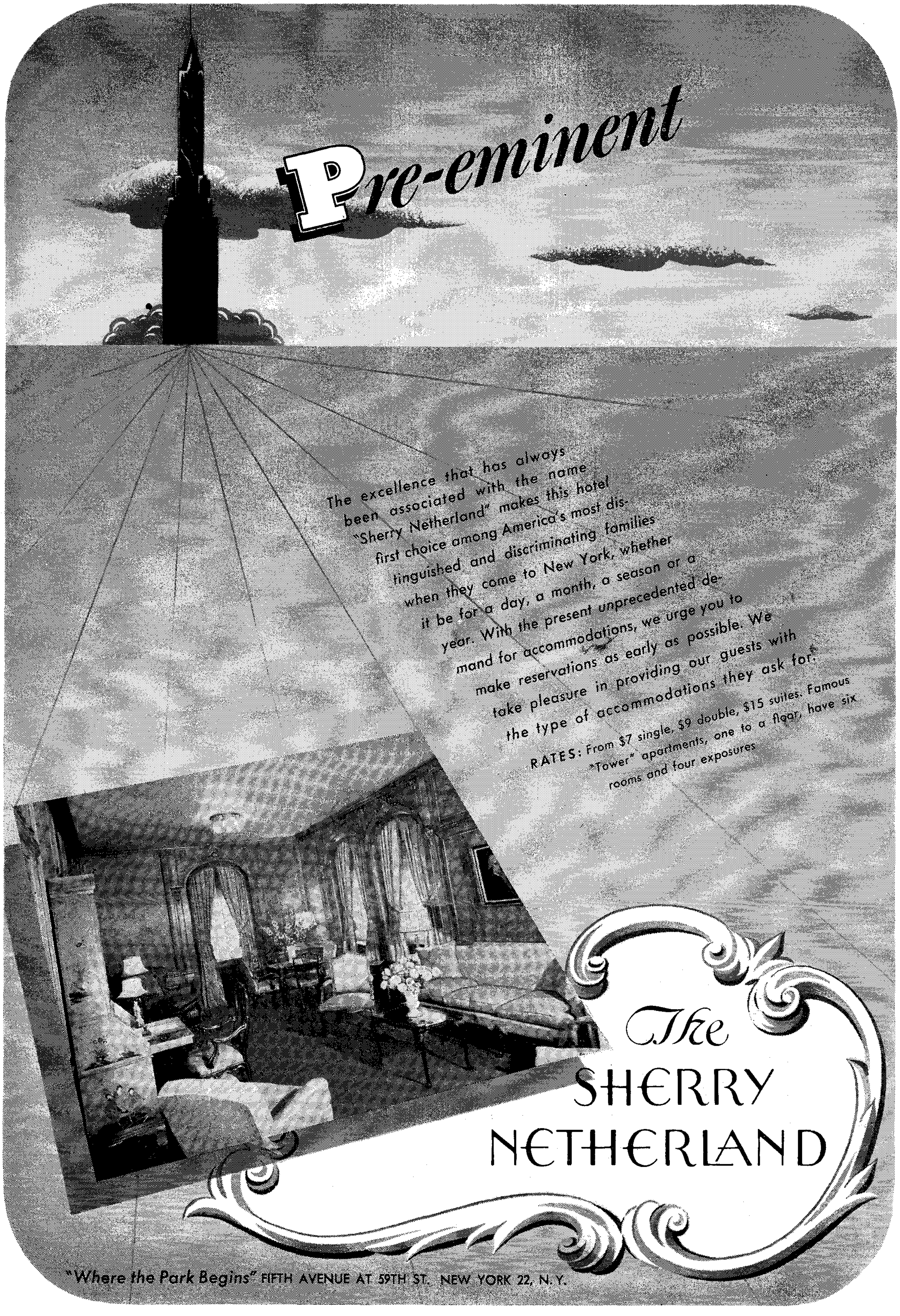

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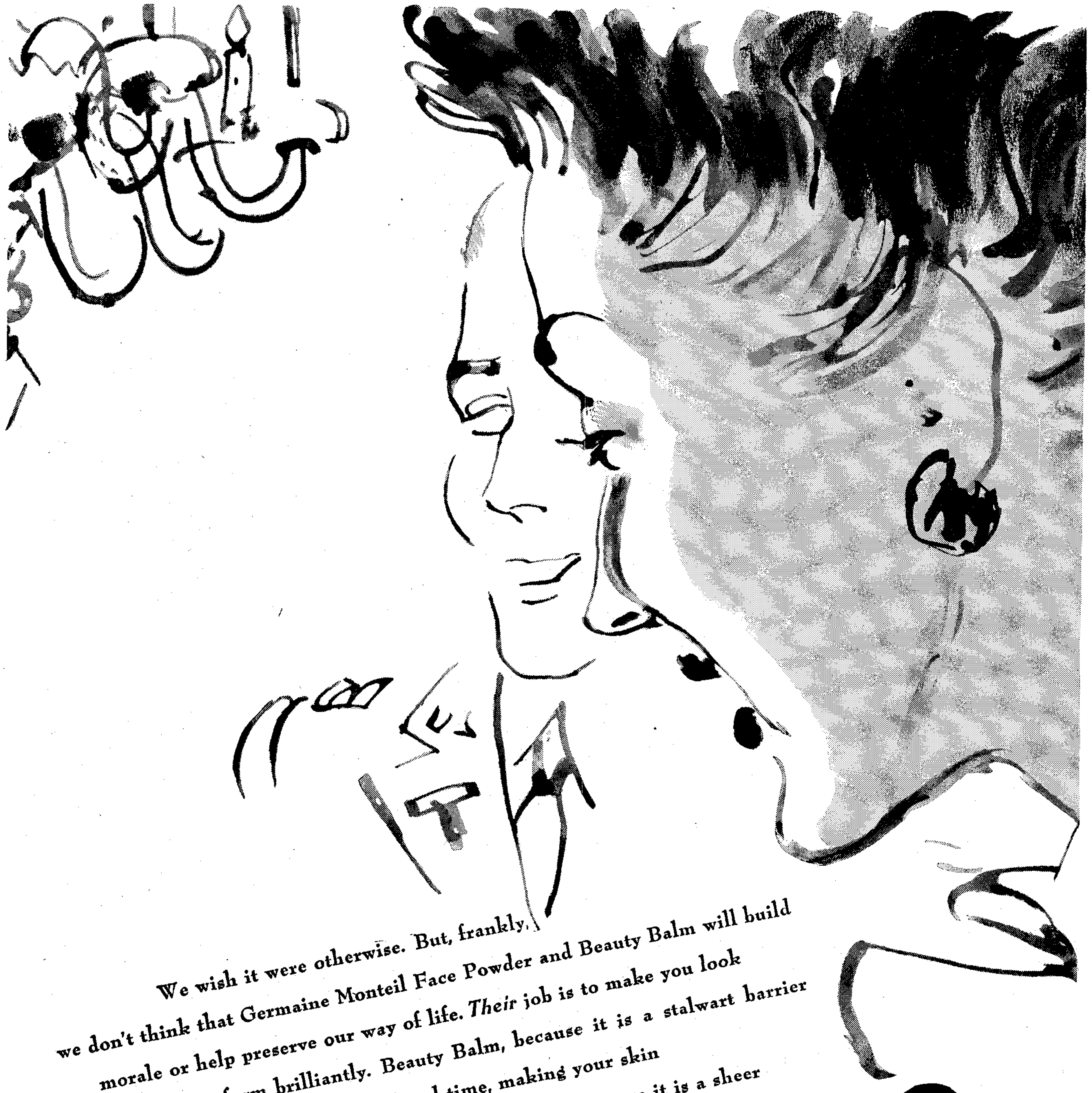

We wish it were otherwise. But, frankly, we don't think that Germaine Monteil Face Powder and Beauty Balm will build morale or help preserve our way of life. *Their* job is to make you look prettier, which they perform brilliantly. Beauty Balm, because it is a stalwart barrier against dust and wind and time, making your skin dewy and translucent; Face Powder, because it is a sheer veil of loveliness, as soft as its fragrance, as invisible as wind.

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THE NEW YORKER

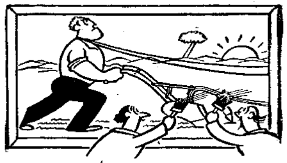
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

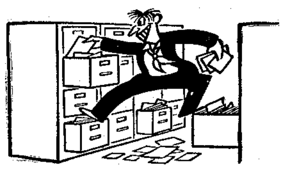
THE Pacific Ocean, said Clarence Budington Kelland firmly, must become an American lake. He didn't make it clear why it should become an American lake rather than, say, a Chinese lake or a Russian lake. The Chinese were seaside dwellers along the Pacific many thousands of years before the Americans, and presumably even now like to gaze upon its blue and sometimes tranquil waters. This may seem annoying to a party leader, who is apt to find it difficult to believe that there can be anybody of any importance on the far end of a lake. Yet the Pacific and its subsidiary seas are presumably real and agreeable to the people who live on them. The Sea of Okhotsk is five times the size of Mr. Kelland's state of Arizona, the Sea of Japan is longer than the longest serial he ever wrote, the Yellow Sea is as big as the Paramount Building and bigger, and the South China Sea runs on endlessly into the sunset beyond Borneo. Are these the coves in an American lake—little bays where we can go to catch our pickerel among the weeds?

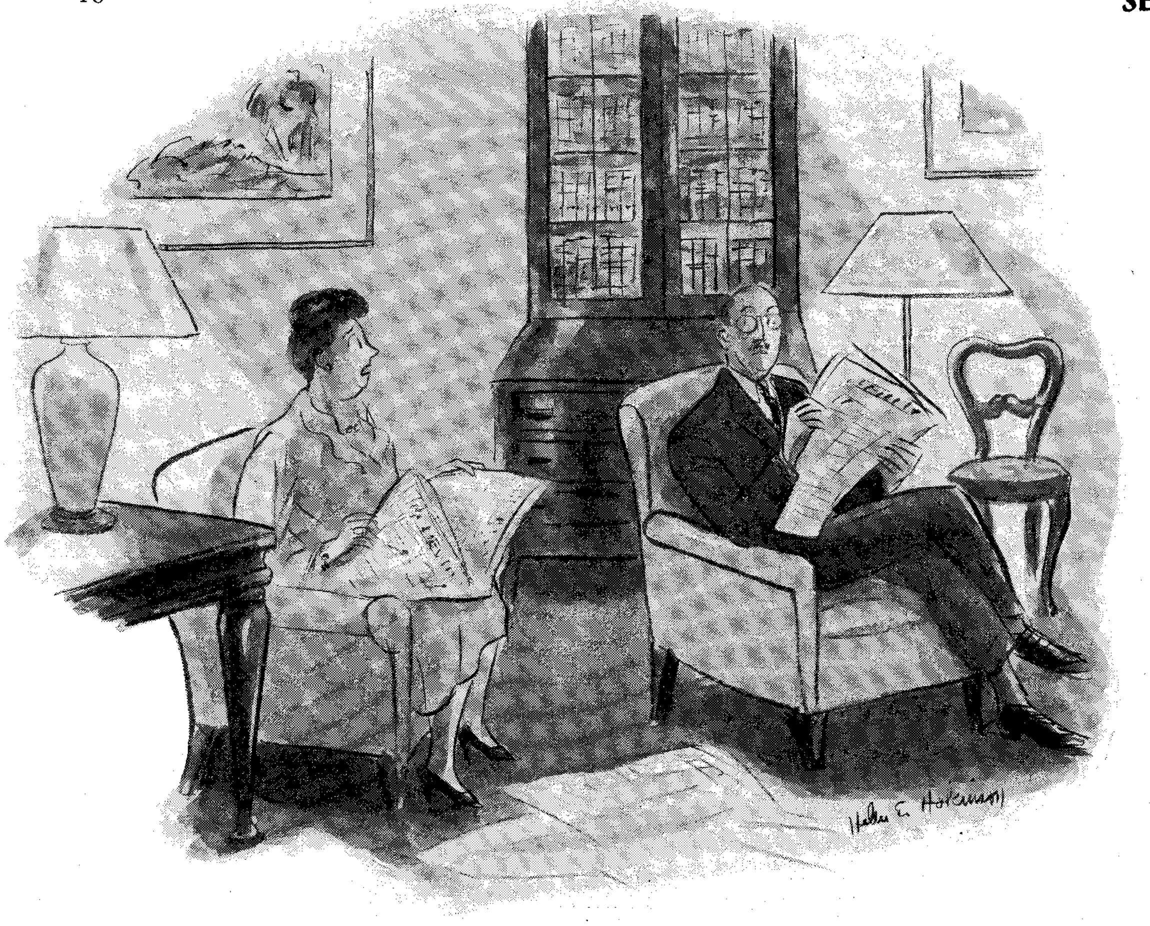
THIS war has given us quite a few new words, none funnier than the word "imperative," which is the contribution of the Council on Books in Wartime. We think "imperative" is a funnier word than "directive" or "flak." Certain books, as you know, have been pronounced "imperative" by the Council, with all the straight-faced solemnity of a priest blessing a pack of hounds. Curiously enough, Americans, although rather cocky about some things, like to be commanded in their reading and welcome any publishing promotion which gives them a new title with an air of finality. In a spirit of obedience, we have just finished the latest imperative, Walter Lippmann's "U.S. Foreign Policy." Our word for it is "old-fashioned." We even have a word for the Council on Books in Wartime. The word is "Oh."

THE most sensational book on the current list, and by no means imperative, is, of course, Edward H. Faulkner's exposé of the moldboard plow. He charges the plow, that ancient and classical implement, with having devitalized the earth. If his charge is well founded, if it is true that the soil shouldn't be turned over, as men and horses have been doing so blithely for so many years, there is going to be hell to pay in this country. It'll be hard enough to get the plow out of agriculture, but it'll be even harder to get it out of art. There is scarcely a mural on a big, significant theme anywhere in America in which the plow doesn't appear prominently as a symbol of national strength—the plowman with his enormous arms bare to the elbow, the reins hanging loosely around his neck, his chin lifted to the sky in an attitude of courage and fruitfulness. This familiar figure, it now turns out, is a simple jerk. He is in a class with the marplot and the terrorist. Every furrow he turns is a stab in the back. Obviously he's got to come out of those pictures, but it will take hundreds of artists and retouchers working at top speed to get the moldboard plow out of American art and replace it with a disk harrow. And how about that song which schoolchildren always sing: "We plow the fields and scatter . . ."? Who's going to work a disk harrow into that song so that it makes some sense?



THE *World-Telegram* a while ago printed an article about a man named Jack Madden, a mechanic for the Royal Typewriter Company, who has been filing clippings for twenty years as a hobby. The newspaper noted with awe that Madden has accumulated over a million items, and that he sometimes spends as much as seventeen hours on Sunday catching up with the week's filing. It seemed unable to perceive any point or pleasure in this prodigious nonprofit activity. Mixing in the peculiar circles we do, we know quite a few people who accumulate seemingly pointless clipping files, and we were equally unable to understand what enjoyment they derive from it until the other day, when one of them patiently explained the whole thing to us. The chief pleasure of filing, he reported, lies in the thought-provoking juxtapositions that alphabetic arrangement creates. Thus, he pointed out, in his file "Huxley, Aldous" comes between "Humor" and "Hypnosis;" "O'Daniel, Senator W. Lee" follows "Occupational Diseases;" and "Proust, Marcel" comes between "Prostitution" and "Psychology." Our friend's file frequently offers him a political choice between two such sequences as "New Deal," "New Direction," and "New Statesman and Nation," and "Roman Emperors," "Roosevelt, President Franklin Delano," and "Rumor." "Revolution," he told us, separates "Republican Party" from "Rickenbacker, Captain Edward," and "Pegler, Westbrook" comes after "Pearl Harbor" and before "Pelmanism." "Thompson, Dorothy" has managed to get herself between "Thomas, Norman" and "Thoreau, Henry David," and "Welles, Sumner" naturally follows "Welles, Orson." All in all, our friend concluded, the file has given him some of the happiest moments of his life,





"I don't see why the Republicans just don't revive Herbert Hoover."

and he would fight to the death before he would put in an entry such as "Briffault, Robert," which would destroy the beautiful intimacy of "Bridges, Harry" and "Brisbane, Arthur."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Harvard Club dining room has started using its oversize coffee cups again.

The Russian War Relief Center, down at the corner of Waverly Place and Perry Street, has a window display devoted to books about the U.S.S.R., also a copy of "The Red Badge of Courage," by that old fellow-traveller, Stephen Crane.

Beyond the Alps

GAYDA, the Italian propagandist, used to point out with apparent satisfaction that Italy had never been invaded by sea, that the successful invaders had always come over the Alps. That was, of course, equivalent to saying Italy couldn't be invaded at all, since no modern general in his right mind would think of crossing the Alps, in either direction, in the face of enemy air attacks. The obvious second-sight comment is that modern warfare has made amphibious operations easier to the same degree that it has made mountaineering harder, and that we better stop using Hannibal as a yardstick. Well, anyway, since we *have* invaded, you may be able to use some handily compiled facts. It's seven hundred and eight miles from the French border on the north to the southernmost tip of Italy; that's the distance from Columbus Circle to Indianapolis. The mainland has an area of 101,575 square miles and has some thirty-six million inhabitants. You'd get about the same density of population if all the people in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia went to live in Colorado. Italy is going to be a tough problem for the AMG, just in point of numbers.

Though its population is twice as dense as on our Atlantic seaboard, there's a good deal of wild life in the forests and mountains—bears, wolves, boars, foxes, and eagles. Even if the invading force meets little military resistance in the south, there will be some guerrilla activity by poisonous snakes, scorpions, and tarantulas. Matter of fact, the Allies have landed in the cheesiest part of Italy; everything improves the further north you get—the cooking, the wine, the way people talk, all that sort of thing. Military interpreters unfortunate enough to be assigned to Bari, a town on the heel of the boot, will probably find they can't understand a word the Barians are saying; it's Italian hillbilly talk. The cooking is fairly greasy in southern Italy and doesn't perceptibly improve until the French influence hits it up north. The extremes of temperature that will be met in the Italian campaign may cause our Quartermaster Corps a little trouble. A man outfitted for fighting in Africa would be mighty uncomfortable in Turin, for example, where the mean temperature in winter is lower than that of Copenhagen or New York.

Getting back to comparing Italy with various states of our Union, it seems safe to say that the industries and activities are most like those of California; manufacturing is concentrated in a few cities and the rest of the country is devoted pretty much to wine-growing and agriculture, in Italy rather painfully carried on in terraced farms and orchards on mountainsides. The Brenner Pass is a pretty lonely place, and there's not much to do up there but confer; too heavily forested for skiing or other winter sports. It has been traversed at least sixty-six times in history by various emperors, and of course Mussolini and Hitler met there a number of times. (A quaint sidelight on these meetings is that Mussolini had to travel quite a distance to get there, while it was relatively a short jump from Berchtesgaden.) The big shock for the American soldiers will be the kind of food they're offered—lamb's head, squid, and so forth. Probably they won't start living off the country until all the emergency rations are gone.

Mother Knows Best

THE principal character of this anecdote—you could hardly call him the hero—is a Lieutenant Chitty, an

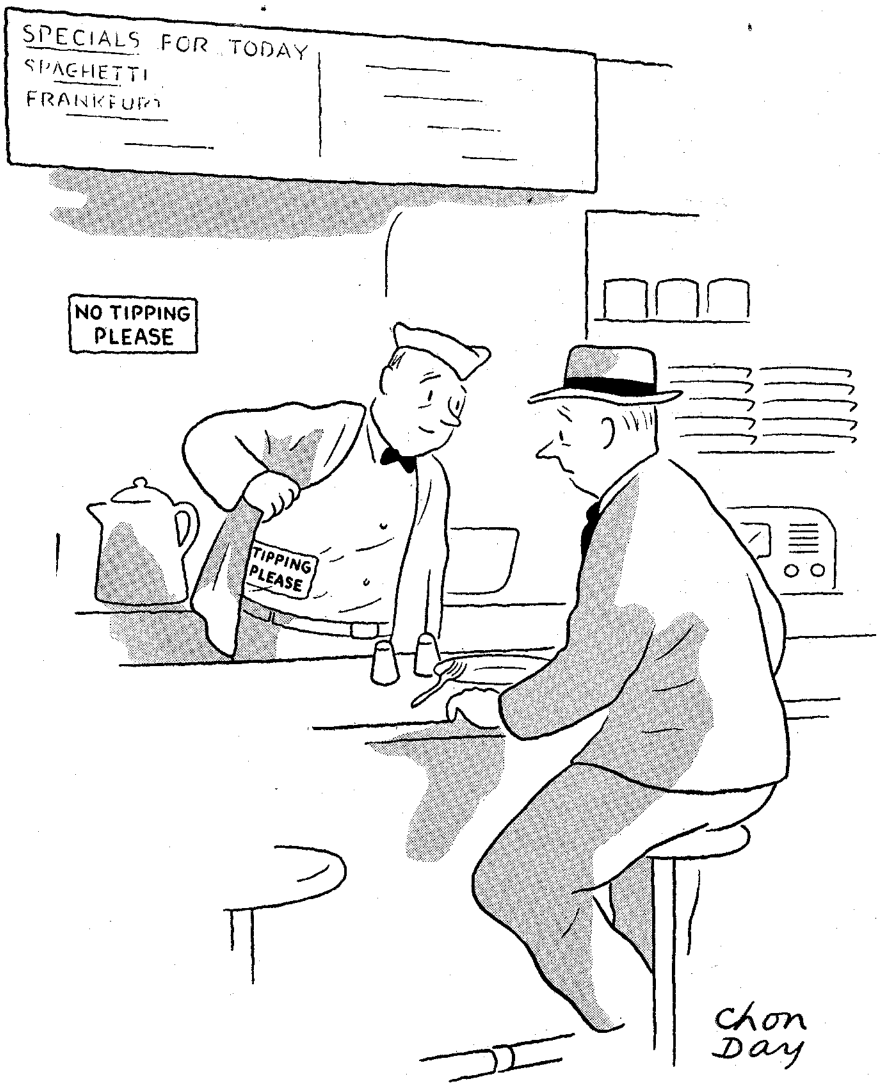
Air Forces man stationed at a field in Connecticut. He's only nineteen, but he has been piloting a P-47 for six months. P-47's cost the government about $100,000 and make about five hundred miles an hour. Recently, while mooching about the streets of Hartford, our Lieutenant Chitty got stuck on a 1934 Chevrolet he saw in a dealer's lot—maximum speed perhaps thirty-five miles an hour, price $40. Lieutenant Chitty opened immediate negotiations for the Chevvy, but the dealer was obliged to explain that in Connecticut there is a law forbidding anyone under the age of twenty-one to own a car. He further explained that it was customary in such circumstances to obtain the written authority of a parent to put the car in his or her name. Then everything would be all right. Chitty accordingly wired his parents. A prompt reply of considerable force and length came from his mother. She said certainly not, that neither she nor his father considered him old enough to own a car, in which he would probably go tearing around the countryside and maybe break his neck. When Chitty goes to the hangar now, he walks. He gets into his P-47 and flies off to Chicago, or Richmond, or Portland, Maine, and is back in time for lunch, apparently reconciled, partly at least, to the fact that in about twenty months the State of Connecticut stands willing to trust him to drive an automobile on its highways.

Hardly Coöperative

THE first thing that a butcher or a grocer is subjected to in these parts when he has been caught playing fast and loose with ceiling prices is a hearing by a jury of consumers and fellow-tradesmen, all presumably his peers. Such hearings are held every Wednesday in the quarters of the Weights and Measures Division of the Department of Markets, at 137 Centre Street, and you can take it from us, as a recent observer, that the wheels of justice are humming down there. The court, which was presided over on the day of our visit by Deputy Commissioner of Markets Charles Abernethy, convenes in a spacious, bemuralled hall. The murals deal with the history of cooking from the Middle Ages right down to the present time, which is represented in part by a portrait of Mayor LaGuardia, bigger than life, tasting the contents of a large aluminum pot.

Mr. Abernethy opened the proceedings by instructing the six gentlemen and ladies of the jury, who were sitting in six chairs to his left, that it was their duty to decide whether an offender should be dismissed with a warning or summoned for trial in Magistrate's Court. This we took to be a routine matter, since the makeup of the jury is on a more or less permanent basis. Also seated by Mr. Abernethy were two Department of Markets inspectors, who introduced each defendant to the court and read out his alleged offense or offenses. The first defendant was a young butcher who was charged with selling a leg of lamb for twenty-seven cents a pound above the ceiling price, an act which he readily admitted, protesting that he had no alternative as long as wholesalers compelled him to take fifty dollars' worth of bouillon cubes with his weekly meat order. "Who's going to buy bouillon cubes in Brooklyn?" he asked rhetorically. Mr. Abernethy countered by asking him if he would help the Department of Markets go after the wholesalers. The man pointed out that he would probably be blackballed. "That's hardly a coöperative attitude," said Mr. Abernethy sternly. "Our business and yours is to protect the consumer." "That's true," said the butcher, coming around, and he was led triumphantly into the adjoining office of the Wholesale Squad.

The next defendant was a grocer who had allegedly been heedless of the ceiling prices on lemons, onions, and potatoes. "Just an honest mistake," he said shyly. "Magistrate summons," said a lady juror whom her colleagues addressed as Mrs. Lee. She proved to be voicing a unanimous verdict. She was also demonstrating, we found, the informality of the court. It seems that the jury not only doesn't retire to reach a verdict but also mixes right into the examinations. Two butchers from Flushing who pleaded guilty to indiscretions in regard to boiled ham came along next. One was consigned to Magistrate's Court but the other was dismissed with a warning. The theory of this was that it was actually his wife who had been at fault, since he was at the barber's at the time. "She doesn't know anything about business," he told the Court. "She's a very nervous woman." The next four offenders, as a mat-



ter of fact, all got off with warnings by pleading some vagary or other on the part of their wives. This didn't seem to sit altogether well with the ladies on the jury, but they were outnumbered four to two and didn't seem to struggle much.

So it went. Mrs. Juror Lee got into a brief scuffle with a storekeeper who had allegedly hoarded canned items since last September and had recently begun to sell them at a whopping profit. "You're a four-time violator," said Mrs. Lee. "Three-time," said the storekeeper. "I'm sorry—three-time," said Mrs. Lee. "Magistrate summons," said Mr. Abernethy. The proprietor of a delicatessen store was charged with selling Grade B eggs at the Grade A ceiling. "They were Grade A eggs when I bought them," he told the Court. "You know, we had a little hot spell and I didn't sell them for a couple of weeks, so I just changed the sign to Grade B. They weren't bad. We had some ourselves, me and my wife." "Well," said Mr. Abernethy, "don't do it again. We'll reinspect your store within ten days. Get your house in order." The last case involved a butcher who said that he catered to wealthy people. He admitted to having sold a leg of lamb at the luxurious figure of thirty-six cents a pound above the ceiling price. He blamed it on the wholesalers, who, he said, sold him good cuts of meat at high prices, and he couldn't afford to ask questions. "You ought to coöperate with the Department," said one of the jurors. "You want me to coöperate myself right out of business?" asked the butcher. "Perhaps the magistrate will improve your attitude," said Mr. Abernethy darkly. "Court adjourned."

Shopping Hint

TWO smartly turned out Wacs were accosted in an elevator at Saks by an eager matron who asked *where* they got those darling bags; she'd been looking for one like them all over town. One of the Wacs said, "In Daytona." The matron said "Oh," in a baffled tone, and got off at the third floor. The Wac who had spoken turned to her sister-in-arms and said, "Maybe I should have told her they're G.I."

Times of Peace

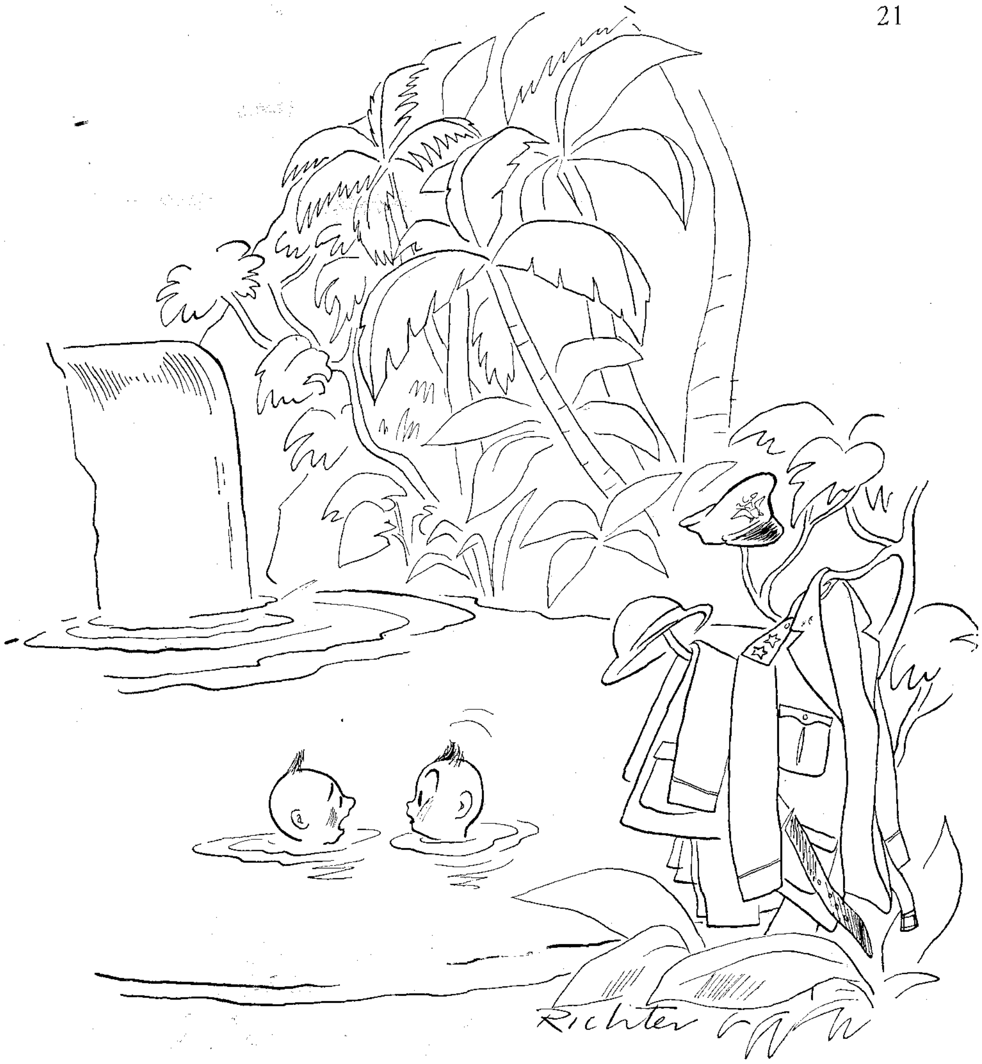
ON the day this war was four years old, someone remarked to us that it must be a good deal more than four years since one could pick up a newspaper without reading about war or the threat of war. This started us off on a piece of useless but fascinating research, which was to find out when the *Times* last appeared with no warlike tidings on Page 1. (This may be an arbitrarily chosen yardstick, but we're stuck with it.) The date is November 9, 1938, which means that for the past one thousand, seven hundred, and sixty-seven days, as of the date of this issue of *The New Yorker*, the readers of the *Times* have seen the war staring at them from the front page.

Actually, it was kind of a fluke that there wasn't any war news on the front page of that particular issue of the *Times*. There was plenty of it scattered through the succeeding pages: the Japs had bombed a Chinese airport; the governments of Great Britain, the United States, and France were preparing a formal protest against the closing of the Yangtze River to neutral trade; the King of England, in his opening address to Parliament, had announced that the government would do everything in its power to promote good feeling between Germany and Britain through the recently signed Munich pact; and Ernst vom Rath, third secretary at the German Embassy in Paris, had been shot by a Polish émigré named Herschel Grynszpan. On the first page of the *Times*, however, only two matters were discussed. One was the announcement that the King and Queen of England were going to visit this country. That got a single column. The seven other columns were devoted to the results of the election. Lehman had got in for a fourth term, with a plurality of seventy thousand over young Tom Dewey, who was nevertheless reported, on the next page, as being "Cheerful in Face of Defeat." The Republicans had gained six seats in the Senate and fifty in the House. That was Page 1 of the November 9, 1938, *Times*.

Thumbing through the rest of the news that was deemed fit to print on that now almost forgotten day, we found that the Dionne Quintuplets, then four and a half years old, were about to have their tonsils and adenoids removed. In Georgia an eleven-year-old girl had married a first cousin who was twice her age. A spokesman for the Automobile Manufacturers Association had announced that in the previous year the industry had turned out more than two million passenger cars. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was just back from Hot Springs. The Book and Author Luncheon authors that week were Thomas Mann, Dorothy Thompson, and Leland Stowe, who were to discuss the topic "What's Going On in Europe?" The letters to the editor were, as usual, thoughtful and well considered. One correspondent observed that the farmer's problem is his surplus. Another registered his objections to a third term ("If a third, why not a fourth or fifth?"). A third quoted census figures to prove that 3,900,000 young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four were unemployed. (That was about the last year we had no use for all of our young people.) The Pennsylvania Railroad advertised to urge that one travel to the Yale-Princeton football game by rail, swiftly, safely, comfortably. Saks called attention to a sale of Holeproof hosiery at $1.15 a pair and Gimbels exclaimed, "Yes!—A Full Quart of Gin—98c." If you wanted to go to a play, you could see Raymond Massey in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" or Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina." Those were the big hits. The help-wanted advertisements measured up to a total of eighty-one inches. Just for the hell of it, we compared this with the help-wanted space in last Friday's *Times*. *That* was forty feet. Times change. Or perhaps you'd already realized that.

Ingredient

THE restaurant where this happened used to be smartly run, and will again be smartly run after the war, we have no doubt, so we won't mention its name. A fellow who lunched there the other day asked his waitress for a Daiquiri. In not more than fifteen minutes she was back with the news that he couldn't have a Daiquiri. "We're all out of gin," she explained.



"Can it be that we've discovered the fountain of youth, General?"

Ack! Ack! Flak! Flak!

IT may have been a mistake, but once before we told our readers about J. Henry Smythe, Jr., the man who bears, or bore, a striking resemblance to Franklin Roosevelt and turned out more than a thousand slogans during the first World War ("A Bond Is a Prayer that You Send Over There!," "Lend to Defend!," and approximately nine hundred and ninety-eight others). Smythe, as we related at the time, had made quite a nuisance of himself at the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia in 1936 by parading around with his best Roosevelt grin, wearing an oversized Landon sunflower in his lapel. Well, last week, back into our life came J. Henry Smythe, to report his activities in this war to date. He appeared at our office wearing a pince-nez and bearing a bulging portfolio of slogans. He has considerably thinned since we saw him last, but we were still ready to accept him as a sort of double of our President when he said, "Swat the Swastika!," and then asked quickly, "Who do I look like now?" "Smythe," we said, in simple perversity. "Woodrow Wilson," said Smythe. Fat or thin, it seems, Smythe always looks like a Democrat. It's the cross he bears, for he's been a lifelong Republican. As to slogans, Smythe told us that he has produced seven hundred and fifty since Pearl Harbor. He started with "Ax the Axis!" and "We're in It—Let's Win It!" which were created in a matter of seconds after he got news of the Japanese attack. Actually, however, his output of slogans pertaining to the present conflict dates back to the summer of 1940, when he contributed "Be Wise! Aid the Allies!" to William Allen White's Committee to Defend America. Smythe is currently employed by the War Savings Staff of the Treasury Department, he told us, on duties of a confidential nature. He doesn't officially turn out Treasury slogans. His slogans are produced privately, as you might say, and are donated to the war effort. They are not copyrighted and are available to anybody who wants them. At his present rate, he expects to pass the thousand mark fairly soon. "My pace," he said, "is terrific!"

Smythe feels that the exclamation point is the keystone of every first-class slogan and wouldn't dream of a slogan without one. By way of illustration, he expressed dissatisfaction with the current "They Give Their Lives, You Lend Your Money." "Should be 'Lend Your Money! They Give Lives!'" says Smythe. "More pep! Twenty-five per cent shorter!" Slogans pop into his mind at any time of the day or night, but especially when he is shaving or taking a shower. Often he creates twenty-five of an evening, one slogan following another with terrifying regularity at about two-minute intervals.

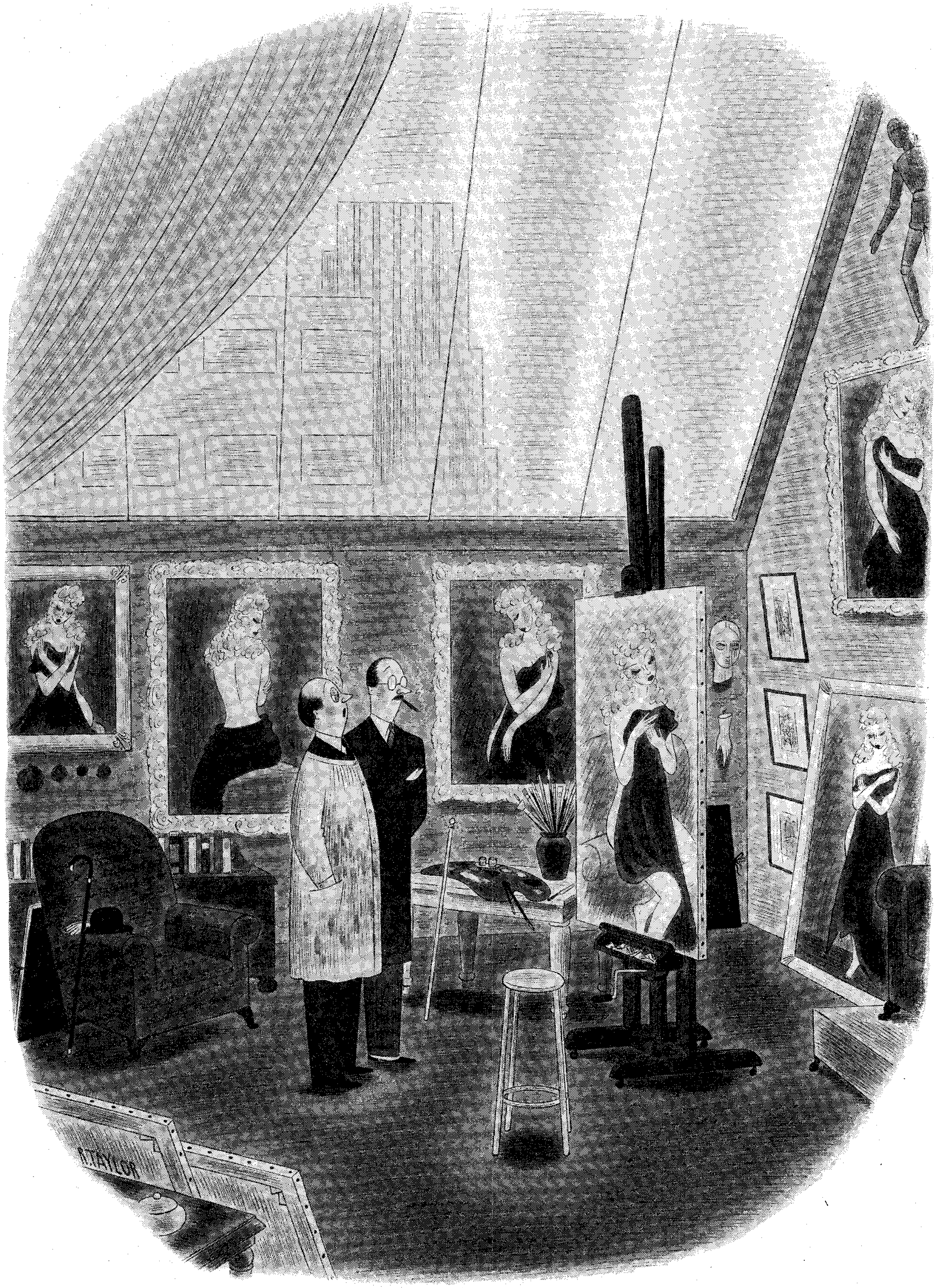
Smythe is a train-of-thought writer. "Lend It to End It!," for example, led almost instantly to "End It Sooner! Lend!" and then to "Invest More! Shorten the War!" and "Hasten the End! Lend!"

Smythe whipped a sheaf of papers from his portfolio. "Latest batch!" he said, and rapidly read the following new slogans: "Be a ComBONDo!," "Help Trap a Jap!," "Doolittle Dood It! So Can We—With Bonds!," "War Bond Power Aids Eisenhower!," "Back Our Marines in their Fighting Machines!," "Yea! Help Buy a Fortress!," "Ack! Ack! Flak! Flak! Back the Attack!" Before departing, Smythe confided that he is currently dedicated to making Joan of Arc and Sir Galahad the symbols of this conflict. "Obviously the slogan," he said, "is 'Invade! Crusade!' "

After recovering from Mr. Smythe's call, we telephoned a pal at the War Savings office to check on Smythe's activities there. Our man, who prefers to remain anonymous, told us that Smythe was on the staff all right. "Frankly," he said, "I'm not sure what he does around here, but every time I look up he's standing in the room saying 'Back 'Em! Whack 'Em! Attack 'Em!' "

•

FRAGMENT of conversation dropped by a beautiful young lady in Central Park: "So when he called the other night I just told him that as far as I was concerned I didn't ever want to see him again or hear from him again, so he said O.K., if that was how I wanted it, so I returned his atlas and he returned my slide rule, and that's *that.*"



"I realized finally that she'd never overcome her shyness, so I had to let her go."

ROSHAN

Roshan was a baby when his parents died of the smallpox which swept Aligarh District, in northern India, in 1913, and but for the foresight of his mother's sister, Mitya, Roshan himself might have died or his charming features have been permanently obscured by the disease. But when Mitya saw that her sister and brother-in-law were dead and that their baby seemed afflicted by the same scourge, she went behind the house and built a clay image of the evil spirit which carries the pox. She dressed the image in bright clothing, adding her own favorite beads and the glass bangles from her arms, and while she was doing all this she talked to it ingratiatingly in order to lull whatever suspicions it might have entertained as to her intentions. When all was complete, Mitya placed the image in a cart garlanded with flowers and trundled it out through the village gates into the fields. There she set upon it with a stick and smashed it to atoms, not sparing the pretty clothes or the jewels.

Thanks to his aunt's presence of mind, Roshan recovered without a blemish on body or soul, and Mitya, herself childless, took him to live with her and with her husband, Nathu the chamar. A chamar is one who deals in leather. Nathu tanned the hides of cows and other beasts, and being for that reason an outcaste, he consorted only with fellow-outcastes in a village of tanners set on the plains, far from the river. All the chamars lived here within a series of walls, some visible and some the invisible ones of caste and of a lowly calling.

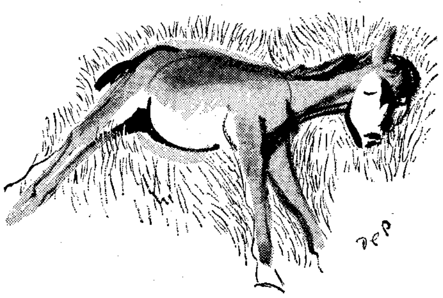
Nathu taught his adopted son how to stir the hides which lay festering like great, slimy fish in their vats. The smell from these vats hung above the village; it hung around Nathu's house and clung to Nathu's person, and it often made little Roshan violently sick. When there happened to be a bit of extra money, which was not often, Mitya bought Roshan a pair of shoes worked in red and blue, with curly toes and iron-shod heels. These, Roshan knew, were made from the hideous objects which he and Nathu spent so much time in scalding, scraping, and soaking in those unspeakable vats. The look of the new shoes and the feel of them were by way of recompense for his labors. He wore them with pride, aware that he was envied by his less fortunate friends. On such holidays as came his way, Roshan dressed in a white loincloth and white shirt, with a white cap on his head. On these occasions he looked different from other children in the village, and Mitya would take his face between her hands and gaze for a long time into his eyes. "Why are you so beautiful?" she would ask him softly. "Can it be that I did wrong to save you? Why should it be that you are more favored than all others, my beloved?"

Roshan was unable to tell her.

Once in a while English missionaries came to inquire into matters, and during flood, famine, or epidemic they made a few converts, whom they carried away to their mission and taught how to read and write, how to understand a brand-new god, and how to keep themselves clean in body and pure in spirit. Before the coming of Roshan, Mitya, finding herself hard up, turned Christian for a few months and went away to work at the mission. But she soon got bored and when she'd accumulated a few pennies she came back to Nathu and the vats.

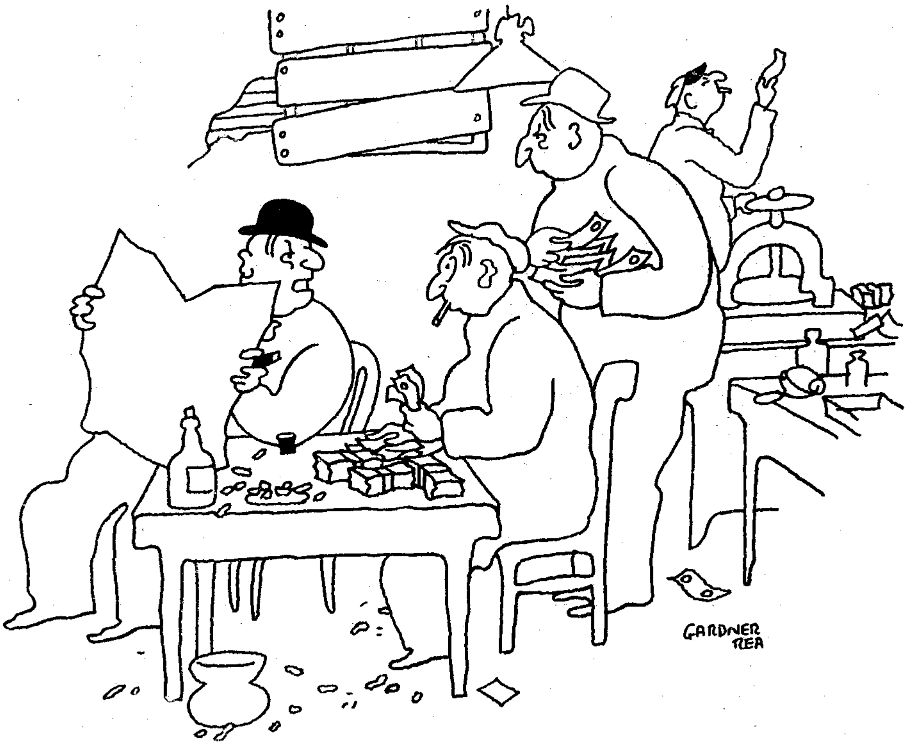
When the missionaries set eyes on Roshan they demanded him as spoiled children demand a lovely toy. Mitya and Nathu refused, Mitya because she could not bear the thought of parting with him, Nathu because the boy was becoming more and more useful around the vats. "Perhaps later," said Mitya, playing for time. But later, when the missionaries returned, she hid Roshan under a pile of untanned skins and explained that he had gone away on an errand. The missionaries hung about, waiting. Then Nathu went to his vats and, stirring them up with a stick, evoked a stink of such ferocity that the missionaries fled, clutching their noses.

Roshan's favorite sport was flying kites. They cost a *pice* in the bazaar and were made of colored paper glued to a light bamboo frame. Roshan and his friends would repair to a slight eminence south of the village, and here they spent hours sailing little triangles of blue, yellow, red, and white—wings that soared and hovered like brittle, bodiless birds. It gave Roshan a peculiar sense of power and liberation when he found that he could fly his kite higher than all the others. He had discovered a sort of knoll some distance from a big mango tree on the plains, and when he stood here, the wind had a special force; it snatched the kite and flung it upward into the glittering air while the spool danced at his feet and the twine burned his fingers as it rushed through them. One day the wind blew with unexpected strength. It seized the kite in its unseen hand and carried it away out of sight. Roshan and his friends ran about in search of the kite, expecting to find it lying somewhere on the plains or caught in a tree, but they never did find it. This mysterious disappearance troubled the children and for a few days they avoided that spot lest some temperamental spirit punish them for their daring.



A week passed. Spring had come and there was a light wind blowing. Roshan, forgetting his fears, bought a new kite of pale blue paper. That day the wind blew the smell of the tanning vats away from the children's faces and brought instead the fragrance of mangoes just coming into flower. Roshan was ten years old; the perfume of the mango flowers felt sweet in his mouth and in his belly. He put on his fine shoes, his white loincloth, and little white cap, and went with the other boys to the knoll. Singing, he unwound his spool of twine and let the wind lift the little paper kite into the air. It hesitated, hovering, bobbing from side to side, and he thought how pretty it was, how brittle and yet how strong. Then the unseen hand of the wind seized it and bore it straight up into the sunlight, higher and higher, far above all the others—above the green one of his neighbor, Kulloo, and the yellow one of Chanda, the red one of Naiko, and the little pink-and-crimson one which belonged to Ibrahim.

"Look!" cried Kulloo, pointing. They all looked and saw that Roshan's kite was trying to escape as it soared into the sky. The spool danced wildly at his feet and when he made a desperate attempt to hold the twine it broke in his fingers and the kite melted like a speck of salt in the great tide of bright, transparent air. Roshan stood motionless, staring after his lost kite. His friends gave him a long, strange look, then with one accord they turned and ran away to the village. Roshan did not run. He was not really frightened but filled with wonder and perplexity. Why should this thing which had never hap-



"Say, I wonder how this inflation business is going to affect us*."*

• •

pened to his friends happen twice to him? Could it be, as Mitya had said and as he himself sometimes felt, that he was the favored one? A thrill ran through him, and he squatted down on the knoll, a lonely figure set against the huge expanse of plain.

While he sat there meditating he watched a cart come toward him from the north, across the roadless plains. Two horsemen with spears rode on either side and their passage left a little cloud of white dust. As the cart approached, Roshan saw that it must be carrying nobility, for the bullocks looked well fed and were richly caparisoned. He noticed, too, that the bodyguard wore the bored, angry look of servants much put upon by their masters. The crimson curtains on the cart were tightly drawn. As it neared Roshan a voice spoke abruptly from within and the driver drew his bullocks to a halt. The curtains parted and a woman's face appeared in the opening. She said, "Who are you, little one?"

Roshan stood up and bowed, but before he could answer the horsemen rode up with angry flourishes of their spears and one volunteered in a harsh voice, "He comes from the chamar village over yonder." Then to Roshan, "Move, move, you! Keep your shadow from polluting your betters."

Roshan took an obedient step backward, but the woman spoke fiercely to her servant, "And who asked you to interfere? Lout, oaf!"

The man retreated, grumbling, and she turned once more to Roshan. He saw now that she was a woman of perhaps forty, richly dressed and still beautiful, with the spoiled and temperamental air of power or of madness.

"Ignore these fools, my child. Every step that we take homeward they tremble lest I change my mind and further delay their happy reunion with their wives." She laughed, showing lovely teeth, but Roshan, scandalized by such condescension, lowered his gaze to his dusty shoes and said nothing.

His modesty charmed her. "You have not yet told me your name," she said. He told her, not looking up.

"Roshan? It has elegance, but were you mine I'd call you Suruj-Mukhi, for you make me think of the sunflowers which grow in my garden at home."

At that he glanced up, dazzling her with his smile. "And your home, Sahibah? Is it far from here?"

"I have been visiting relatives up north, but my home is near Surat, on the Gulf of Cambay."

If she had said that it was on a cloud somewhere in the sky above him, Roshan could not have looked more mystified. The bodyguard smiled superciliously, but the driver, being a far lowlier person than the horsemen and of the humblest caste himself, gazed kindly at the boy. The woman gazed at him too; bored, lonely, and restive, she had glimpsed in Roshan the exquisite promise of youth.

She said suddenly, "Come, get in. Ride a little way with me and I will tell you about my home."

Roshan showed no hesitation at all, but out of respect he removed his shoes and left them neatly side by side on the knoll; then he climbed into the cart beside his new friend. The driver twisted the bullocks' tails, the bodyguard closed in on either side, and away they went across the sunlit plains, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust, which settled slowly in their wake.

SEVERAL hours later Roshan had not returned to the village, and Mitya, questioning his friends, learned how a spirit had reached down and plucked the kite from his hand. Followed by Nathu and her neighbors, she ran to the knoll. There they found Roshan's shoes just where he had left them, but of Roshan there was no sign—the plains lay as vast and as empty as the sky overhead. Mitya felt that this must be the fulfillment of all her secret presentiments: Roshan was not destined for the life of a chamar; the walls of neither flesh nor of caste or home were strong enough to preserve that which she had saved and the spirit which she had sought to destroy had at last reached forth and claimed its own.

Humbly she plucked a bough of mango flowers and laid it there on the knoll, and for years afterward she brought offerings to the spot where Roshan had last been seen. Presently a legend grew up, followed by a temple and a stone painted white and red.

But Roshan went southward with his new friend, who adopted him and brought him to live on her great estates by the sea. Her own children were grown and ungrateful, her husband a mere cipher in her life. So when Roshan was eighteen he became her lover, and when he was twenty she made him her chief of state, showering him with wealth and great honor.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

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"Leda and the Swan," the only sonnet Yeats ever wrote, was completed in 1923 and gives a feeling of the breaking up of Europe. Leda, herself, had three children: the twins: twins—Castor and Dollux—and Pollux—and Helen and Helen, over whom the Trojan War was waged.—*The Phillips Academy Phillipian.*

Everything seems to be breaking up.

A LOCAL SKIRMISH

Ruth Dabney was at the piano playing "Bagatelle" and Clark Dabney was checking through a stack of examination papers when the phone rang. Clark got up and answered it. Ted Cosgrove, their air-raid warden, was at the other end of the line.

"There's a blackout starting, Clark," he said. "Did you hear the whistle?"

"No. Ruth's making like Beethoven."

"Damn good thing we've got this system." Ted sounded pleased with himself. "Call your people, will you?"

Clark yelled to Ruth. She stopped playing and went around turning off lights and switching on the radio, while Clark began to telephone his list, reading names and numbers by the light of a pencil flashlight they kept on the stand.

Beech Road, a little settlement of younger faculty people, about two miles west of the university town proper, had adopted certain informal practices in handling test blackouts. Because of the distance, for example, the Beech Road people didn't hear the power plant's warning whistle unless the wind was right. That was why Ted Cosgrove had arranged with the defense centre to telephone him immediately when there was a blackout warning. In turn he would telephone Dave Windrow and Clark, to whom he had given five names apiece to call, and then he would go ahead and call the remainder himself. That way, they got everybody on the road notified pretty quickly.

Clark reached the Fitzhughs, the Spanners, and the Bransons right away. None of them had heard the whistle. There was no answer at the Fords'.

"They've gone to Farmingdale," Ruth called. "Dorothy's sister's sick."

Clark stuck his head out of a window and saw that the Fords' house, to the right of his, was dark.

"How about the Werners?" Ruth asked.

Clark could see that the front of Dr. Ludolph Werner's—or, rather, Paul Bradshaw's—house, across the road and a hundred yards to his left, was dark also. "Looks like nobody there, either," he said. "But I guess I ought to call them anyway." He dialled the number.

The Werners were German refugees who had rented the Bradshaw house two weeks before, not long after Paul Bradshaw's knowledge of French (it was his subject) had got him a commission in Army Intelligence and his wife, Edna, had gone to stay with her parents for the duration. The foundation which had brought the Werner family over from Switzerland, where they had languished for three years, had succeeded in placing Dr. Werner in the biology department by agreeing to pay three-fourths of his salary.

The Dabneys had called on them once and found them interesting if rather stiff. The stiffness they had put down partly to the language barrier.

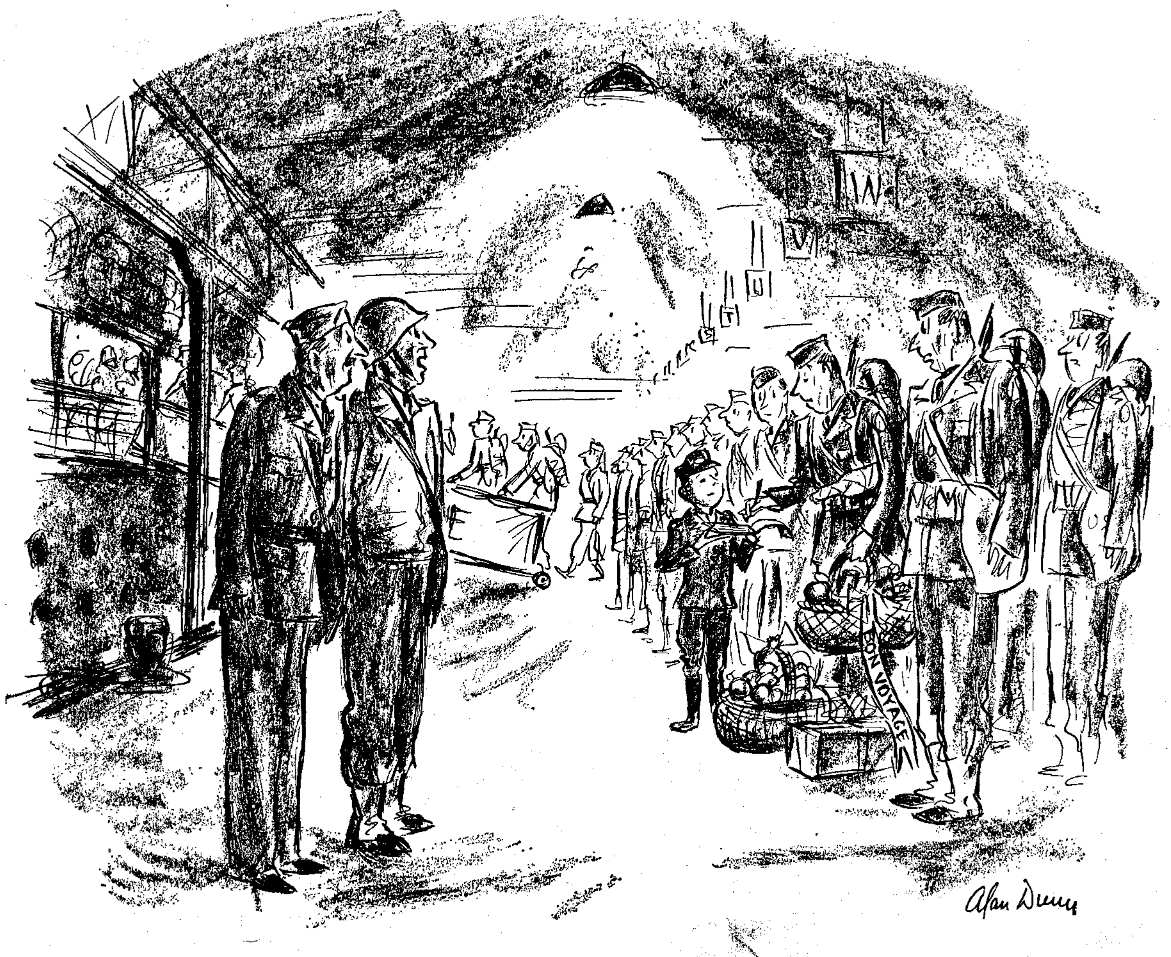
Mrs. Werner didn't speak English at all. Wearing a gray serge dress, much too warm for the weather, she had sat erect in a wing chair, hands folded in her lap, and smiled timidly whenever Dr. Werner turned to her with a curt summary of what was being said. The streaks of gray in her chestnut hair made Clark think she was about fifty-five, but Ruth said later she probably was around forty. Werner's accent was thick, but he plowed stubbornly through a sentence until he wanted a word he couldn't think of; then he closed his light-blue eyes and waved a hand in annoyance until Clark supplied the word for him. A heavy German, thick rather than fat, he had decided views on the university's biology laboratory. "The equipment I haf found disappointing," he said, spreading his heavy fingers depreciatively, "the methods of teaching deploring." Werner's manner vaguely suggested to Clark that he was Prussian; a glance at the two Werner daughters, about twelve and fourteen, proved the family were good Aryans, at any rate. Round-faced, blond hair plaited, hands folded like their mother's, they had sat upright on a love seat and given an immobile demonstration of perfect discipline.

"I know I shouldn't say it," Ruth had commented as she and Clark walked home, "but if ever people didn't belong in a certain house, the Werners don't belong in that one."

"I know what you mean. Paul and Edna are easy-going."

"Tennis and magazines and a spilled-cocktail kind of people. Their house is made for barelegged people

"Honest, Rose, I've never felt like this about any girl in New York before."



"Damn it all! There's been a leak."

with handkerchiefs around their heads."

"Exactly."

"But the Werners—they seem kind of institutionlike."

"Hard benches and whitewashed walls and day-old bread."

"I know they've suffered a lot," Ruth had said, "and one shouldn't . . . but . . ."

CLARK heard the burr of the Bradshaw telephone ringing several times before the receiver was lifted.

"*Ja?*" It was Werner's voice, in a whisper.

"This is Clark Dabney. I'm calling to let you know there's a blackout on, if you didn't hear the whistle."

"Ve heard it," Werner whispered. "All iss black here."

For a moment Clark couldn't understand why Werner was whispering. Then it came to him that the Werners perhaps had the notion that not only darkness but silence as well was required in a blackout. He felt a little sorry for them.

"O.K. then," said Clark. "You'll hear the all clear on the radio—six-seventy on the dial." Werner hung up without answering.

It wasn't more than thirty seconds after the all clear that the Dabneys' phone rang. Clark answered it. Dr. Werner was calling, and he wasn't whispering this time.

"I vould like to be informed," he said abruptly, "who had you call by the telephone?"

"Why, Professor Cosgrove did," said Clark, a little taken aback by the imperious note in Werner's voice. "He's our air-raid warden."

"It iss not correct," said Werner, raising his voice. "It iss not the rule. The varden iss supposed to—to—how do you say?—patrol his district. If dere is found wiolation, he iss supposed to report to the police."

"Well, that's right," said Clark. "But you see, we sometimes don't hear the whistle out here and we tele—"

"*I* heard the vhistle," said Werner. "Vun iss supposed to hear. I haf been in blagouts and I haf read carevully the regulations. The varden iss supposed to go to the houses and see—not on the telephone. *Nicht wahr?*"

"Mr. Cosgrove *does* patrol," said Clark. "*After* everybody has been notified."

There was a short silence, then Werner repeated stubbornly, "It iss not the rule."

"Well, all right," said Clark. "What do you think ought to be done about it?"

"Alvays, disobedience by minor officials to the authorities should be reported."

"I see," said Clark. "Good night."

TWO or three evenings later Ted Cosgrove limped down just before dusk to see how Clark's garden was getting along, and stayed for a drink. "I've already had a couple, though," he warned, "so don't make it too stiff."

"Our friend Werner doesn't think much of the way we conduct the blackout," said Clark as they took their rickeys out to the flagged terrace.

Cosgrove glanced sharply at Clark. "No?"

Clark related the story lightly, intending it to be good for a laugh.

Favoring his right leg, Cosgrove sat in a white iron chair, sipping his drink as he listened. He began to scowl. He had a bad scar down his left cheek, from temple to throat, which, together with the limp, he had got when his shotgun went off while he was crawling through a barbed-wire fence, out hunting. The gash had impaired the muscles of the left side of his lean, brown face, and the deepening scowl twisted his countenance so that he looked almost villainous.

When Clark finished, Cosgrove gently set his drink on the glass-topped table. "The kraut bastard," he said softly; then he exploded. "Why, the dirty kraut bastard!"

"I wouldn't get sore about it," said Clark, smiling.

Cosgrove glared at him. "You wouldn't, huh? You wouldn't get sore about it. You're not a minor official."

Clark laughed. "You know the German mind, especially the German scientific mind. Disturbed when a procedure isn't precisely followed to the letter. Maybe he's anxious to prove he wants to help with the war."

"Nuts." Cosgrove got up suddenly, winced, then limped angrily the length of the terrace and back. "Bad manners, that's what they've got. Bad-mannered, arrogant, domineering, selfish, bullying—"

"You're reciting everything you've read about Germans. Have a drink."

"What I've read hell. I've been to Germany." Still standing, Cosgrove picked up his glass and took three long swallows. "Minor official! Report me for disobedience. The kraut bastard!" His face had become flushed, and when he put down his glass his thin brown hand was trembling. "I *didn't* want to be a hero. I just wanted to kill some Nazis. But no, they said, you're not physically fit. Your leg, they said. Good God, I didn't want to *kick* Germans. I wanted to shoot some. And then they make Paul Bradshaw a captain." His tone was bitterly plaintive.

Clark opened his mouth to speak, but decided to keep quiet.

"Don't I know as much French as Paul?" Cosgrove went on. "Didn't we write a textbook together? If they wanted to settle for brainwork, that was all right with me. But no, they said. You stay home, they said, and play air-raid warden on a goddam country road that won't be bombed till hell freezes over. And then what happens?" He stared toward Werner's house. "A kraut comes all the way over here to do it on me."

"Well, O. K., Ted," said Clark, getting up.

"Oh, sure." Cosgrove ran his long fingers through his thinning hair and got control of himself.

Clark put an arm around his shoulders. "I know how you feel. But just remember, tough guy, Werner got the boot because he wouldn't go along with Hitler."

"So I've heard." Cosgrove tilted up his empty glass and let the cracked ice slide into his mouth.

A FEW weeks later Clark was in the basement building a bird house—Ruth had gone into New York for a couple of days—when Ted Cosgrove telephoned that a blackout was starting.

"Call everybody else, but don't call Werner," Cosgrove said. "He wants to hear the whistle, let him hear it."

"Whatever you say," said Clark. He turned off the lights, made his calls, then went out on the front step. He saw that Werner's house was dark. Evidently the convolutions of the hills made it possible to hear the whistle faintly at that place on the road.

After a while Clark saw Cosgrove's figure limping down the road, his blue flashlight directed toward the ground.

" 'Watchman, what of the night?' " Clark asked.

"You left your basement light on," Cosgrove replied.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Clark, and hurried in to turn it off. When he came out, Cosgrove had disappeared.

Presently, Clark saw the swinging blue light returning from the direction of Werner's house.

"Clark?"

"Yes."

"Come with me a minute."

Clark joined him in the road, and they started back toward Werner's house.

"What's up?" Clark asked.

"I want you for a witness."

When they reached the far side of Werner's house, Clark saw that the Werners' second-hand Chevrolet, sitting in the drive, had its parking lights on. The light thrown on the white gravel was considerable.

Cosgrove went up to the Werners' front door and banged on it. "Dr. Werner?"

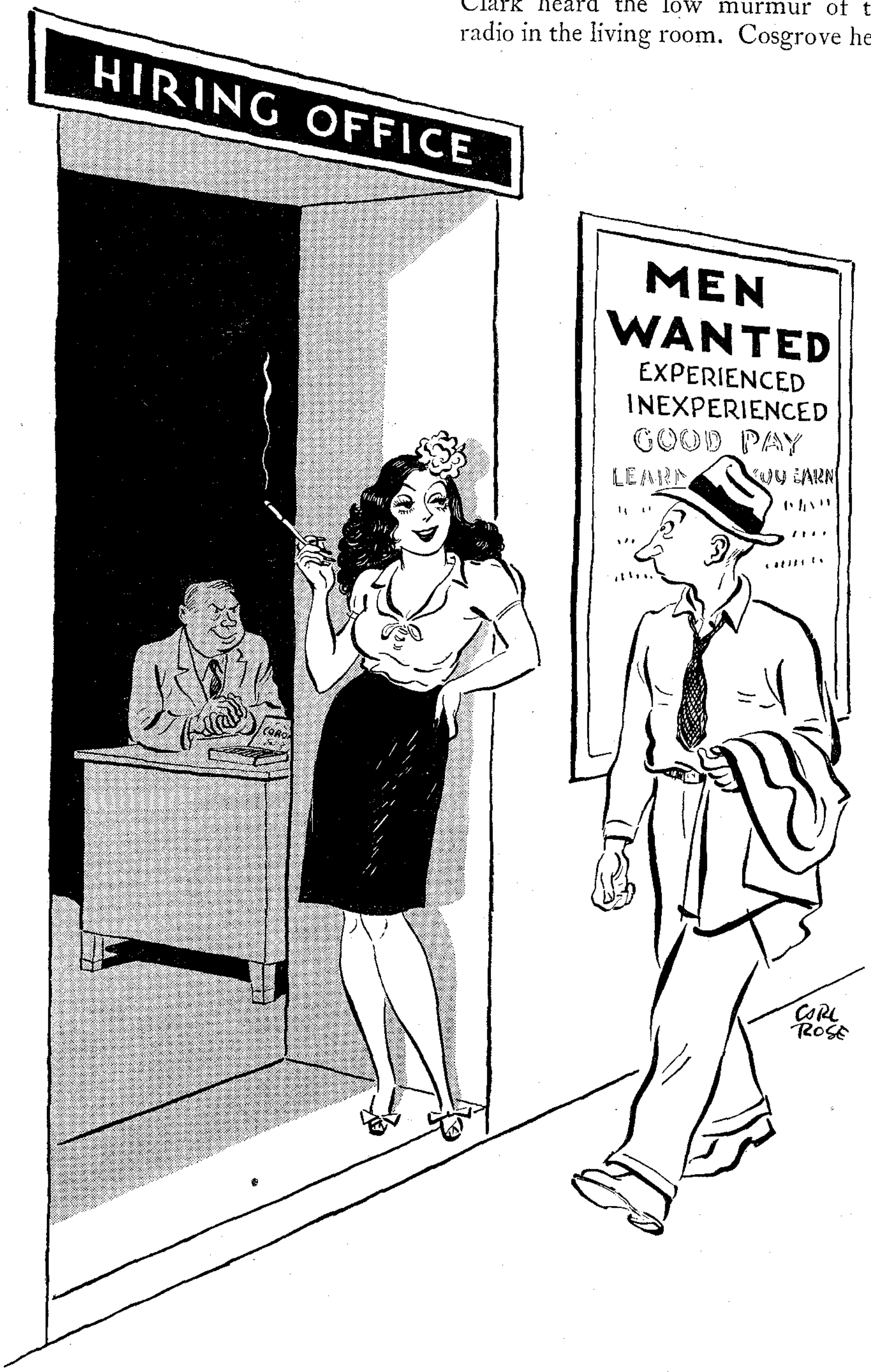
"*Ja?*"

"Come out here."

"Who iss it?"

"Cosgrove. Air-raid warden. Come out here."

Werner came out on the porch. Clark heard the low murmur of the radio in the living room. Cosgrove held



the blue flashlight so Werner could see to descend the steps.

"Vot iss it?" Werner asked. "Vot iss wrong?" Then he saw the car. "*Ach, mein Gott!*"

"I should think so," said Cosgrove. "And a match light can be seen from ten thousand feet up."

Werner became so excited he could hardly talk. "How could it be?" he cried shrilly. "I did not do so. The *Kinder* perhaps—but no, they are vorbitten. I drofe home by day. Perhaps, by accident—I do not drife so goot—"

"Going to leave them on all night?" Cosgrove asked.

"*Ach*, no!" Werner ran to the car, fumbled at the instrument board, and turned the lights off. "Now, all iss off," he announced as he returned. "Now, all iss vell."

"Not quite," said Cosgrove. He had taken out a small notebook. He held the flashlight on it as he scrawled on a page.

Werner got excited again. "But you vill not haf to report it?"

"You know the law, don't you?" said Cosgrove. His inflection was toneless and impersonal. "Violations of the law must always be reported."

"But the virst time!" protested Werner. "It vill be so bad vor me. I am a Cherman. Effrybody vill say, a Cherman showed the lights. It vill be so bad vor me. I haf tried to be right. My vife I haf told, the *Kinder* I haf told—"

"It's the law," said Cosgrove. "Coming, Dabney?"

Following Cosgrove, Clark looked back over his shoulder and saw Werner stumble up the steps and into the house.

As they reached Clark's house, lights began to come on along the road and they knew the all clear had been announced.

"Are you going to turn him in?" Clark asked.

"Let the kraut wonder about that."

"Tell me, Ted," said Clark hesitantly, "who *did* turn on those parking lights?"

Cosgrove laughed. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." He went on up the road.

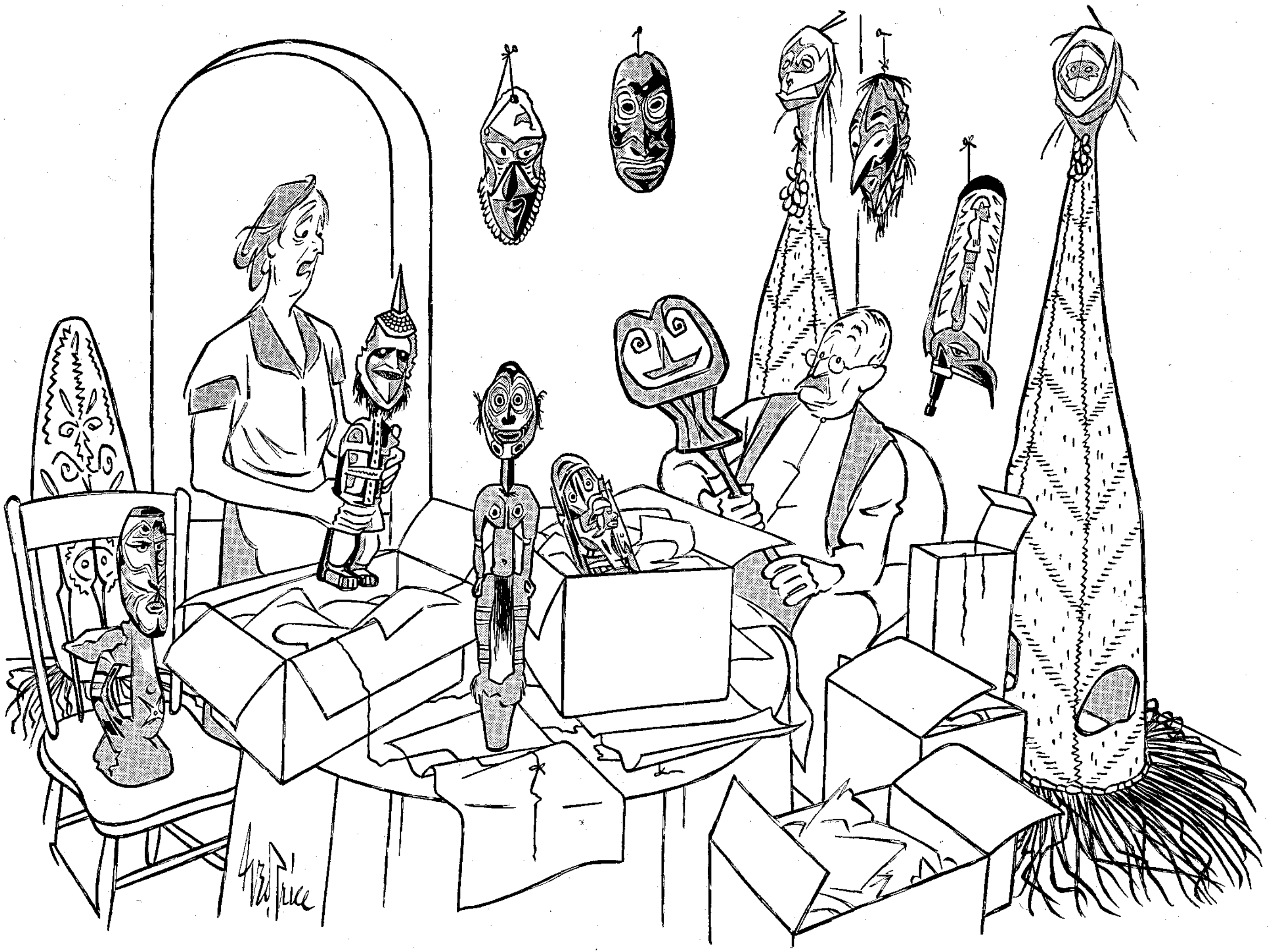
CLARK sat on the terrace and smoked his pipe. Only at the Werners' had the lights not been turned on after the all clear. By eleven, lights had begun to go out in the other houses. Still the Werners' house was dark. Clark pictured them huddled in the living room, frightened and heartsick, Werner and his wife discussing the disaster in low, worried voices and, finally, the family creeping up to their beds, quietly undressing in the dark.

"Oh, good Jesus Christ!" Clark said aloud. He knocked out his pipe and went into the house. —NOEL HOUSTON

•

Zanuck declared that neither Willkie nor any other of the famous figures to whom he talked on his flight—men like Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek and General Montgomery—would appear in the picture. They will be portrayed by outstanding artists of the stage and films.—*From a Twentieth Century-Fox press release.*

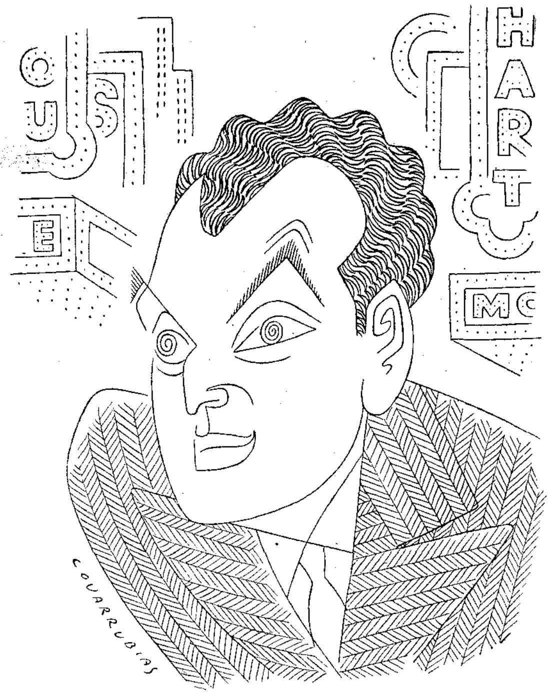
Zanuck, you're slipping.



"I sometimes wish Edward would be transferred to another theatre of operations."

PROFILES

HI-YO, PLATINUM!



Moss Hart

LAST May, an Army bomber took Moss Hart, the playwright, on a tour of airfields and Army camps in search of material for his play about the Air Forces, which will be presented in New York this season for the benefit of the Army Emergency Relief. Probably no bomber ever bore aloft a playwright more buoyantly successful or one more bowed down with care. Hart is thirty-eight years old, wealthy, attractive, and beloved by his friends. With George S. Kaufman he has written such popular plays as "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "You Can't Take It With You," and "Once in a Lifetime." With Irving Berlin he wrote "Face the Music" and "As Thousands Cheer." In a spell of depression following these triumphs, during which he daily consulted a psychiatrist about his troubles, he thought up the idea of "Lady in the Dark," which he wrote alone, in loneliness. "Lady in the Dark" ran a hundred weeks in New York and on tour, was bought by Paramount Pictures for $285,000, and earned its author almost $300,000 in royalties. Altogether, Hart has made over a million dollars in thirteen years of writing plays.

Hart is successful, but he is also haunted. Sprinkling systems installed in theatres in case of fire remain correctly dry throughout days of rehearsal and then insanely turn themselves on the minute he steps under them. Little people who have never been identified have come in the dead of night and carved crosses and the word "Beware!" on his apartment door and even on the foot of his bed. A peaceable fellow himself, he has nevertheless apparently been chosen as a kind of practice ground for imps. One evening not long ago he was sitting at a table in Lindy's with Oscar Levant and a few other companions. Levant, a heckler who does not like to see another man finish a story, kept interrupting Hart, who was trying to tell one. Hart's inclination is to move away from quarrels or any other violence, and when Levant's badgering grew macabre Moss finally said, white-lipped, "Very well, Oscar, I yield the floor to you." He then excused himself from the table, strode with dignity from the restaurant into the street, and walked straight into a crazed Italian who happened to be stabbing another Italian in the throat.

George Kaufman, who collaborated with Hart for thirteen years, is still interested by the way Moss's life has always ignored the ups and downs of the average man and has leapt instead along empyrean summits at a sort of courteous, perplexed gallop. Kaufman puts it simply, saying merely that Hart is unique. He is the only man Kaufman knows, for instance, who will decline an invitation to dinner because he has to be at the dentist's at that hour. When Hart goes to the dentist's, he goes for the day and sometimes spends the evening there as well. He has frequently arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning and stayed until nine at night. Once he was there from 11 A.M. until two the next morning. Rightly thinking that none of his friends would believe him, he turned up at the Kaufmans' apartment next day with an affidavit signed by three dentists who had worked on him in shifts, testifying that he had spent fifteen hours in the chair. Kaufman thinks that this endurance is due to Hart's passion for getting things over with and to the unique character of his dental ailments. "Moss doesn't just have cavities and fillings like the rest of us," Kaufman says. "When *he* needs a dentist it's because he has a couple of teeth growing out of his elbow or his knee, or something."

Hart has an electric toothbrush, the kind that whirls when you shove it into a wall plug. He takes a straightforward pleasure in the diversions money can buy, and until the war he bought all he could find. Generally he made his purchases in pairs, one for his New York apartment and the other for a farm he has in New Hope, Pennsylvania. In this way he has come to own (in the plural) air-conditioning units, television sets, Capehart radio-phonographs with remote-control attachments for piping the music from room to room or from tennis court to swimming pool, recording machines, color cameras, sun lamps, and eight monogrammed cribbage boards. His other possessions include over a hundred pipes, some elephant tusks, a collection of star sapphires, a pair of red doeskin slacks marked down to a hundred dollars at an Abercrombie & Fitch sale, a bucketful of gold gadgets from Cartier's, and a complete cowboy outfit, which he bought on a trip West for about a thousand dollars. It was Kaufman who, viewing him for the first time in this costly rig, murmured, "Hi-yo, Platinum!"

Nobody minds Hart's enthusiasm for riches, partly because it is wide-eyed and candid and partly because his simple delight blends so interestingly with the mildly satanic cast of his face that he manages to look, most of the time, like Mephistopheles peering up a chimney for Santa Claus. Hart is a tall man, sparsely built and full of eager gestures, with a hairline and eyebrows so curved and winged, in the Mephistophelian fashion, that they threaten continually to carry him aloft. In contrast to his soaring and devilish look, his manner is confiding, even cozy. He will speak so starkly to friends of his poverty-ridden childhood in Coney Island that his listeners melt, even after they have discovered that he never lived in Coney Island. He did live for a while in Sea Gate, not far from Coney, and the toughest skeptic understands his dramatic perceptiveness in substituting Coney Island for Sea Gate because Coney Island sounds so much worse. Without any added gloom, his childhood and early youth were grim enough to explain why he now likes to stroll into Cartier's and buy baubles.

Moss's father, an English Jew named Barnett Hart, emigrated from London to New York, married a Miss Solomon, an English girl whom he met here, and set up a newsstand and stationery store in the Bronx. He was a cigar maker by trade and would set up a newsstand somewhere whenever he couldn't get a job in a cigar factory. As Moss remembers it, his father had a newsstand more often than not. Moss was born on East 103rd Street, in a railroad flat over his father's newsstand and stationery shop. To help out the family finances, he left public school when he was in the eighth grade, at the age of twelve, and went to work as errand boy for A. L. Levenson's Music Store, a local concern. Two years later he got a job as stockroom boy and messenger for the National Cloak & Suit Co., in the garment district around Twenty-third Street. Although the Harts were poor, they were lively theatregoers and Moss was always one of the family party in gallery seats at matinées. He has a younger brother, Bernard, who also developed an early taste for the drama and is now a successful stage manager. Bernard Hart is currently engaged in stage-managing "The Doughgirls."

The Hart boys' mother died about six years ago and took with her the great family mystery and possibly its solution. This was the celebrated bogey of the crosses on the door. From the time Moss was six and Bernie an infant, a crude cross would appear spasmodically on the door of the Harts' flat, apparently cut with a knife, and with the warning "Beware!" scratched above or below it. Sometimes the doorbell or the name plate over the Harts' buzzer in the entrance would be ripped out. These things happened too often to be dismissed as a neighborhood prank, and at length the elder Hart went to the police, accompanied by the landlord, who was getting pretty tired of having to repair the fixtures. A policeman was put on guard for a while, but nothing happened while he was there. As soon as he left, the cross and the warning reappeared. The Harts moved to Bensonhurst when Moss was about nineteen, and the crosses and the warnings followed them. The crosses and the warnings pursued them for more than twenty-five years wherever they moved—from the Bronx to Bensonhurst, from Bensonhurst to Sea Gate, from Sea Gate to New York, from New York to California. As Moss prospered and installed himself and his family in appropriate surroundings, the crosses loomed successively on the doors of a hotel suite, a Park Avenue apartment, a bungalow in upper New York State, and a house in Beverly Hills. One night, in New York, Moss came home and found the symbols carved on the foot of his bed; his family had been sitting in the next room all evening. He engaged private detectives, who kept watch twenty-four hours a day, collected twenty-four dollars a day, and reported nothing. The Harts knew of no one who would want to persecute them, and they began, in a nervous, half-joking way, to suspect one another. About five years ago, or perhaps longer, the business of the crosses and the warnings suddenly stopped. Moss and his father and brother are not positive that it ended precisely with the death of Mrs. Hart, and they wouldn't know exactly what to make of it if it had. They have never found any explanation.

The three men live separately these days, although they are on terms of vast affection. Barnett Hart is seventy-eight and vigorous, and spends most of each year in Miami, where he wears white suits and a yachting cap and is widely known as the Commodore. The

A POET SPEAKS FROM THE VISITORS' GALLERY

Have Gentlemen perhaps forgotten this?—
We write the histories.

Do Gentlemen who snigger at the poets,
Who speak the word professor with guffaws—
Do Gentlemen expect their fame to flourish
When we, not they, distribute the applause?

Or do they trust their hope of long remembrance
To those they name with such respectful care—
To those who write the tittle in the papers,
To those who tell the tattle on the air?

Do Gentlemen expect the generation
That counts the losers out when tolls the bell
To take some gossip-caster's estimation,
Some junior voice of fame with fish to sell?

Do Gentlemen believe time's hard-boiled jury,
Judging the sober truth, will trust again
The words some copperhead who owned a paper
Ordered one Friday from the hired men?

Have Gentlemen forgotten Mr. Lincoln?

A poet wrote that story, not a newspaper,
Not the New Yorker of the nameless name
Who spat with hatred like some others later
And left, as they will, in his hate his shame.

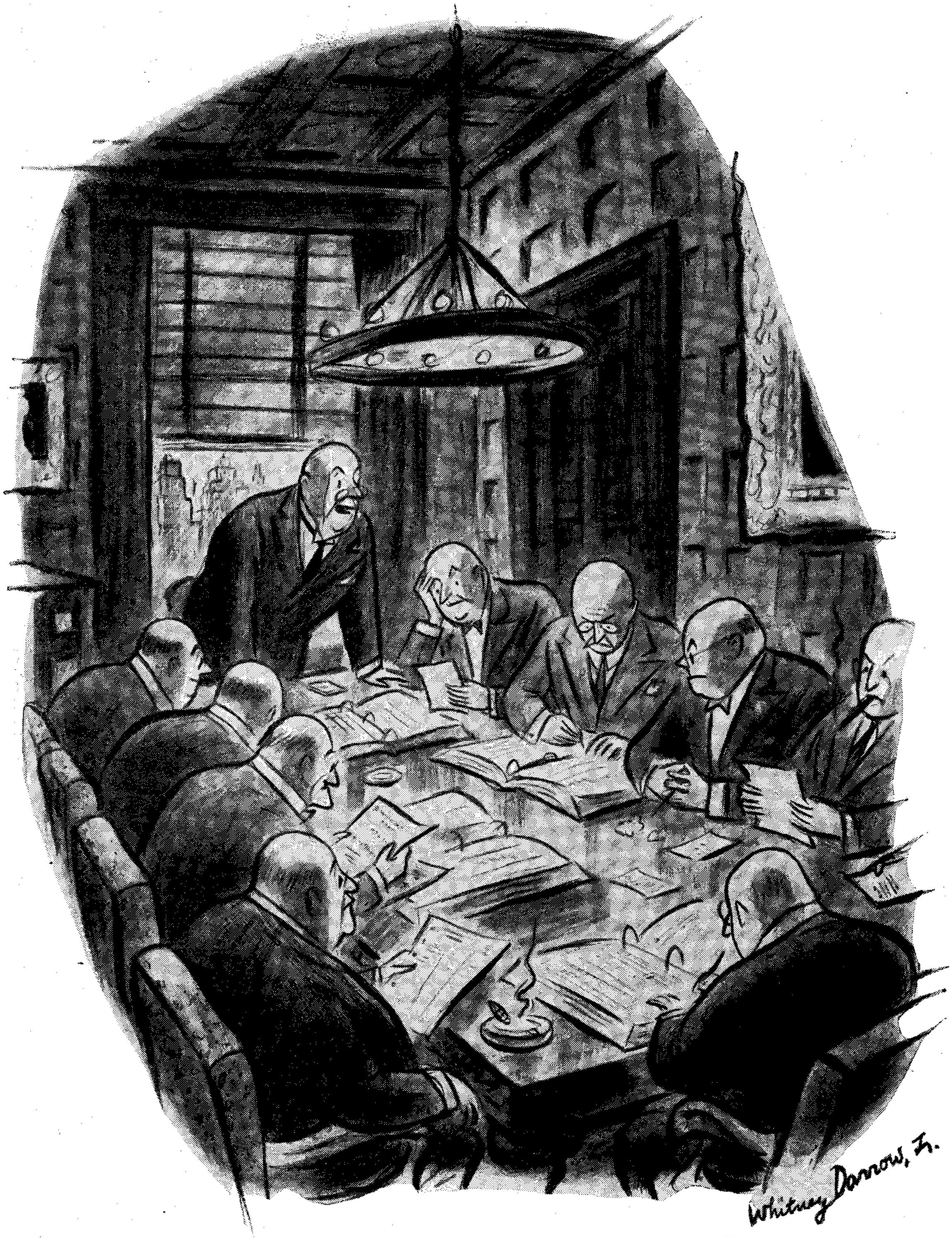
History's not written in the kind of ink
The richest man of most ambitious mind
Who hates a president enough to print
A daily paper can afford or find.

Gentlemen have power now and know it,
But even the greatest and most famous kings
Feared and with reason to offend the poets
Whose songs are marble
and whose marble sings.

—Archibald MacLeish

• •

Commodore's hobby is writing songs and he has composed a ballad to celebrate each of Moss's plays. These anthems, of which he writes both words and music, are entitled "George Washington Slept Here," "Lady in the Dark," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and so on. The chorus of the last starts off, "The man who came to dinner, what a man! What a man!" For his father's birthday last year, Moss thought up the idea of having Irving Berlin publish one of the Commodore's songs, and for this purpose he brought Berlin and the Commodore together to confer about the musical arrangement. At the first suggestion from Berlin, the Commodore patted him on the shoulder and said, "Now listen, boy, you tend to your songwriting and I'll tend to mine."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that the question is simply this: Should we have him arrested now or should we let him go on playing the races and hope for the best?"

WHEN Moss was sixteen and working for the National Cloak & Suit Co., he had a glamorous friend, an office boy to Augustus Pitou, the theatrical producer. Pitou was known as the Road King because of his great success with touring companies, notably with an outfit called the Henry Duffy Players. He lasted as the Road King until some fatal impulse led him, in the twenties, to turn down a play Henry Duffy's wife had written. Mrs. Duffy was Anne Nichols and the play was, of course, "Abie's Irish Rose." One day in 1921, during his lunch hour, Moss Hart walked uptown to Pitou's office, on Forty-second Street, to see his friend the office boy, and learned that he had quit his job that morning. Moss went to work for Pitou that afternoon and never returned to the garment centre. He had learned to type with two fingers when he was ten, on a broken-down typewriter a cousin had given him, and soon his duties with Pitou came to include taking the boss's dictation (with two fingers on a typewriter) and reading plays. In 1923, Pitou was looking for a vehicle for Fiske O'Hara, an Irish tenor whom he had under contract, and Moss, laboring through a pile of manuscripts at home one night, decided to try writing a play. He wrote the first act of a romance, which he called "The Beloved Bandit," signed it Robert Arnold Conrad (a pseudonym devised from the first names of three old schoolmates), and submitted it to Pitou a few days later as the work of a friend.

Pitou read the first act and enthusiastically demanded to see the rest. Moss worked all that night and delivered the

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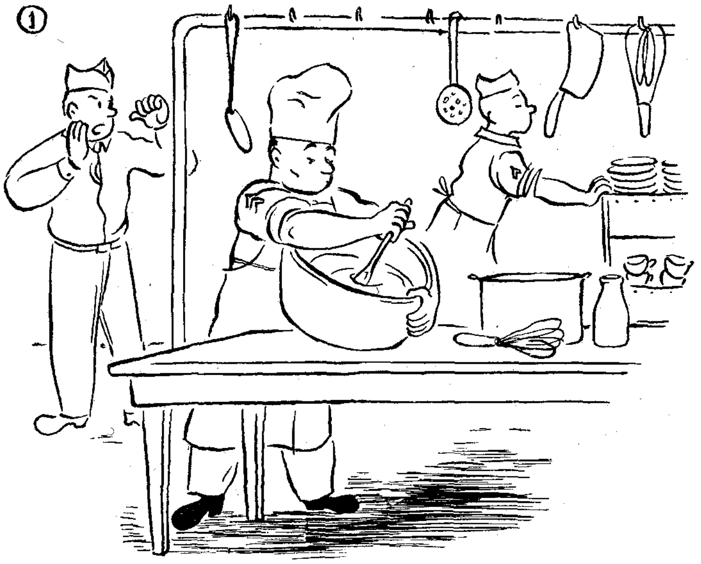

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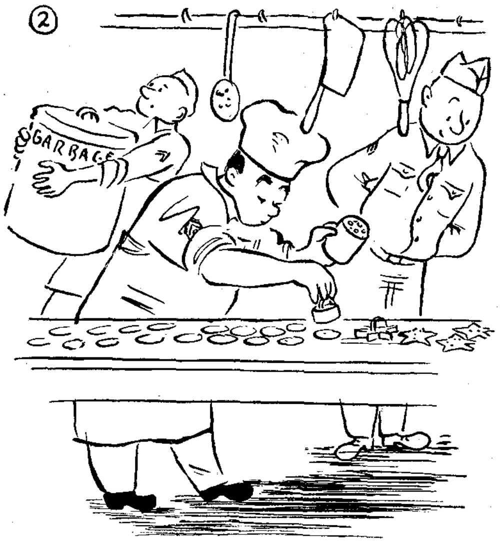

second act in the morning and the last act three days later.

"Get this Conrad. I want to sign him up," Pitou ordered when he had finished reading.

"Well," said Moss, inventing wildly, "Mr. Conrad is a very busy man. He's a lawyer and he works all day. I don't know if I can get hold of him—"

"Take a letter," said Pitou. He then dictated the first of a series of letters to Conrad, all of which Moss wrote down and later privately tore up. He says now that he dared not tell the truth for fear Pitou, discovering that he was dictating long daily appeals to a mythical playwright, would feel foolish and fire him. When Conrad failed to answer any of the letters or to show up for an appointment Hart had wretchedly promised to make, Pitou finally said one day, "Get your hat, Moss. We'll go to this fellow's office." In the elevator, Hart said desperately, "Mr. Pitou, I have a confession to make. *I* am Robert Arnold Conrad."

Hart declares that Pitou's expression scarcely changed; he just got out of the elevator at the ground floor and led Moss into the next elevator going up. It was only when he handed Hart a contract and a pen that he spoke his first words.

"Now, Mossie," he said, "when an author writes his first play, he doesn't get the regular royalties."

"The Beloved Bandit," which was also known for a time as "The Hold-Up Man," ran six weeks in Chicago and lost $45,000. Hart continued to work in Pitou's office for about six months, receiving fifteen dollars a week as office boy-secretary and seventy-five dollars a week as a playwright until the show closed; after that he just got the fifteen dollars. This experience so depressed him that he did not write another play for two years. His second one, "Panic," was the story of a father and son, vaguely based on the Douglas Fairbankses, and was produced by Bela Blau in a summer theatre but was never put on in New York. "Panic" came in handy some five years later, however, when Max Gordon asked Hart to adapt the book for his Viennese spectacle, "The Great Waltz," which was the story of the Strausses, father and son. Hart dusted off his early drama and "Panic," with certain changes, became "The Great Waltz."

One day while Hart was still simmering in the Pitou office, a friend of his who was directing an amateur theatrical group at the Labor Temple, on Fourteenth Street, fell ill and asked Moss to pinch-hit for him at putting on a play. During rehearsals Hart met a man who ran a summer vacation paradise in Pennsylvania called Camp Utopia and who was looking for some new social directors. Hart left Pitou and for the next three years spent his summers as a social director at various camps and his winters as a paid director of amateur groups at the Labor Temple and at Y.M.H.A. clubhouses in New York, Brooklyn, and Newark. Both of these occupations have been stepping stones for a good many New York boys; Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, the songwriters, used to direct amateur theatricals, and Edward Chodorov, the author of "Kind Lady" and "Those Endearing Young Charms," helped conduct social activities at Camp Utopia at the same time that Hart was there. Arthur Kober, who dramatized a social camp a few years ago in "Having Wonderful Time," is regarded by veterans like Chodorov and Hart as an amiable dilettante who drifted about in canoes at one camp or another but never worked in any.

A social director has charge of camp waiters (mostly college boys from N.Y.U. and Columbia), leads games and outings, and dances with wallflowers among the stenographers and lady shipping clerks who come up to spend their two weeks' vacation. Chodorov remembers that at Camp Utopia Hart was popular, romantic-looking, and a great hand at vamping on a guitar and singing the songs of that summer. On rainy days, he also read palms and gave lessons in tap-dancing. In a burst of artistic zeal Camp Utopia put on a production of O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," with Chodorov as Jones and Hart as Smithers, the overseer. According to Chodorov, Moss kicked like a horse at the approach of greasepaint and was terrified until the moment he set foot on the stage. "From that second, he became the complete ham," Chodorov says affectionately. "When he got back to New York, they couldn't keep him off the stage at the Y.M.H.A. He'd play anything. One night he played Aubrey Piper in 'The Show-Off' at eight-thirty and then hurried over to another clubhouse and played Oswald in Ibsen's 'Ghosts' at eleven." Hart still loves acting and has appeared in two of his own plays—the West Coast production of "Once in a Lifetime," in which he played Lawrence Vail, the playwright, while George Kaufman was moodily acting the same rôle in New York; and the Bucks County Playhouse production of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with Kaufman as the Man and Hart in the Noel Coward part. Candid witnesses of these oc-

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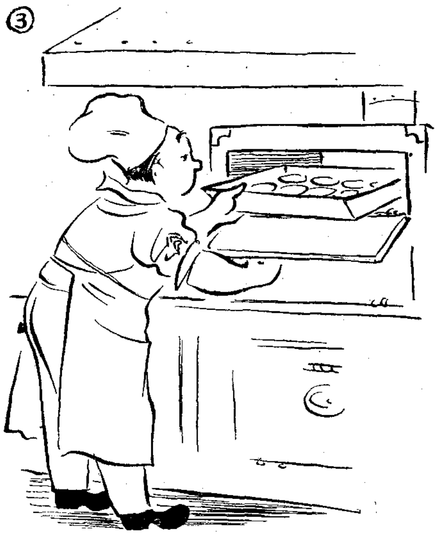

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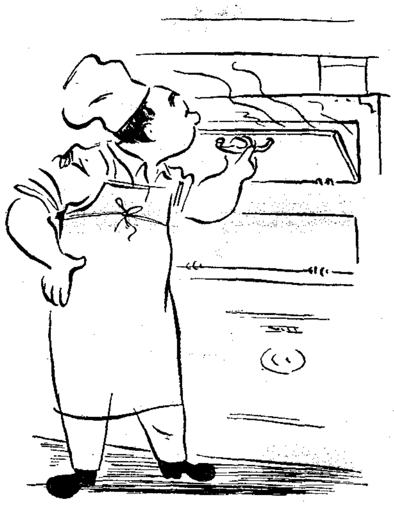

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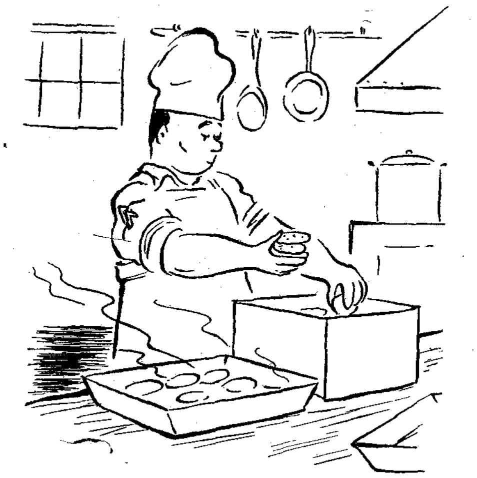

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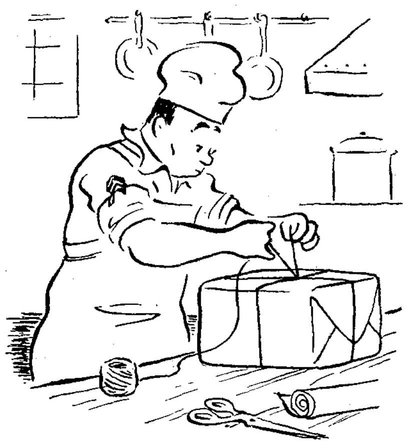

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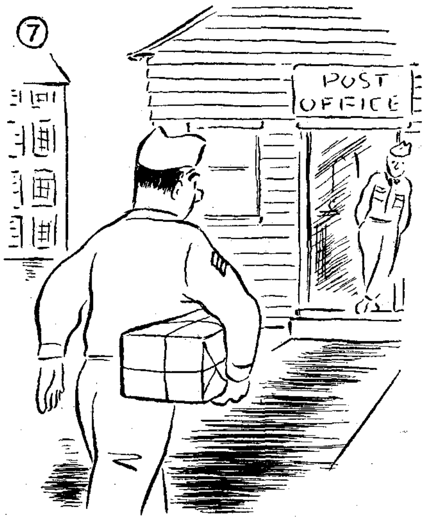

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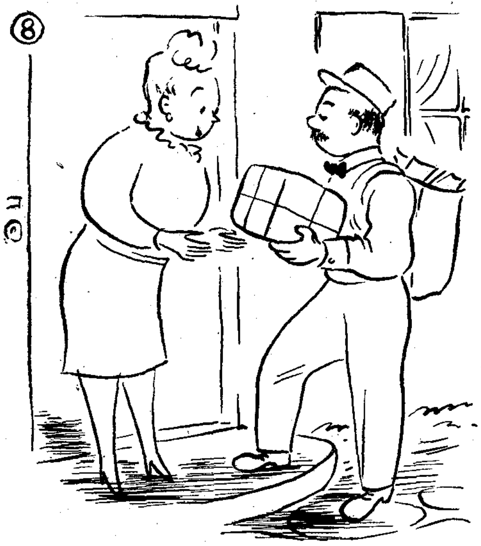

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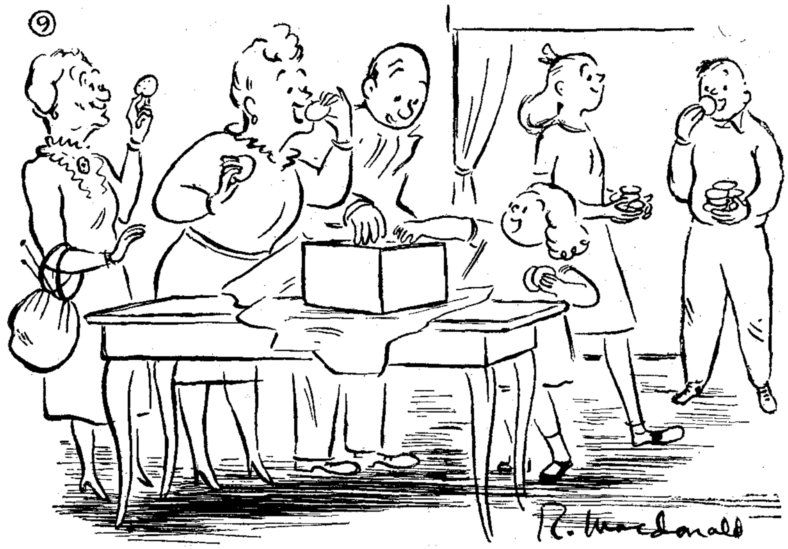


casions say that Hart underplays to the point of pitching his voice in a monotone that makes him sound like some kind of Chinese actor. The Bucks County "Man Who Came to Dinner" was not an ideal setting for any actor given to underplaying, since the part of Harpo Marx in that company was played by Harpo himself. Harpo, a loving friend to both Kaufman and Hart but an elf nevertheless, carried a pocketful of candles and his cane with the automobile-horn attachment and appeared wildly in corners during the play, eating candles and honking his cane throughout most of his pals' speeches.

Hart's recollections of his career as a social director are mainly poignant. One summer he thriftily asked his camp director to hold back his salary, amounting to several hundred dollars, for safekeeping and to give it to him all at once at the end of the season. A few days before camp closed, the director disappeared with the money. Another summer, lacking the white flannels and cummerbunds necessary to a social director, especially in the evenings, Moss appealed to his camp director, who told him to go to Geller's haberdashery on Eighth Avenue before camp opened, buy what he needed, and charge it to him. Moss dizzily bought flannels, sports jackets, slacks, and scarves and went to camp to await the arrival of his wardrobe. It never came, the merchant having looked up the camp director's credit rating in the meantime. Moss spent the rest of that summer acting out a painful, prolonged, and gallant gag. He found some trunks containing costumes for charades and pageants and thenceforth appeared at dinner every night in a different guise, as a gypsy, a Colonial gentleman, or whatever else the trunks afforded, gaily explaining that he had thought of it as a good way to pep up the evenings.

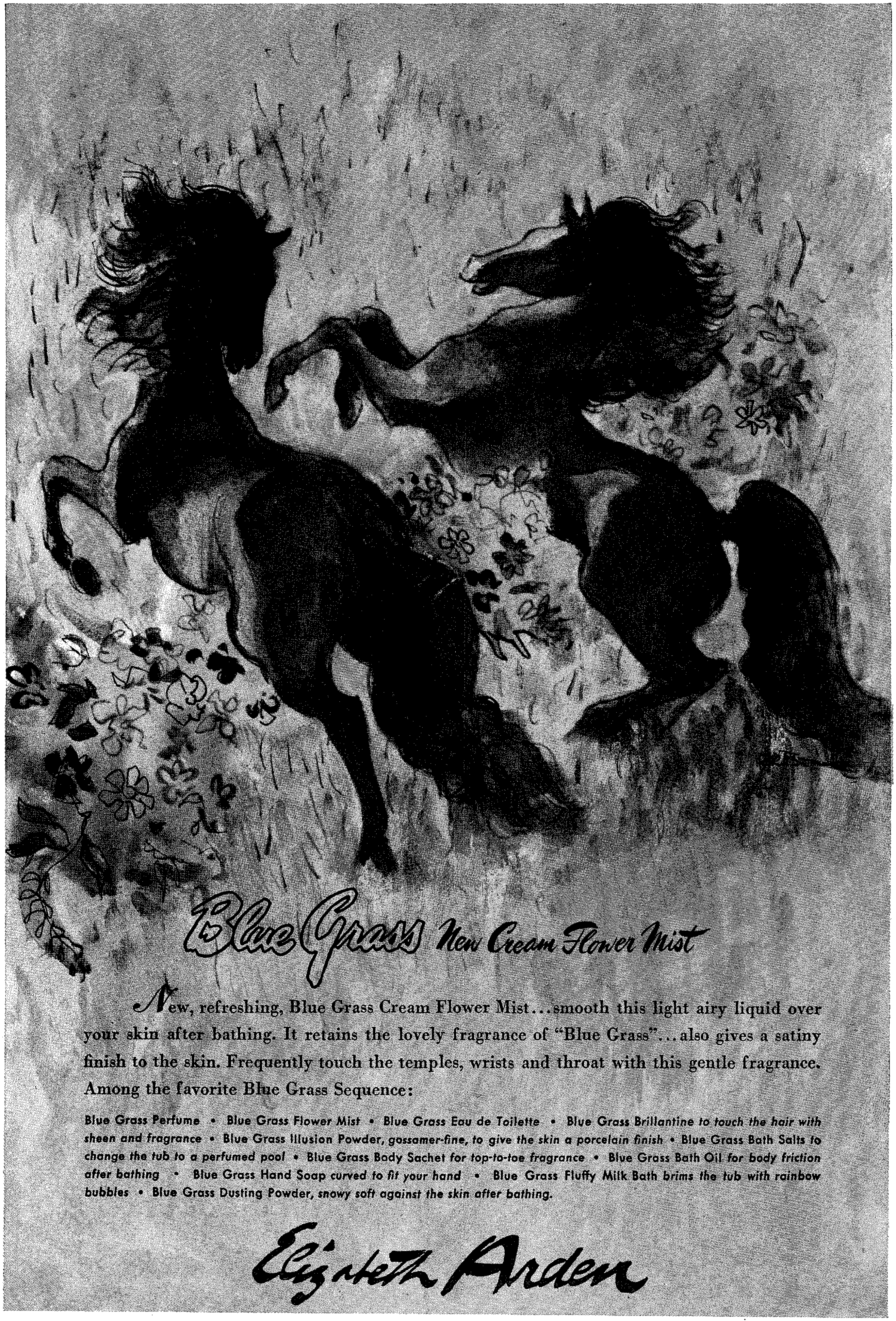
IN the winters, commuting on the subway from Sea Gate to his Y.M.H.A. groups, Hart had taken to reading *Variety*, especially the Hollywood section. In 1929, he began working in his spare time on "Once in a Lifetime." He sent the completed play to an agent, who sent it to Sam H. Harris. Harris read the manuscript in Palm Beach, where he was spending a few weeks with Irving Berlin, and wired Hart's agent that he would produce the play as a musical comedy with songs by Berlin. To this offer Moss replied, "Tell Mr. Harris I have written a play, not a musical comedy." Harris, impressed by Hart's retort as well as by his manuscript, agreed to produce the play with a few changes and suggested George S. Kaufman as collaborator. Kaufman was already well known. He had written several successful plays with Marc Connelly, among them "Dulcy," "To the Ladies," "Merton of the Movies," and "Beggar on Horseback;" he was co-author with Edna Ferber of "The Royal Family," and he had written "The Butter and Egg Man" alone. Hart entered into the collaboration with reverence and delight, but he cannily continued to direct amateur groups in his spare time. These groups charged a small admission to their performances, to take care of expenses, but they had no money left over to pay out in royalties. Moss contrived to give the customers good shows and at the same time to avoid any foolish expense in royalties by putting on Broadway successes with a change of title as a sop to the copyright conventions. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was produced, for instance, as "What Price Justice?" and "What Price Glory?" was presented as "No Retreat." Hart did not tell Kaufman until some years afterward that, while the two men were working on "Once in a Lifetime," Moss was also presenting "Beggar on Horseback" somewhere downtown, royalty-free, under the somewhat different title "Dreams Are Not for Sale."

SMALL FRY

Parachute Troops

People who have read Hart's original manuscript of "Once in a Lifetime" say that it was not very different in plot and dialogue from the final version. "Of course, no play has ever exactly suffered from George's lapidary work," one observer has put it. Kaufman himself thought so well of Hart's play that he insisted that the contract with Harris give Hart sixty per cent of the authors' royalties from the production and—an even greater boon—top billing. The programs and advertisements of the play read "By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman." In spite of the happy business relations between the collaborators, their first few meetings were social failures. Hart worried himself into a frenzy because he could scarcely help noticing that Kaufman, his idol, visibly winced at his approach. Hart would bravely breeze in to work, with outstretched hand, and Kaufman would shrink away. "Once in a Lifetime" had been running for months before Hart discovered that Kaufman had been shrinking all that time not from Moss but from the stench of the five-cent cigars which Moss, as a newly arrived playwright and man of the world, saw fit to smoke. Hart smokes a pipe these days. For the first year and a half of their collaboration, Hart called Kaufman "Mr. Kaufman" and Kaufman, a reticent man, called Hart "Er." They have since become companionable and relaxed. When they write a play together, Kaufman usually sits at the typewriter or lies down on the floor and picks lint off the carpet while Hart paces. If they hit on a line or a situation that amuses them, they laugh uproariously. Sometimes they turn out only four pages a day, occasionally they write an act in that time. They worked six months on the revisions of "Once in a Lifetime" and it took them the same length of time to write "The Man Who Came to Dinner." They finished "You Can't Take It With You," on the other hand, in five weeks.

Both Kaufman and Hart have a nervous attitude toward actors, whom they look upon as dreamers. When they had decided that they needed Monty Woolley for the Alexander Woollcott rôle in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," they wanted to surprise Woolley, who at that time was playing obscure



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Elizabeth Arden

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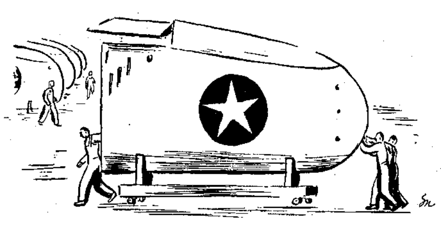
parts in Hollywood, and called him on the telephone to offer him the part. Owing to the difference in time the call woke Woolley at noon. "What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night with your corny jokes?" he shouted wrathfully, and hung up. Kaufman and Hart completed the deal through an agent, and took a simple pleasure in the knowledge that Woolley had to pay the agent ten per cent of his salary for the run of the play.

Hart's success with satirical comedies has probably caused him more anguish than any of the other problems that beset him. His is the woe of the expert who does one thing superbly well and is never allowed to do anything else. During his collaboration with Kaufman both men were driven by the Pagliaccio deep in every humorist to write three serious plays—"Merrily We Roll Along" (a study of the disintegration of a man because of too much prosperity), "The Fabulous Invalid" (a study of the decay of the theatre), and "The American Way" (a study of the slow dissolution of audiences and profits). Each one was a resounding flop, "The American Way" going so far as to lose $60,000 in a theatre holding four thousand persons, most of whom stayed away. Herman Mankiewicz, a Hollywood jape, once described "Merrily We Roll Along" to a friend as follows: "It's about this playwright who writes a play and it's a big success, and then he writes another play and *that's* a big success, all his plays are big successes, and all the actresses in them are in love with him, and he has a yacht and a beautiful home in the country and a beautiful wife and two beautiful children, and he makes a million dollars. Now the problem the play propounds is this," Mankiewicz concluded, "how did the poor son of a bitch ever get into that situation?"

After critics and customers alike besought Kaufman and Hart to stick to comedy, they realized that they were better at writing comedy than tragedy and more adept at handling cockeyed characters than at propounding treatises. Kaufman is philosophical about it, but Hart is still bothered by the feeling, common to many writers these days, that he ought to be writing about some aspect of the war. He is mildly comforted by the fact that the Air Forces show, which he is writing without compensation, will leave him considerably poorer than he has been in some time.

HART'S most crowded hour was probably the period in 1930 between the dress rehearsal of "Once in a Lifetime" and the morning after the opening. Coming away from the dress rehearsal haggard and worried, he ran into Sam Harris, who took him to his office for a drink. "You needn't worry, you've got a great show with a wonderful plot," Harris assured him, and then, putting his elbows on his desk, he proceeded to reassure him by telling him the wonderful plot, word for word. "It's about these three fellas who go to Hollywood," he began, and went on to describe to Hart all three acts of "Once in a Lifetime." Toward dawn the two men left the office and Hart headed for a subway station to take a train home to Sea Gate. Harris reminded him that he would have to be back for another rehearsal at eleven that morning and urged him to get some sleep at a hotel in town. When Hart insisted that he had to get home, Harris correctly surmised that he hadn't the price of a hotel room, and, taking a bill from his pocket, he shoved it at Moss and left him. The bill was a $100 note. Like an arrow from a bow, Moss sped to the Astor, took a suite, and ordered up a big breakfast, a barber, a manicurist, and a valet. "I spent sixty dollars that morning between six o'clock and ten-thirty," he recalls comfortably.

After the opening that night, Moss again stayed up until dawn to read the reviews of the play, which were ecstatic. When he had read them all, he went out and sneered at a subway station and then took a taxi to Sea Gate. There he told his father, mother, and brother to put on their hats and leave everything else behind, and brought them all grandly to New York, to the Ansonia Hotel, where he rented a large, circular apartment in one of the turrets. The Harts never again saw the furniture, clothes, and other belongings they had abandoned in Sea Gate and never gave them a second thought. Moss summoned an interior decorator, the first of a bevy which has come to float after him as inevitably as motes after a sunbeam, and the decorator transformed the turret apartment into an impressive affair of red velvet, gilt, and carved Spanish furniture. Moss's room had three sets of curtains at each window—glass curtains, silk draperies over them, and brocaded hangings over both. "I never had any curtains when I was poor, so I thought I'd like to have plenty," Moss would explain to interested visitors. His taste has gentled into a fondness for the Victorian style, which he likes to have decorators reproduce around him with the speed of a Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century. His admiration for Alban Conway, who decorated his present apartment, on East Sixty-fifth Street, began with Conway's prompt action in rescuing Moss from a welter of ostrich plumes and indoor rock gardens into which another decorator, rashly engaged, had plunged him. After Hart had dwelt miserably for weeks among these mistakes, wondering how to hide them, Conway took most of them one evening and buried them in an excavation the New York Steam Corporation had considerately dug in the street outside. Hart was so grateful that, in addition to his check for the new decorating job, he gave Conway a gold wrist watch inscribed "With appreciation."



Hart's passion for speedy accomplishment has literally caused a forest to appear almost overnight on a bare hilltop on his place in New Hope. He had thirty-five hundred pine trees transplanted to the hill at a cost of over $5,000. No man to wait for the growth of saplings, he also imported a hundred and thirty-nine twenty-year-old elms, maples, and other shade trees to his lawn for the sum of $28,000. "When Moss plants a tree, he sits down under it and waits five minutes for it to give shade," his brother, Bernard, once remarked. Another comment, which gained a certain fame but has never been traced to an authentic source, is supposedly that of the cynical guest who, on being shown Hart's ready-made forest, murmured, "Well, it just goes to show you what God could do if he had money." The New Hope place is run by Raymond, a caretaker, and Charles, a butler who also works at the apartment in town. Charles and Raymond are convivial folk, and Hart treats them as friends to a degree that sometimes rattles his other cronies. Charles and Raymond play croquet, backgammon, and bridge with Hart's guests. One Bucks County matron, settled at a bridge table after dinner at Moss's, glanced curiously at the face of her partner, wondering where she had seen him before, only to realize with a start that he was the man who had served her soup.

ABOUT six years ago, things were going so well with Hart that he fell into a state of profound gloom and

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in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
A play by Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way. AIR-COOLED
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ERIC BLORE
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE · Tommy WONDER · Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Conditioned
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35 (No perf. Mon.)

"THOROUGHLY REFRESHING" —Time Magazine
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St. Air Cond.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY • LAST 3 WEEKS!
MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
GLADYS GEORGE
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
FLORENCE REED CONRAD NAGEL
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. AIR-CONDITIONED
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Josephine HULL · Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—Time Magazine
FULTON, W. 46. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Good . . . for the whole family."—Nichols, Times
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax · Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
America's Only Ice Theatre
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT with
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Robert KEITH · Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

consulted a psychiatrist about himself. Much as he likes speed, the swiftness with which he had attained wealth and fame sometimes made him nervous. Two of his early trips to Europe provide an example of the change that had come over him. In 1930, on his first trip abroad, he met Cole Porter and dined at Porter's house in Paris; he gasped at Elsie de Wolfe's green hair and stammered over Elsa Maxwell's motherly grilling, and when the ladies left the table after dinner he trotted along with them, never having heard of that custom. In 1935, only five years later, he scarcely thought twice about calling up Porter one day in New York and saying casually, "What do you say we take a trip around the world and write a show?" The result of the telephone call and the trip was "Jubilee!," a musical comedy kidding the King and Queen of England. Hart admired the bored irreverence of the Porter crowd, but he is basically a conventional man, and learning to reverse all his values, as they did, was something of a strain. Occasionally he felt that he was getting a little too smart, and his old friends further depressed him by heartily agreeing with this opinion. Now in his sixth year of psychiatry, Hart says he thinks he can see the end. His friends declare that he is a new man, and no one can deny that psychiatry, or something, has enabled him to write two plays alone, independent of any collaborator.

Everybody always wants to see a bachelor who is happy that way get married, and Hart's friends have been no exception to this rule. They have long pointed out that it was time he settled down—a suggestion which finally forced him to declare that he could not marry because he was mourning the death of his only passion, a schoolteacher whom he had loved years before. Months afterward, Beatrice Kaufman, in a heart-to-heart chat with Moss, mentioned the schoolteacher and Moss stared at her in astonishment. "You didn't *believe* that stuff, did you?" he said. He is still unmarried. He is a courtly and popular escort, and so many personable young women have glanced off him so harmlessly that a certain thoughtful observer, seeing him enter a restaurant one night with an actress who shall here be called Miss Blank, murmured, "Here comes Moss Hart and the future Miss Blank."

Hart will always have his sorrows. Before his thirty-eighth birthday placed him beyond the military-age limit last year, he tried to get a commission in the Navy and was rejected because of in-

"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
CONDUCTOR ROBERT STOLZ
Choreography George Balanchine
MAJESTIC, W. 44. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thur. & Sat. Air-Cond.

"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

RICHARD KOLLMAR presents
A New Musical Comedy
EARLY TO BED
Muriel ANGELUS · Richard KOLLMAR · Mary SMALL · Bob HOWARD
Book and Lyrics by GEORGE MARION Jr
Music by THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER
Air-Conditioned BROADHURST W. 44 St
Eves. 8:30 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"NEWEST SURE-FIRE HIT." Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER presents

TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY · SHIRLEY BOOTH
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Claudette COLBERT • Paulette GODDARD • Veronica LAKE
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
A Mark Sandrich Production • A Paramount Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW—SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

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On furlough in New York City and vicinity may obtain admissions to many
BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES
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A NEW REVUE
SHOWS AT 8 and 12:30
Full Course DINNERS from $1.50
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B'WAY at 49th ST.

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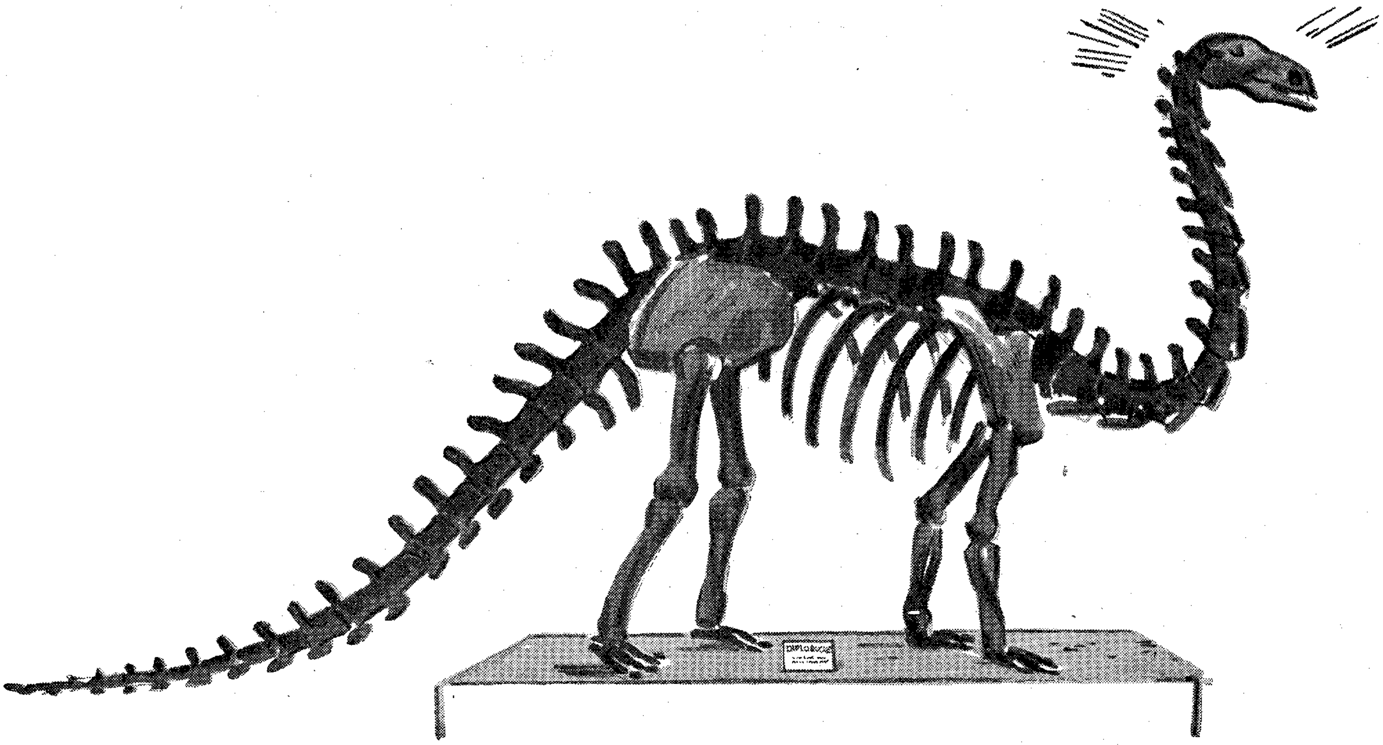
Luncheon $1.00 • Dinner $1.60 • also A La Carte
27 years at the same place
118 West 49th Street • BRyant 9-5511



Diplodocus forgot to change his mind

WE'D PROBABLY have a lot of Diplodoci with us today instead of fossilized in the Rocky Mountains, if they hadn't been so stubborn.

But somehow it didn't seem dignified for a Diplodocus to fool around with this new-fangled "Evolution" stuff. And so the Diplodocus achieved the final dignity of all time—extinction.

Which is all very nice for the paleontologists (fossil-collectors to you). But short-sighted policy for a Diplodocus . . .

Or a business man. Like the Diplodocus, he sometimes holds the goal of dignity so close to his eyes he forgets his real goal—vitality. Some go so far as to pass up an advertising medium like Puck-The Comic Weekly, because of a fancied lack of "dignity." Yes, it happens.

Which is silly, of course. Good humor and high adventure have the dignity of the whole human race in them. The editors of Puck in bringing Walt Disney's irascible, lovable "Donald Duck" to millions of readers every week are following a well defined blueprint for giving America its most entertaining weekly. Add "Bringing Up Father" starring Jiggs and Maggie; "Blondie" and her irrepressible Dagwood; "Tillie The Toiler" who has set many a style; "Believe It or Not!" authored by famed Bob Ripley; "The Katzenjammer Kids", America's most famous practical jokers, and it explains why Puck is the most thoroughly read publication of its kind in America.

When choosing a medium to carry your advertising message—whether institutional or sales promotional—keep these facts in mind:

1 . . More people (men and women as well as children) read "the comics" than any other one form of entertainment feature.

2 . . Visibility and readership are unusually high because Puck-The Comic Weekly accepts only a limited number of advertisements per issue. Space in Puck is a valuable franchise.

3 . . Puck produces results. In 1939 one of the country's leading manufacturers of soap and quality cosmetics tested Puck-The Comic Weekly with 3 advertisements. Each year the schedule has been increased. In 1943 this advertiser is spending $125,000 in Puck.

Puck-The Comic Weekly is distributed to more than 6,000,000 families through 15 great Sunday newspapers from coast to coast and is read by over 20,000,000 people — men, women and children.

Sales minded executives with an eye to the future should ask to see and carefully consider Puck's analysis of "Your Customers of Tomorrow", a sound presentation chock full of sales information. Puck-The Comic Weekly, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York—Hearst Building, Chicago.

AND IF YOU LIVED IN PORTLAND...
YOU'D READ THE JOURNAL...

IT'S ONLY time to go home in Portland, but it's 8:30 p.m. in New York, and a new day is just about to dawn in Europe and much of the rest of the world.

Portland families are accustomed to read all the news of the current day in The Journal each evening—world news, national news, local news. It's all in The Journal the same day it happens, thanks to the natural time advantage enjoyed *only* by afternoon newspapers on the Pacific Coast. Being first with the news in times like these, it is only natural that The Journal has the largest circulation in its history—and that The Journal is today, as it has been for years, the *preferred* newspaper in the Portland area.

ADVERTISERS who have proved the effectiveness of concentrating their advertising messages in the medium that gets them the most coverage of an important market, prefer The Journal. For in Oregon's Primary Market, the rich Portland Trading Zone . . . live 717,588 individuals—33% more people than dwell in all the rest of Oregon. Here industrial payrolls alone top 48 million dollars a month.

And in this rich Trading Zone the daily Journal delivers 80% of its circulation—21,993 more daily circulation than any other newspaper. Portland's favorite newspaper keeps pace with the amazing Portland market—total daily net paid circulation for the six months ending Mar. 31, 1943 was 151,888; the three months average exceeding 156,000.

REDS TEAR NAZIS APART
Oregon Journal

Portland's Only Afternoon Newspaper

The JOURNAL
PORTLAND, OREGON

Represented by REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco

sufficient education. He sat around feeling ignorant and rebuffed for a whole morning after he got the notice. What finally consoled him a little was the recollection that he was scheduled, that same day, to deliver a lecture on the drama at Columbia.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

•

THE GREAT ENIGMA

I hear that Mr. Morgenthau,
 Who sits in office, stately,
Has many a wrinkle in his brow
 Which was not there till lately,
From wondering how to solve aright
 This problem on his docket:
The money that is burning bright
 In everybody's pocket.
But though it's money, plain enough,
 That turns inflation's key,
What happens to the pretty stuff
 Before it gets to me?

The money, the money,
It's surely very funny
What happens to the money
Before it reaches me.

Now everyone is getting rich—
 The infant and his elder,
The digger in the union ditch,
 The merchant and the welder.
The miner climbs a golden ground,
 The jack a golden steeple,
But I don't seem to get around
 Among the proper people.

For faithful as the wolf who howls
 Along this private sector,
Beside my door, incessant, prowls
 The income-tax collector.
My salary dwindles when it's due,
 Exploding like a comet,
And every day there's something new
 To be deducted from it.

So let each bureaucratic gent
 Improve the shining hour
Inventing plans to circumvent
 The nation's buying power,
And let him study in his cell
 How best to prick the bubble,
But as for me, he might as well
 Just save himself the trouble.
For farmers live on clotted cream,
 Machinists draw their pay,
But something dams the flowing stream
 Before it comes my way.

The money, the money,
That makes existence sunny!
What happens to the money
Before it comes my way?

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

You don't have to wait until after the war

ALL OVER AMERICA people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires *really* outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the *kiss* of the hops—all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!

Schlitz
Schlitz

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Invest in Liberty!
BUY WAR BONDS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Brewed with **JUST THE** *Kiss* **OF THE HOPS** – *none of the bitterness*

RULE, HENRIETTA, RULE THE WAVES

THE Navy in this war has made its share of blunders, as who among us hasn't. One of its most flagrant, in my estimation anyway, is the treatment of a girl whom I will call Henrietta Blunt. The name is an alias, frankly, but it will have to do. The burden of my complaint is that Henrietta, at the moment of writing, is not a Wave, and if there is any girl in the country who ought to be a Wave, Henrietta is the shipshape lass. And I know whereof I speak.

I first met Henrietta one squally October night in 1940 along the Hudson River sea wall in Riverside Park. I was up there looking at some newly arrived warships lying offshore when I came upon a girl in a raincoat who was signalling to one of them. Yes, I said signalling. She was using an electric torch controlled by a telegraph key. When she pressed the key, closing the circuit, the light flashed. She signalled with what was to me amazing speed by means of this improvised device. I could see that it was much easier on the fingers than if she had been trying to turn out dots and dashes by continually pressing the flashlight button. Out in the river the man-of-war, through the medium of a light high upon a mast, was winking away energetically in reply. Her correspondent, I could make out dimly from its silhouette, was the battleship New York. I coughed vigorously, but the girl continued with her signalling in an unconcerned manner. From the glow of the sea-wall lamp I could see that she was a tall, rather pretty girl of about thirty. A stout, comfortable-looking lady, also wearing a raincoat, was standing a little distance away. I walked over and spoke to her. She took the interest of a strange man in the scene as a matter of course, and after a while we introduced ourselves. The lady then explained that the girl was her daughter, Henrietta, and that she busied herself like this whenever any warships were anchored in the Hudson.

"Nice hobby," I said. "Keeps her out in the open air."

"Hobby!" said Mrs. Blunt, shaking some raindrops off the hood of her sou'wester. "It's an obsession."

During a pause in the exchange of messages between ship and shore, Mrs. Blunt introduced me to her daughter, and I asked Henrietta what she and the New York had been talking about. "Oh, just shooting the breeze," she said. I replied that she seemed able to do this at a pretty rapid rate. "Got a fast fist," Henrietta said. "Ought to have. Been in the Navy thirteen years."

Since it was obviously impossible in those days for a girl to have actually *been* in the Navy, I determined to stick around after I had finished my own inspection of the warships and learn a little bit more about Henrietta. I waited on the sea wall for a quarter of an hour, until she and the battleship had finished their small talk, and then I suggested that we might all go someplace for a nice warm drink. The ladies agreed, and we walked over to my car, which was parked on Riverside Drive. We got in and I started crosstown to a restaurant on Broadway. On the way, I asked Henrietta how she had happened to become interested in the Navy. A look of adoration came into her eyes. She said it began one day in 1927, when she was still in her teens. She was living on Staten Island with her mother, a widow, who told her that the newspapers had reported that the fleet was in and anchored up the Hudson. Henrietta took a ferry over to Manhattan to investigate. She went up to Riverside Park, where the gobs were coming ashore on liberty, and counted five thousand of them before she stopped. "I just fell in love with the whole Navy," she said.

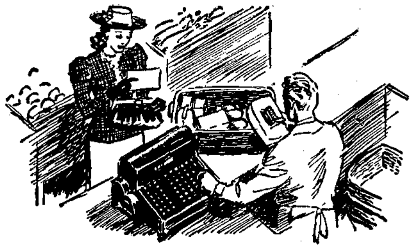
After this revelation, I was only moderately surprised when we got into the restaurant and Henrietta, removing her raincoat, revealed a blue serge skirt and a United States sailor's regulation blue wool middy blouse, correctly termed a jumper. The jumper, I noticed, had the three white lines of a first-class seaman around its cuffs. It also had, on the sleeve above the left cuff, the sparks of an apprentice radioman and three red stripes called hash marks, which showed that Henrietta had been "in" the Navy for at least three four-year enlistments. Henrietta saw me looking at these, and quickly explained that her assuming them was perfectly simple and understandable. After being an un-uniformed "member" of the Navy for several years and finding it spiritually unsatisfactory, she had stopped in at a sailors' supply store, where she had had no trouble at all in buying a jumper. The salesman may have been a little puzzled, but he made no objection. She specified one with a first-class seaman's cuff stripes, feeling that she had earned the promotion. The hash marks had come from the same place, and so, in due time, had the apprentice radioman's badge.

We all ordered hot chocolate, and Henrietta announced that in the summer she frequently wore a sailor's regulation white hat with a band marked "U.S.S. Texas" on it. She explained that the Texas was *her* ship. It was more than a ship, really, she said; it was an ideal. For a long time, she went on, she satisfied her feeling for the Navy by going aboard ships in the river or at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the Sundays when they were open to visitors. Her mother, caught in the web of this curious attraction, moved to Manhattan to facilitate her daughter's absorbing interest. The move undoubtedly saved Henrietta a lot of time. By her own count, she had been on one hundred and three different United States warships and in the Navy Yard over two hundred times. She had been on the U.S.S. Texas forty-four times. She usually went aboard in uniform and, when so clad, always saluted the flag smartly upon arrival and departure. "When I salute the flag on board a ship, I get a feeling like being in church," she said.

Visiting, however, failed to keep Henrietta as close to the Navy as she would have liked, so, three years before, she had taken up blinker and semaphore signalling. The semaphore signalling, by means of a flag in each hand, was, of course, for use in the daylight. In these two ways she could communicate in Morse code and semaphore alphabet with the ships whenever they were in the harbor. One night on a ferryboat she had passed the Texas and, having her blinker with her, had blinked "Hello." The Texas replied "Hello" to the ferryboat in what seemed to Henrietta some amazement. Day or night, she explained, she always signalled goodbye from the foot of Seventy-second Street to all warships departing down the Hudson. All, that is, except the Texas. For the Texas, she always went down to Battery Park to signal her farewell. She tried never to fail in these courtesies, she said, no matter at what hour the ships weighed anchor. Usually she was able to learn when they were expected back, and so was on hand to welcome them from the tip of Battery Park. Her call letter for communicating with the vessels was E 1 3. "It's a *terrific* thrill to catch your call letter coming off a battleship," she told me.

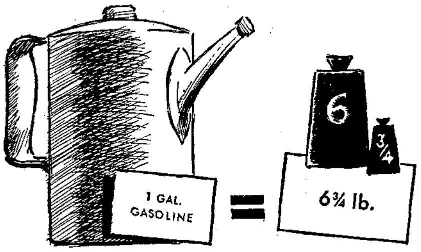
We finished our chocolate, and Henrietta announced that it was time for her mother and her to get along. She seemed in a hurry. We all got up, paid the bill, and went out the door. Henrietta explained that she had to go up to 154th Street and signal some cruisers lying off it in the river. She started off across the street to a subway station and her moth-

Can you name the cheapest thing you'll buy this week?



1. Prices vary, of course, throughout the country, but if we take Los Angeles as an example, you'll pay 3c a lb. for flour. Potatoes, your cheapest vegetable, will cost at least 6c a lb.; sugar, 6½c; table salt, 4½c; bread, 8c; and meat—from 30c a pound on up.

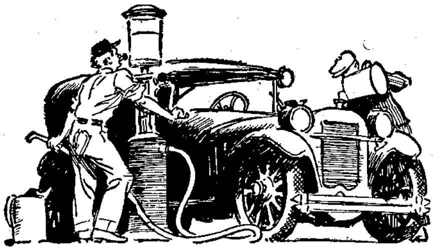
2. A $45 man's suit will cost you about $11 a lb.; a $6 pair of shoes about $3; a new car about 40c per lb. But regular grade gasoline, exclusive of tax, will cost you just 2 to 2½c per lb. depending on where you live.



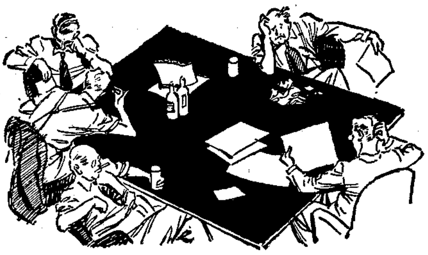
3. Pound for pound, that makes gasoline just about the cheapest commodity in daily use in America. To give you some idea *how cheap,* let's suppose it were possible to mail a pound from Los Angeles to Seattle. The Post Office would charge you 17c *just for taking it up there.*

TYPICAL PRICES OF "REGULAR" GAS				
	PER GAL.	STATE TAX	FED. TAX	TOTAL
NEW YORK CITY	15½¢	4¢	1½¢	21¢
SEATTLE	14½¢	5¢	1½¢	21¢
CHICAGO	11.67¢	3¢	1½¢	16.17¢
LOS ANGELES	13½¢	3¢	1½¢	18¢
ATLANTA	14.9¢	6¢	1½¢	22.4¢

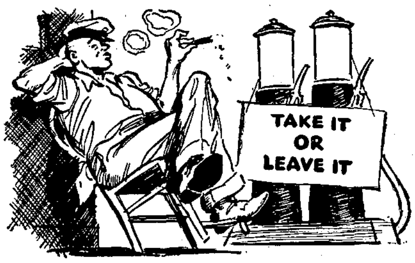
4. But Union Oil will pump crude from a mile or two below ground; pipe the crude several miles to their refinery; process it into 76 gasoline; ship it 1,349 miles by tanker to Seattle; deliver it by truck to your neighborhood station; and *sell* it to you for 2½c.



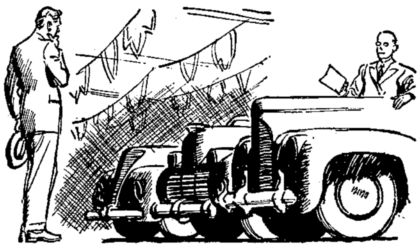
5. Does that mean gasoline is just naturally cheap? No. Back in 1920, a gallon of *52 octane,* exclusive of tax, cost you 77% more in Seattle and Los Angeles than a gallon of *74 octane* costs you today. But it does prove that *competition* has forced the oil companies to greater and greater efficiency.



6. They've *had* to keep racking their brains for ways to improve products and cut costs. For in a competitive business that's the only way *you can get more customers.* If the industry had been controlled by one company, or by the government, this wouldn't have happened.


TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

7. For there's not much incentive to go after more customers *when you already have them all.* That's the fatal weakness of all monopolies—private or governmental—and it goes a long way toward explaining why other "systems" have been so far outstripped by our own.



8. For under our system—competitive Free Enterprise—we Americans have had an incentive to *continually* improve products and lower costs. As a result, we've achieved the highest standard of living and the greatest war production any nation has *ever known.*

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

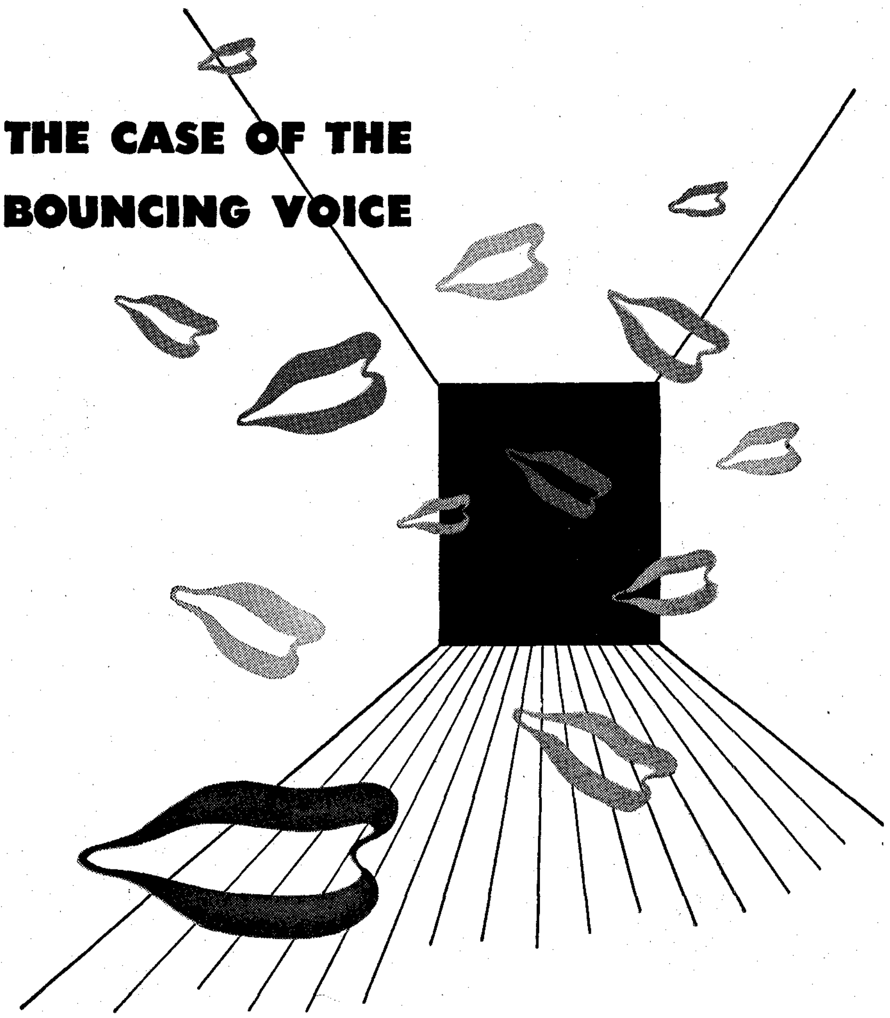
This series is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. If you have any suggestions or criticisms we hope you will feel free to send them in. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles, California.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

JOY OF THE OUTDOORSMAN, the multiple reverberations of sound that make an echo are just a pain in the ear to sound recording engineers.

For often in hard-ceilinged rooms the maze of shivery echoes and cross-echoes becomes so intricate that voices are blurred into incoherence. Just as the automobile called for better roads, so the expansion of voice amplification and recording is leading to rooms of better acoustical design.

THE CASE OF THE BOUNCING VOICE



Dictaphone sound engineers are echo experts. They can't do much about echoing rooms, but they do and have done much to cut down the amount of echo that is picked up in voice recording.

The scientific design of the Dictaphone mouthpiece is one reason why your Dictaphone dictating machine records your voice clearly and intelligibly. And on Dictaphone electric recording equipment, unwanted reverberations are effectively damped out by a filtering unit in the amplifier and by proper mounting of a microphone with a limited sphere of sensitivity.

We can't say much about the many other developments Dictaphone has in production for the armed forces. But they are serving just as well as the thousands of Dictaphone dictating machines in war industries and Government offices here and abroad. And when we have won through to peace, these advances achieved during the war will offer strong reasons for the even wider adoption of the Dictaphone method of dictation by businessmen everywhere.

Dictaphone Corporation, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

ARMY E NAVY

DICTAPHONE

DICTATING AND RECORDING EQUIPMENT

The word DICTAPHONE is the registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation, makers of dictating machines and other sound recording and reproducing equipment bearing said trade-mark.

er followed. "I don't suppose she'll ever get married," her mother said to me in a stage whisper, "so I guess that God has given her this great love for the Navy in place of romance."

AFTER that I used to see Henrietta occasionally when I went up Riverside Park way when the ships were in. Sometimes she would be in uniform and sometimes not. I would stand and chat with her a minute if she could spare the time from her semaphore or blinker signalling. Then, a few months before Pearl Harbor, I lost track of her.

I didn't think of her again until the other day, when I decided to call up her mother and see how Henrietta was getting along in the Waves. To my amazement, her mother told me that Henrietta wasn't in the Waves. She had applied, you may be sure, the day enlistments were opened, but she had been rejected because of nearsightedness. Perhaps months of reading signals had done something to her eyes. These days she can't wear her uniform in public. She's had a little brush with the F.B.I. over that. Even before we declared war her signalling had been stopped, as people misunderstood her intentions and were continually turning her in to the park cops. Now, her mother said, she is working in a carburetor factory, trying to do her bit, but naturally her heart isn't in her work. I don't know how Secretary Knox feels about the Waves, but every time I think of Henrietta working in that carburetor factory instead of using her blinker from a signal tower in a Navy yard and freeing a man to go to sea, I'm intensely dissatisfied with the organization.

Henrietta's life is understandably bleak right now, but she has a reliable routine for cheering herself up. She gets out her blue skirt and jumper, which are packed in mothballs in her home, puts them on, and sits down at a table. Then, with some charts and naval textbooks she has around, she tries to figure out how the Texas, an elderly battleship that in all likelihood will not see combat service this war, can lead our squadrons into action against the Japanese. Planning in this way for the Texas lifts her spirits. "It's the most wonderful ship in the most wonderful service in the world," she says.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

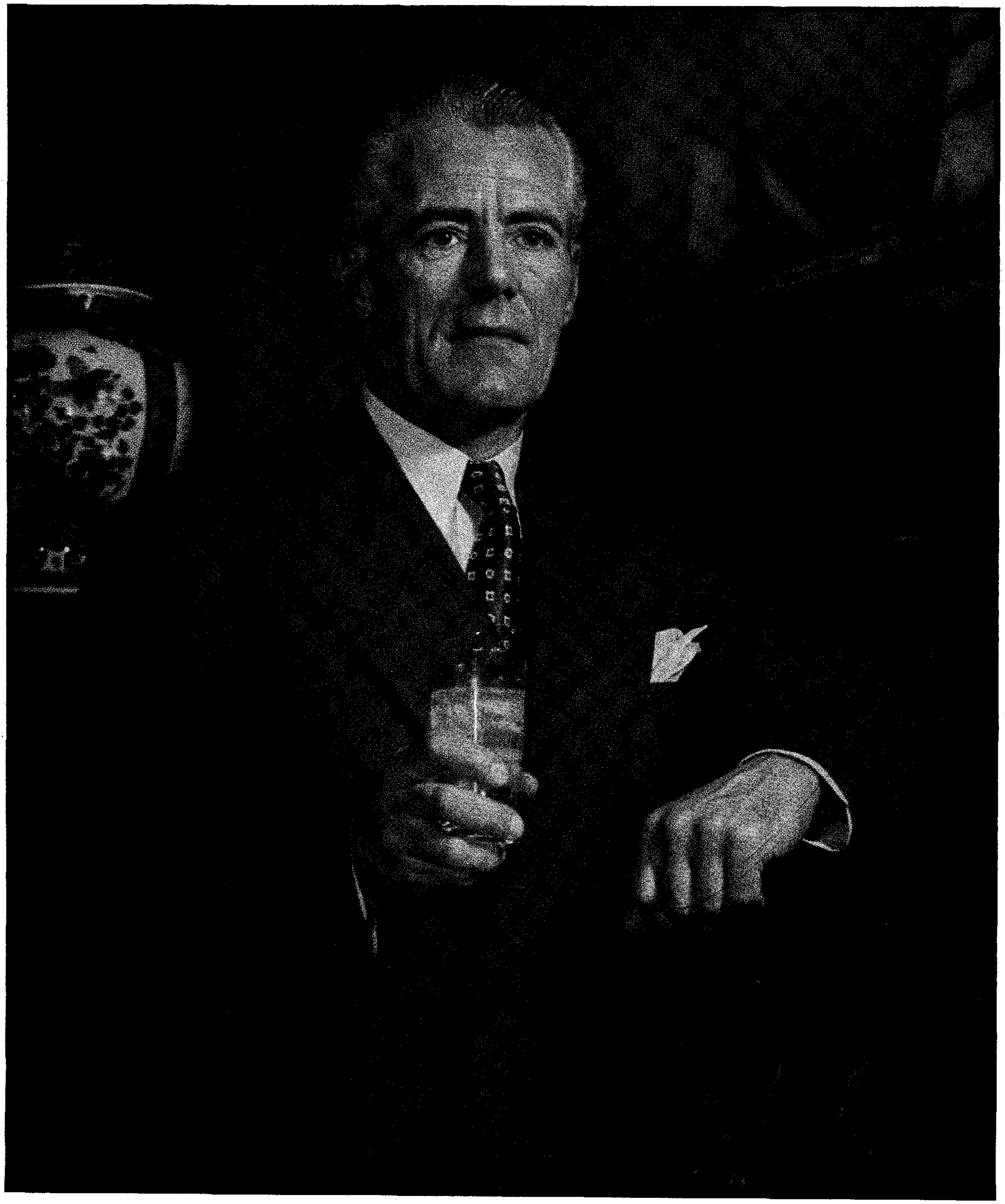
•

Another parade went to the Quirinale, where the demonstrators shouted for the King.

Be tetoetaoinetaoinshrdlununnu

—*The News.*

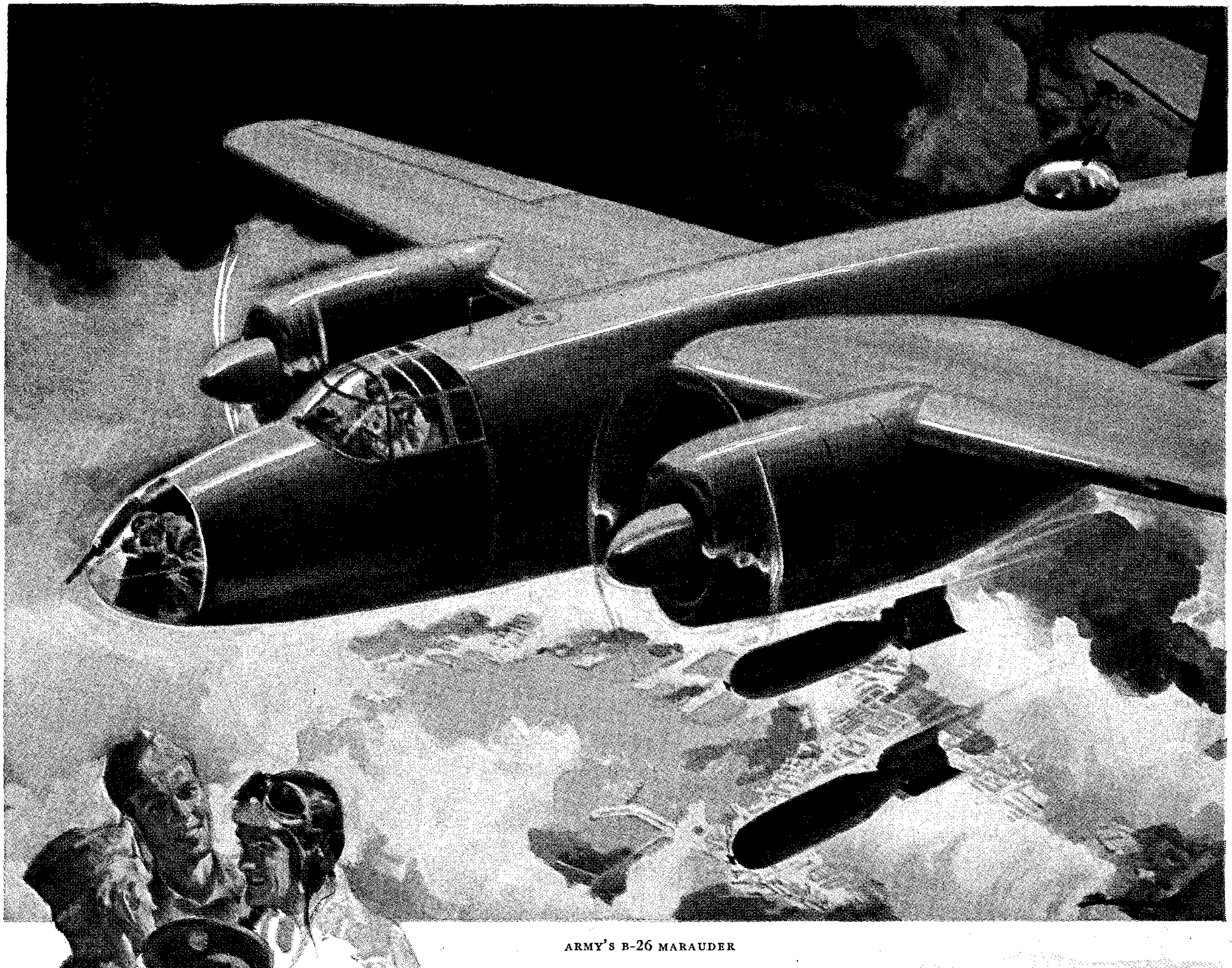
That ought to get him.



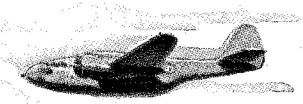
For Men of Decision.... LORD CALVERT

FOR YEARS Lord Calvert has been the most expensive whiskey blended in America. *So rare . . . so smooth . . . so mellow . . .* it has never been produced except in limited quantities. Lord Calvert is "Custom-Blended" for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest . . . each bottle numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM-BLENDED" WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



ARMY'S B-26 MARAUDER



BRITAIN'S BALTIMORE

THEY'RE WRITING HEADLINES WITH A
MARTIN MARAUDER

ALEX . . . JOE . . . STEVE . . . ED . . . and BILL. You know them. Alex, who used to bring your groceries . . . Joe . . . Steve . . . Ed and Bill, who used to go with little Sally Miller. Likeable, quick-to-laugh young Americans. Give them the best aerial schooling in the world, put them in a rocket-fast, Martin B-26 Marauder, and they're a flyin', fightin' team that wins!

There's a reason for this, of course. Aircraft are highly complicated mechanical devices . . . and these boys were fitting together gadgets, tinkering with tools, racing old jalopies, when their adversaries were learning to "heil" and "banzai." They've got the feel of speed, the mechanical know-how that makes natural pilots, gunners and bombardiers.

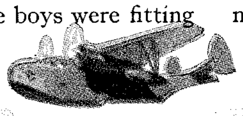
This same technical skill gives America fighting planes like the Martin B-26 Marauder. Sleek, graceful, packed with speed, power and punch, it's the kind of plane that makes young America's eyes light up . . . makes him say, "Put me down for the Air Force!"

What's more, American technical skill is going to play a major role in fashioning the future. Already Martin has designed giant airliners of 125 or more tons . . . mighty ships that will bring distant nations to within hours of your doorstep. At the same time, our Army and Navy airmen, imbued with the thrill of flight, the love of speed, are resolving never to be shackled to earth again. They're in the air . . . to stay!

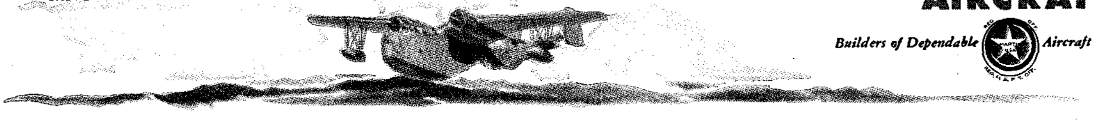
Alex . . . Joe . . . Steve . . . Ed . . . and Bill.
They're doing more than win a war. They're building a world that will take your breath away.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN CO., BALTIMORE
THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



NAVY'S MARTIN TRANSPORT



NAVY'S MARINER PATROL BOMBER

THE THEATRE

DON'T BOTHER

LONG ago, lying in a hammock and eating an apple, I read "The Snark Was a Boojum," a detective story by a man called Richard Shattuck. It was nothing much, but all right for a hot afternoon. A fortune, it seemed, depended on which of three beautiful, pregnant, and jocular young women would be the first to have her baby; there was a widow, who might have amused the late Freud, who carried her husband's ashes around in a briefcase and spoke to them caressingly from time to time; and there were pleasant rumors of a homicidal maniac loose in a snowbound house. In its particular field, Mr. Shattuck's book was distinguished by a certain amount of foolish ingenuity and the characters rattled on about murder and mass motherhood in a cheerful, offhand way not usual in a corpse opera. There was nothing about it, however, to lead me to suppose that even Owen Davis, the most prodigal adapter of our time, could turn it into a play. I underrated Mr. Davis, for a version of "The Snark Was a Boojum" appeared last week at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, to the bewilderment of an audience which clearly had no idea what the hell was up and to the disgust of my colleagues, who once again found themselves confronted with the old problem of writing a whole column about nothing.

I would like to be able to say that Mr. Davis has done as well as could be expected with the material at hand, but these are no days for soft and cowardly evasions. The fact, I'm afraid, is that he has taken a somewhat better than average mystery story and transformed it into a confused, vulgar, and tiresome little piece that seems unlikely to survive very long even in this season of triumphant balderdash.

Understandably, Mr. Davis has focussed most of his attention on the three expectant ladies, and never before, probably, has an audience been so relentlessly pelted with sad, moist old jokes or so cruelly bludgeoned with innuendo. The quality of this humor is hard to convey, but typical of it, perhaps, is the fact that the doctor in attendance happens to be a veterinarian and apt to use words like "bitch" and "litter." Not subtle, you see, but kind of cute. When Mr. Davis is not wrapped up in obstetrics, which is very seldom, he falls back on such comic standbys as drunken butlers, demon little boys, homosexuality, and offstage groans and rattling of chains. There is also a remarkably painful love affair involving a dim sort of actor, who spends most of his time nervously trying to explain the plot, and a rather plain, intense girl, who quotes grimly from "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," the Book of Ruth, and, of course, Lewis Carroll, whose writings surely have never been put to more dubious purpose.

Because of its elementary and ramshackle design, "The Snark Was a Boojum" demands no especially fancy acting, and none is supplied by the management. Florence MacMichael's strange voice and somnambulistic technique make everything she says or does seem pretty funny and the two other incipient mothers at least *look* funny, thanks to the unusual frankness of the costumer, but everybody else just yells and makes faces and slams in and out of the countless doors provided by the scene designer. Altogether, it is a full evening and an exhausting one.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

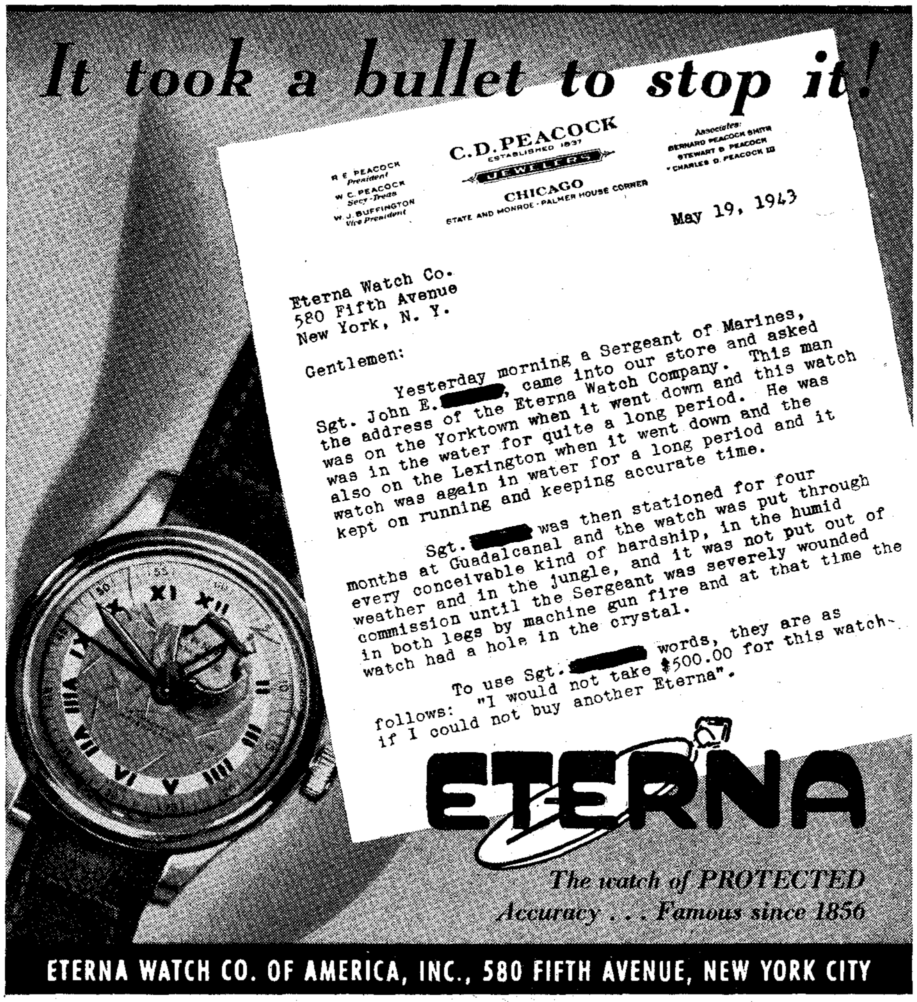
James K. Lang left this afternoon for Lewistown on a business visit.

James K. Lang left this afternoon for Lewistown on a business visit.

James K. Lang has gone to Lewistown on a business call and will be gone for several days.—*Kalispell (Mont.) Inter Lake.*

G'bye, Jimmy. See you when you get back.

Flight
LA CROSS' NEWEST COLOR-PERFECT NAIL POLISH
√ Checked to blend with fashion's smartest shades.
√ Checked to blend with sun-browned skins. √ Checked for staying power.
La Cross
An earned reputation for quality
America's Finest Hand Beauty Aids
America's Finest Manicure Implements
Schnefel Bros. Corporation · Newark, N. J.
Est. 1903



It took a bullet to stop it!

R. E. PEACOCK
President
W. C. PEACOCK
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W. J. BUFFINGTON
Vice President

C. D. PEACOCK
ESTABLISHED 1837
JEWELERS
CHICAGO
STATE AND MONROE · PALMER HOUSE CORNER

Associates:
BERNARD PEACOCK SMITH
STEWART D. PEACOCK
CHARLES D. PEACOCK III

May 19, 1943

Eterna Watch Co.
580 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Yesterday morning a Sergeant of Marines, Sgt. John E. [redacted], came into our store and asked the address of the Eterna Watch Company. This man was on the Yorktown when it went down and this watch was in the water for quite a long period. He was also on the Lexington when it went down and the watch was again in water for a long period and it kept on running and keeping accurate time.

Sgt. [redacted] was then stationed for four months at Guadalcanal and the watch was put through every conceivable kind of hardship, in the humid weather and in the jungle, and it was not put out of commission until the Sergeant was severely wounded in both legs by machine gun fire and at that time the watch had a hole in the crystal.

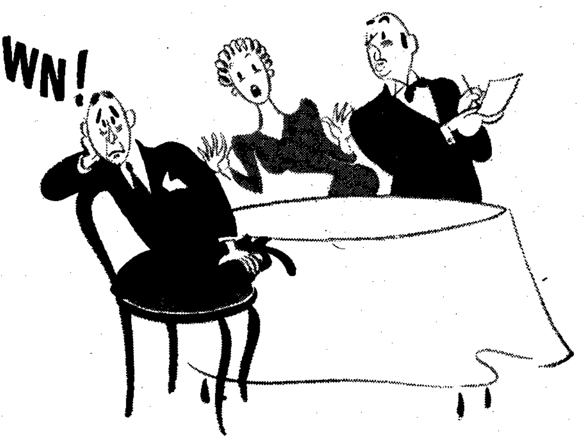
To use Sgt. [redacted] words, they are as follows: "I would not take $500.00 for this watch if I could not buy another Eterna".

ETERNA

The watch of PROTECTED Accuracy . . . Famous since 1856

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

DON'T START YOUR MEALS WITH A LETDOWN!



Fine dining should be preceded by right drinking for dulled appetites can't fully appreciate good food. The start-off with the best pick-up is an Old Fashioned or Manhattan, made with a generous use of Angostura! It's the Angostura that provides the tonic, appetite qualities that lead you to the table ready to eat—and praise!

Send For Free Mixing Guide

BUY
WAR
STAMPS

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

BUY
WAR
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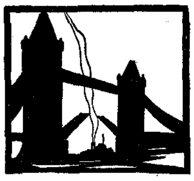
ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION • 304 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 3 (BY CABLE)

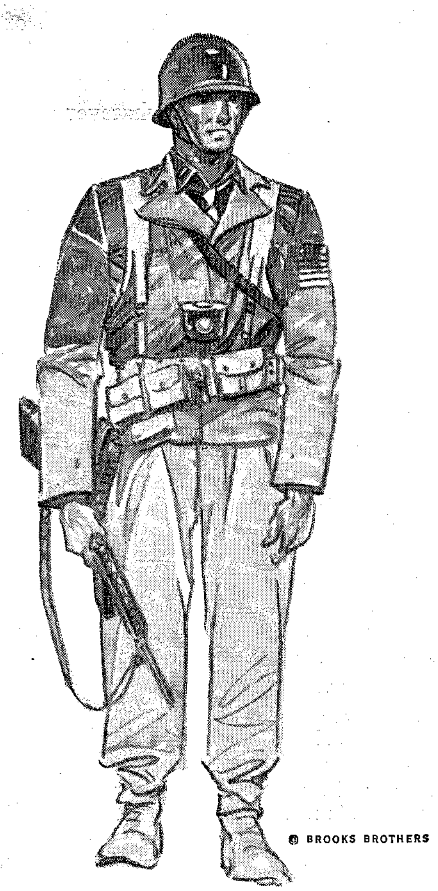


TODAY'S brief, early-morning announcement of the landing in Italy was a fine fourth-anniversary present to everybody here. Millions of Britons later observed the day by taking themselves to church, but so far the general mood has seemed as much pugnacious as prayerful. Certainly the national desire to hit the Germans hard and get the thing finished as soon as possible has never been stronger, and until this morning there had been disappointment over the failure to follow up Sicily with another sock even closer to the bull's-eye. Mr. Churchill's Quebec speech—all the more eagerly awaited after its postponement, which led people to think it was being delayed so that it would coincide with some big news—didn't seem to calm the public's impatience at the prevailing quiet on the Western front. When he finally did go on the air, the first few minutes of his speech were lost because of bad weather, which added nothing to the happiness of his listeners. There was, however, universal relief at the implication that next time the Russians were going to sit in on the talking as well as the fighting.

One rumor that had a run straight through August was that something was going to happen shortly across the Channel. This was mainly the result of a ban on visitors in the southern coastal districts. The ban didn't, as was hoped, cut down railway travel, since vacationists simply clogged the lines to East Coast resorts instead of South Coast ones, but it started the usual whispers about leaves being cancelled, ports chockablock with invasion barges, and the entire population of such-and-such a town knowing for a fact that those in command were only waiting for the full moon before dropping the handkerchief. Naturally, the public was gloomy over the fact that August had departed without our opening a second front in France or elsewhere.

LONDONERS who weren't scared off by notions of getting scrambled up in an invasion effort and who ignored the government's suggestion that they take their holidays in the backyard vegetable patch are returning to their jobs with tans they certainly worked hard to acquire. The hit-and-run raiders who dropped in to machine-gun bathers on the beaches last year haven't been so active this summer, but the difficulties of travelling to a place and finding something to eat and drink when you finally get there have been almost as arduous. Most excursionists started off by queuing for their railway tickets and went right on queuing for everything until it was time to go back to London, there to receive the slightly smug condolences of neighbors who had stayed put and enjoyed the dancing in the parks, the open-air theatres, and other attractions provided by their boroughs. At some places, such as Blackpool, to which industrial Lancashire flocked, there were few reminders of the war except high prices, but at other resorts bathers still had to dodge the 1940-vintage barbed wire and reckon on stray mines being part of the local flora. At the seaside towns, it seems, the local housewives couldn't buy a kitchen spoon or a cake tin. The entire supply had been bought up by resourceful visiting children to make sand castles with, since buckets and spades were almost unprocurable.

Most returning Londoners this week appear to be preoccupied with the blackout and the new issue of clothes coupons. Because it begins to get murky around eight these evenings, there's a crop of holdup stories which are making twittery young ladies think twice about trotting home alone to the wilds of Kensington or St. John's Wood. London after dark, ordinarily as staid as a maiden aunt, is from all accounts reverting to its more adventurous eighteenth-century state of mind. A favorite yarn concerns a pirate taxi which cruises up quietly and invites custom, unlike the normal, honest taxi, which shoots past customers standing mournfully baying on the curb. The raconteur usually knows someone who knows someone else who took the cab and woke up in Hyde Park with a sore head and without his pocketbook. Such stories may be circulated with the idea of getting the authorities to let up on lighting restrictions, but nobody except the newspapers, which hopefully raise the question now and then, seems to think that there's much likelihood this winter. September 1st was the date of the new issue of twenty clothing coupons, and the shops were ready with the most tempting displays they could muster, including women's clothes styled in the tactful, 1943 fall range of sober colors that won't point up the shabbiness of an otherwise 1941 outfit. Lots of shoppers were there when the doors opened, to shell out coupons on clothes



Gifts for Men in The Service

Postal regulations recently issued by the Government require the mailing of Christmas Gifts to Army men *overseas* between September 15 and October 15. (Gifts for Navy men on foreign duty can wait only until a November 1 deadline.)

This moves even last-minute Christmas shopping for *the* top names on everybody's list ahead by almost two months! To conform with the Government's requirements and insure delivery of your own shipments—do your shopping *now!*

Brooks Brothers, as recognized Military Outfitters, have all sorts of suggestions for really useful, regulation-wise, good-looking gifts for Officers. Prices begin at a dollar or two, and go as high as good taste dictates.

Now in the Second Quarter of Our Second Century, 1818-1943

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES AND ACCESSORIES

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK
NEWBURY CORNER BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Giant Cups to Quench a Hearty Coffee Thirst

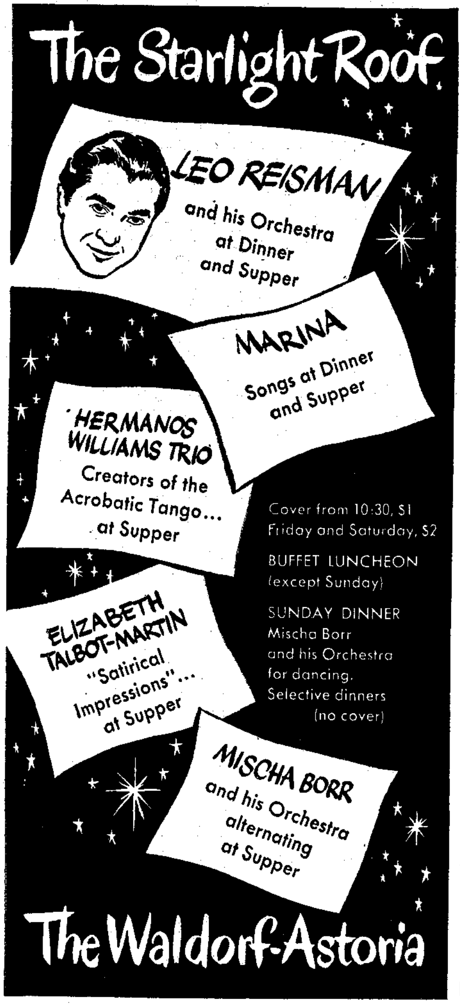
1 Cup and saucer at top are Spode in Pink Tower design. Holds 26 oz. Each $4.75.

2 Centre cup and saucer are of Crown Derby. Famous posies design. Holds 24 oz. Each $9.50.

3 Royal Worcester cup and saucer with hand painted mallard ducks in rich colors. Holds 20 oz. Each $12.00.

PLUMMER Ltd.

7 E. 35th St. and 695 Fifth Ave., New York



The Starlight Roof

LEO REISMAN and his Orchestra at Dinner and Supper

MARINA Songs at Dinner and Supper

HERMANOS WILLIAMS TRIO Creators of the Acrobatic Tango... at Supper

ELIZABETH TALBOT-MARTIN "Satirical Impressions"... at Supper

MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra alternating at Supper

Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday and Saturday, $2

BUFFET LUNCHEON
(except Sunday)

SUNDAY DINNER
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra
for dancing.
Selective dinners
(no cover)

The Waldorf-Astoria

for which they had paid in advance. The Board of Trade took the opportunity to bring out a booklet of hints on how to mend and make do with whatever old clothes are sitting at home in wardrobes right now. These include advice to the ladies to wash their utility stockings in their baths, thus scoring a double on fuel and soap, and to patch worn elbows with "a diamond- or heart-shaped patch" of gay material "to make it look intentional."

THE Penguin Books, those handy little sixpenny volumes of fiction, politics, philosophy, and everything under the sun, have been upped to ninepence since the war began, but they are still so much in demand that the more popular titles are practically collectors' pieces. Their astute publishers are now launching a monthly magazine called *Transatlantic*, which will undertake to explain America to the English and to present "the people who matter in Washington life, in the small farming communities, and the hot, sleepy old south" to Britons who may be befuddled by having studied American life as presented by hot, sleepy old Hollywood. It is to be edited by Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the *Economist*, which celebrated its centenary this week with a lunch and speeches by Sir Kingsley Wood, Montagu Norman, and Herbert Morrison. *Transatlantic* reaches the bookstalls next week and should be a highly profitable member of the Penguin family, and no less profitable for the couple of parties it's concerned with.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

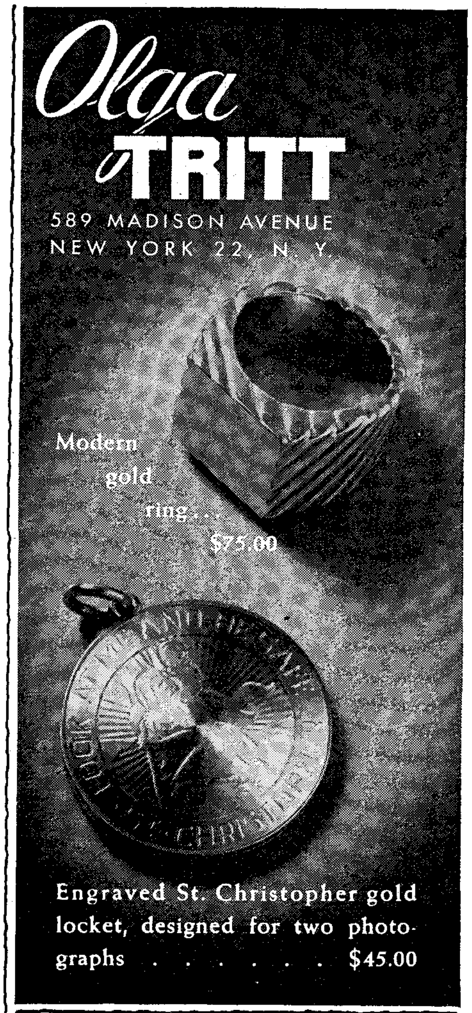
•

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

ORGANIZATION

The affairs and activities of the Post Office Department are directed by the Postmaster General. . . . There are four Assistant Postmasters General (First, Second, Third, and Fourth), each of whom has supervision over a particular activity of the Postal Service. In the absence of the Postmaster General, his duties are performed by the First Assistant Postmaster General; in the absence of the Postmaster General and the First Assistant, such duties are performed by the Second Assistant Postmaster General; in the absence of the Postmaster General and the First and Second Assistants, the duties are performed by the Third Assistant Postmaster General; and in the absence of the Postmaster General, First Assistant, Second Assistant, and Third Assistant, the duties are performed by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General.—*United States Government Manual.*

Wish everything was as clear as that!



Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Modern gold ring . . . $75.00

Engraved St. Christopher gold locket, designed for two photographs $45.00

Deep and Warm Yet so Light and Downy

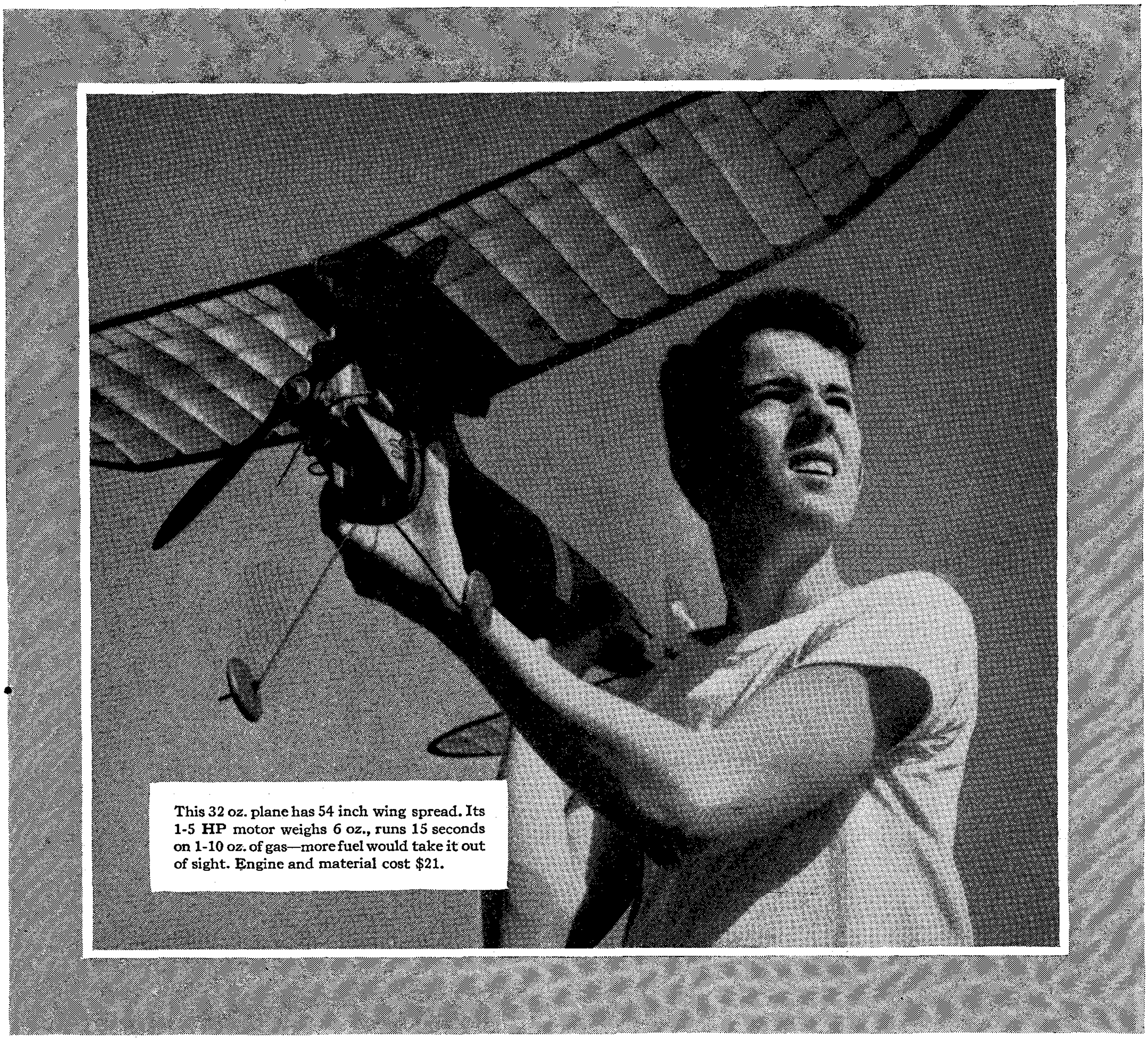
PEARCE BLANKETS

Pearce Blankets must go to the armed forces—only a few to the stores. Extra care will cause them to retain their loveliness and warmth through added years of service. The close firm weave, the deep soft nap, the beautiful colors are resistant to normal wear and to proper washing. Put the saving into War Bonds.

8.95 to 15.95

Sample swatch and folder on the care of Pearce Blankets upon request.

PEARCE MANUFACTURING CO.
America's oldest Blanket mill
LATROBE, PA.



This 32 oz. plane has 54 inch wing spread. Its 1-5 HP motor weighs 6 oz., runs 15 seconds on 1-10 oz. of gas—more fuel would take it out of sight. Engine and material cost $21.

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

"WRITE ME A TICKET, MIKE —I WAS DOING 60 TODAY!"

Long before most adult Americans knew what global maps looked like, Minneapolis youngsters like Bob Griffiths (above) were experts in aerodynamics, had built and flown their own powered planes, could hold their own at shop talk with veteran pilots and mechanics.

At 17, Bob, who is treasurer of the Minneapolis Model Aero Club, has built 25 model airplanes, clocked some of them at 60 miles per hour, won many a prize in annual Northwest Model Air Meets.

These Air Meets, sponsored by The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune, were deliberately designed to develop boys like Bob Griffiths into the Wrights, Sikorskys, and Doolittles of the future—are part of a continuous Star-Journal and Tribune program to make citizens of Minneapolis and the Upper Mississippi Valley world-and-air-conscious.

Also an important part of this far-sighted program has been global maps. In fact, readers of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune were among the first in America to see global maps and understand their implications. Today these maps hang on the walls of homes and schools throughout the Northwest. And Minnesotans who look to their state as the future gateway to Alaska and the Orient, see new significance in the recollection that Howard Hughes and Wendell Willkie, back from the Far East, made their first landings in Minneapolis.

Most striking recent example of how well The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune helped pave the way for the development of aviation:

The Minnesota State Legislature, on the recommendation of Governor Stassen, this year created a commission to take over Twin City Municipal Airports, build new ones and provide necessary facilities to make Minnesota a key point in post-war world air traffic.

This public enthusiasm and support for Minnesota's new aviation program illustrates anew the tremendous impact of information published in The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune. To more than 300,000 families on week-days, more than 350,000 on Sundays, these newspapers have come to be a sort of personal "secretary"—a source of complete news and wise counsel—a good neighbor and a dependable friend.

Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 300,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 350,000

A REPORTER AT LARGE

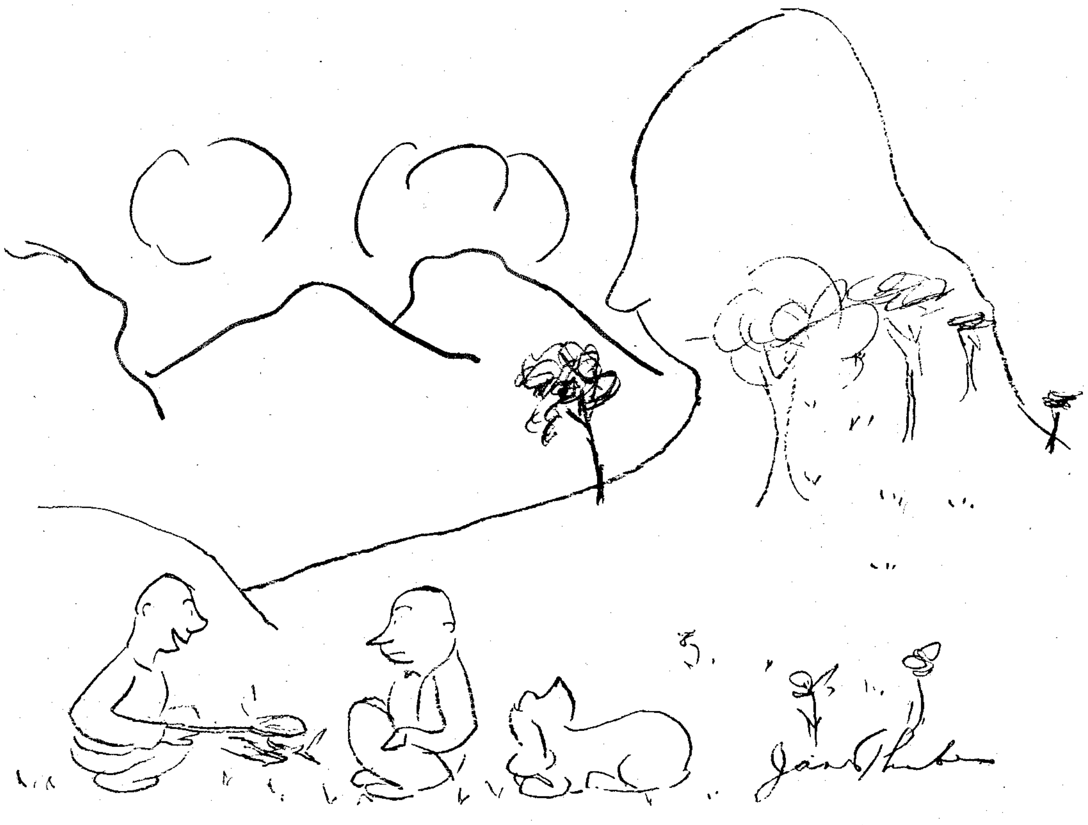
A BLUE FLAME ON THE FOREHEAD

ATTENDANCE at metropolitan churches, although it has risen somewhat since the war began, is still short, ministers complain, of what is desired. You can go into almost any church of orthodox denomination in town, of a Sunday, and find empty pews. The same complaint can hardly be made by the pastors of certain other congregations. They are the men who preside over what might be called the informal, or unorthodox, churches, and their number, as well as the size of their congregations, has been growing rapidly in recent years. You'll find many of these churches listed Saturdays in the column of church announcements the *Times* runs on its religious page, and they range from such fairly well-established organizations as Baha'i, Unity, and New Thought, through such newer ones as the Church of the Healing Christ and the Church of the Absolute Center, on to various practitioners in Vedantism, Hinduism, Spiritualism, and so on. Several of these groups use the word "church" rather loosely, for the meetings are as likely to occur in a hotel ballroom as in a conventional place of worship. Some of the pastors are merely orators who dispense with all ecclesiastical paraphernalia and simply offer regular Sunday lectures, or sermons, in which they expound their philosophies. In general, these "churches" are built around a man with an agreeably impressive manner and an ability to mingle old-fashioned Bible teaching with borrowings from psychoanalysis, faith healing, mental telepathy, auto-suggestion, and, occasionally, voodooism. The one characteristic common to all of them is that they are doing fine.

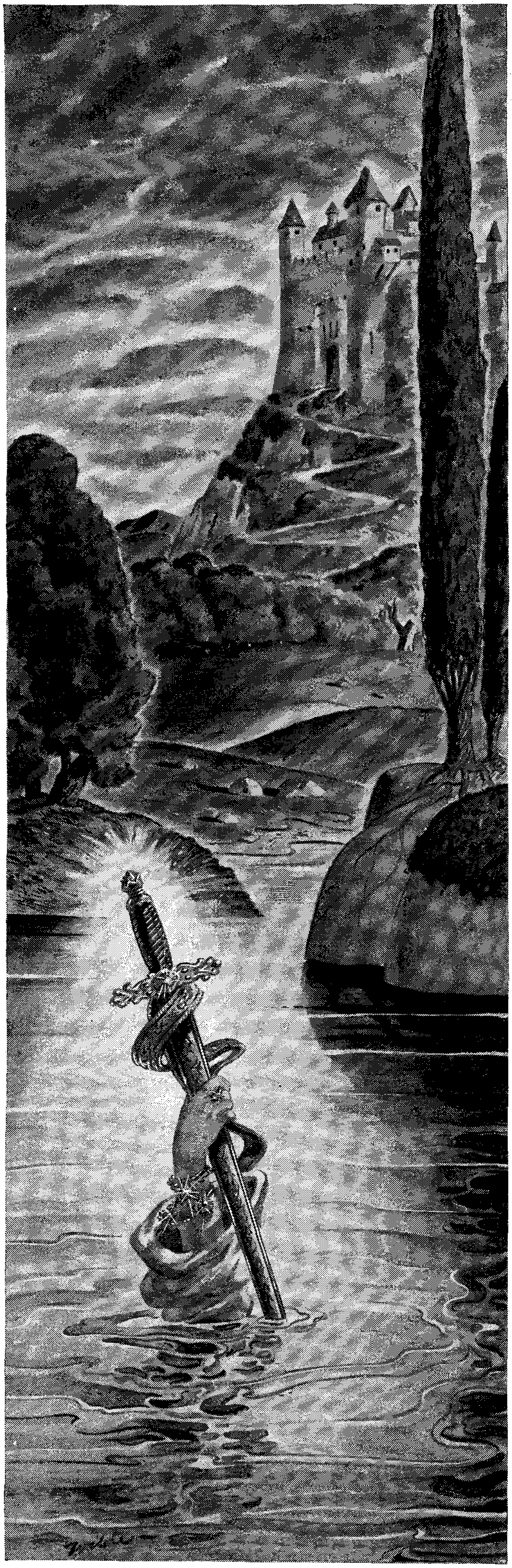
Dr. Emmet Fox, for instance, who conducts the Church of the Healing Christ, regularly fills the Manhattan Opera House, which has a seating capacity of four thousand, at his Sunday-morning services. His doctrine is so close to that of Christian Science that, to the layman at least, they are practically indistinguishable. He believes that if a person will indulge in a period of what he calls "healing meditation," all false growths in the body, such as tumors, can be done away with, diseases can be cured, and missing parts of the body can even be made to replace themselves or, as he puts it, be "gestated," and in nine months' time be recreated. Dr. Fox is probably the most successful of these practitioners, if success in such matters is calculated in the number of followers. But the workings of faith are incalculable, and it would be a hardy soul indeed who would maintain, merely on arithmetical grounds, that the weight of Dr. Fox's teaching is any more formidable than that, say, of Joseph De Vincent, whose Church of the Absolute Center (eight-fifteen Sunday evenings, Room 1001, Steinway Hall) boasts an average attendance of no more than fifty or sixty communicants.

I have been casting about in such waters as these for some time, seeking, if not truth, at least some understanding of the appeal that attracts so many followers. I think I came nearest to that understanding one Sunday not long ago when I listened to an address by Neville Goddard. Mr. Goddard (with a certain stateliness, he ordinarily refers to himself merely as "Neville") speaks Sundays at 8 P.M. in the auditorium of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, on West Forty-eighth Street, at an admission charge of twenty-five cents.

MR. GODDARD, or Neville, commands no such audiences as does Dr. Fox, and his teachings are not as extreme as those of some of the others. In both these respects his position is fairly middle-of-the-road. The night I attended there were perhaps two hundred persons present to receive the message. The auditorium of the Union Church is small and fan-shaped, with rows of pews narrowing toward a lectern on a small dais which serves as pulpit, and the crowd filled it comfortably. Men, I noticed, were outnumbered at least six to one by women, and since it was warm a good many of the men sat with their coats off. Though an organist in the loft was fingering softly through that mixture of deep chords and fragments of hymn tunes which usually precedes a service, there was an air of informality in the atmosphere that suggested a theatre before curtain time. People waved to friends in other pews or got up to join them in little chats. When the organist finished his selection, there was even a round of scattered applause. Then a woman with startlingly bright red hair stood up in the organ loft and in a soprano voice of some power sang George B. Nevin's "Ave Maria." There was another round of applause when she had finished. A moment later Neville



"It's wonderful to get away from women in every shape and form."



Excalibur

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,"—
IDYLLS OF THE KING—*Tennyson*

It was by Magic that King Arthur received *Excalibur*, the gleaming sword that symbolized victory over his enemies.

By processes as mysterious to the layman as Merlin's Magic, the Rustless Iron and Steel Corporation is helping to forge another shining weapon for America. That weapon is Stainless Steel.

Because of its exceptional properties of high tensile strength and resistance to corrosion by heat, acid, and rust, Stainless Steel has long since become a "must" in the production of essential war equipment, such as chemicals, explosives, synthetic rubber, aircraft, warships and motorized units.

Serving and Conserving

RUSTLESS, devoted entirely to manufacturing high quality Stainless Steel, is doing two important war jobs:

First, *Serving* the Nation by producing more Stainless Steel than any other plant in the country. Day and night its employees are making certain that Uncle Sam gets all the Stainless Steel he needs.

Second, *Conserving Strategic Materials* . . . The unique RUSTLESS Processes in the manufacture of Stainless save great quantities of two critical metals—Chromium and Electrolytic Nickel—which are not only essential for the manufacture of Stainless Steel, but also for many other war requirements. By certain discoveries, RUSTLESS has found ways to achieve equal results through the use of ores charged direct into the furnace and by the recovery of Stainless Steel scrap, supplies of which are plentiful.

Therefore, to this twofold duty—*Serving* and *Conserving*—RUSTLESS has dedicated its highly specialized organization for both the winning of the war and the peace to follow.

RUSTLESS
CORROSION AND HEAT-RESISTING
STAINLESS STEELS

RUSTLESS IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION
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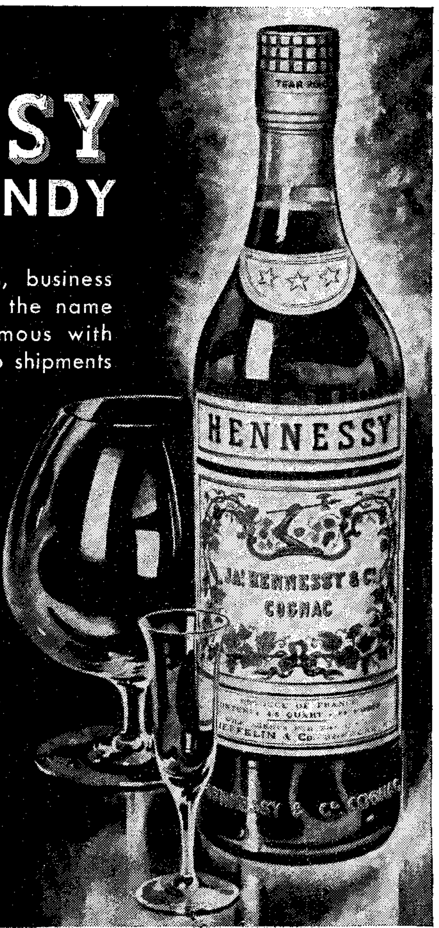

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himself appeared in the doorway of the vestry and walked out to his place behind the lectern.

He was considerably younger than I had expected, and definitely handsomer. He is a man of not much over thirty, tall, slender, and dark, with black hair and a long, slightly Latin face that inevitably, a dozen years ago, would have resulted in his being called the "Valentino type." He wore a well-cut brown tweed suit, a blue shirt, and a black-and-red striped tie, and he stood for a half minute or so smiling at us until the applause that greeted him had subsided. When he started to talk, I had some difficulty following him. For one thing, he had the old oratorical trick of keeping his voice low until he had the full attention of his audience. In addition, his dissertation was somewhat elliptical, and it was some time before I was able to keep track of his thought as he jumped, seemingly at random, from one subject to another. He began by speaking of the Bible.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said at one point. "I love the Bible. I know that a good many people, maybe some of you here before me, may think it is dull and uninteresting. I don't feel that way about it. I enjoy it. If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't read it. I have told you many times we are not here to suffer, we are here to enjoy life, to take joy in the very act of being, and if I didn't really like the Bible I should never waste time on it. I do, though, and if you would approach it in the way I do I am sure you'd enjoy it too. For the Bible is not history. Forget about that. What the Bible is is a great psychological drama, perhaps the greatest that has ever been written, and once you get that fact well in mind, a good many of the things in it that seem obscure and complex will be simple. God, for instance." He was speaking more rapidly now, with quick, free gestures, and a certain urgency had crept into his tone; he seemed hardly to pause at all to draw breath. There was something engaging about his manner. It was the urgency of a youth trying desperately to explain a point that he himself is sure of but that he's sure his hearers won't understand unless he's a bit vehement about it. "What is God?" he went on. "He is man, he's the mind, he's the mood. And the apostles, they were not mere men, and it would be wrong of us to suppose so. They are the psychological attributes of man, his fears, his passions, his desires. And that house we hear spoken of—'In my father's house there are many mansions'—what is that but

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Invasion comes high—in blood and money.

Part of the cost must be paid with human life. That means deep and lasting hurt for many and many an American family.

Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

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$100 EXTRA, mind you—for *everybody!*

No man or woman can hold back. No man or woman can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No man or woman can say, "I'm already lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash this time—more than just money that might have gone for fun. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on—money that might have meant extra shoes or clothes or food! Money that might have gone for *anything* that we can get along without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will.*

We'll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it partly because the cheapest, easiest way out of this whole rotten business is for everybody to chip in all he can and help end it quick. We'll do it partly because there's no finer, *safer* investment in the world today than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET

the mind of man itself, or the head, where the brain is housed? Do you see how simple it can become, once the right approach is taken?"

I was beginning to sort out individuals in the congregation around me. In the pew in front of mine, two women of about forty-five were sitting, one of them thin and angular, with a look of what seemed to be permanent discontent on her face, the other short, plump, and unemotional. Both were listening with the closest attention. In another pew were two girls with elaborate hair-dos, who reminded me of restaurant hostesses. In still another was an elderly man with a deeply lined face, small, sly eyes, and a huge, beaked nose. He was sitting in his shirt sleeves, with his coat folded carefully on his lap, and he kept nodding his head and smiling gently, as if he had heard all this before and derived a certain reminiscent pleasure from its repetition.

Neville paused, pulled a handkerchief from his breast pocket, passed it swiftly over his brow, and went on. "Or tongues," he said. " 'They spoke in many tongues.' We find that reference in the Bible. And if we speak of tongues, there must be a reference to the languages that the tongues are speaking. Many tongues, many languages, and then how shall we find the real language, the language of meaning and the meaning that the language represents—in a word, the mood?

"I can explain it best to you by an example," Neville continued, and he described a woman who wants to be married and who imagines herself in the wedding gown, all ready for the ceremony. "Will she not then be nearer to the fulfillment than if she had just said, 'Oh, the whole thing is impossible! It can never be'? Or suppose that a man is in prison, and instead of saying to himself, 'Yes, I am the Jones that is in prison,' he says, 'No, I am not that Jones. I am another Jones, the one that is free.' He will have taken another mood, he will be speaking another language, and the mood and the language will be those of freedom. And if he achieves the right mood, if he finds the hidden language, then he will be free.

"He will be free," Neville repeated. Holding both edges of the lectern with his hands, he stared out at the audience. "For it is the mood that is the key," he went on, his voice rising slightly. "And I say to you now, if you can achieve one perfect mood, if you can construct one consummate desire, then the mood and desire shall be one and you shall be happy. For the mood is God,

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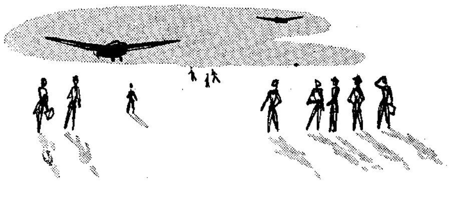
and God is the mood, and when you will have achieved that mood, then you will see the tongue of flame on your forehead. You will hear the thunder, or sometimes it may be more like a high, shrill whistling, so high that it seems unearthly. And as you see that flame, as you hear that sound, you will *slip*”—he emphasized the word by a snap of his fingers—“you will slip into that deep which is your real being. And while you are there, then your mood will become real and your desire will be granted to you, and become real and actual to you too.”

I gathered that Neville’s theory is that if you wish hard enough on anything, and then fall asleep or fall into a trance while wishing, your wish will be granted, at least for as long as you’re asleep. He went on to declare that if the practice is carried on long enough, and in the proper manner, the dream merges with actuality and you really are, or have, what you wanted to be or wanted to acquire. At the time, I was too surprised by the spectacle of a man in a brown tweed suit, in a church on West Forty-eighth Street, talking calmly about flames on the forehead and thunder, or whistling, in the ears to come to any conclusions about the validity of Neville’s theory. No one else seemed to be surprised. The old man with the lined, smiling face was still gently nodding. The two women in the pew in front of me were leaning forward, more rapt than ever.

Neville looked us over for a moment. “A withered arm can be straightened,” he said. “A blind man can be made to see. Or if you are poor and want to be rich, if you are sick and want to be well, if you’re tied to someone that you want to be rid of—I’m no moralist, and as I’ve told you many times in the course of these lectures, we are here to find joy in living and not to suffer—you can achieve all these things if the mood is approached in the proper way.”

A technique was required, he went on to explain. Many people, wanting to be rich, for instance, merely *thought* themselves rich and let it go at that. “You must do more than that. You must feel,” he said. “You must *feel* yourself rich, feel the thrill of it, and the satisfaction.” There were also, he said, certain misconceptions arising from



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the fact that sleep is part of the performance. "Many people, hearing that, think the best time to seek the silence is at night, when they're tired and likely to fall asleep anyway. They are wrong, and they will never get good results that way. This isn't like ordinary sleep. As I've told you before, it is a dropping off into the deep of your subconscious. It comes like *that*"—again the snap of the fingers—"and the right time to do it is when you're full of energy, not when you're tired and listless. Lie down then if you can, relax, look upward, and when you see the blue flame on your forehead you will know that the mood is upon you. It may last five seconds, ten seconds, ten minutes. It doesn't matter. But while it lasts the wish will have begun to germinate and grow, and it will be hard for anything to rub it out later. Even now, in the midst of battle, a man can will himself away from the strife and the danger, and not be there. Or a friend with the power can do it for him. For while you sleep there is a Watcher, and that Watcher is omnipotent and omniscient, and no power, no armies of men, can stop the Watcher's gifts if the Watcher wills to give them."

There was a discrepancy, I thought, between this reference to Divinity and Neville's earlier description of God as a mere embodiment of psychology. Neville let his voice drop suddenly to a conversational tone. "I should like to ask," he said, "if anyone here has achieved the mood since our last meeting."

There was a pause, and then two hands went up. One belonged to a woman some distance from where I was sitting. The other was the smiling old man's. Neville beamed, first on one and then on the other. "If you did it, you will surely get results," he said. He stood very still for an appreciable time, looking straight before him. Then he said, "Let us now go into the silence." He squared himself on his feet, shut his eyes, flung his head sharply back, and became immobile. Everyone in the audience but myself—everyone I could see, at any rate—did much the same thing, and in a very few seconds the whole auditorium was so still that I could clearly hear the mild sounds of Sunday traffic (the car horns, the tire whirr, and the occasional voices of pedestrians) as it moved on the street outside. For at least two minutes, I found myself in the midst of perhaps two hundred people, all sitting with their heads thrown back and their eyes closed, silently courting the touch of a thin blue flame on their foreheads and the sound of a high, shrill whistle in

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Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't.
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Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Mount Vernon fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

THE SAME SQUARE WHISKEY...BUT IN A ROUND BOTTLE

their ears that would tell them that their inmost wishes were in process of being fulfilled. It was an odd sight, touching, saddening, grotesque, and a little laughable, all at once.

WHEN Neville finally opened his eyes, he glanced around and cleared his throat. There was a stir as his audience readjusted itself to the everyday world. "Yes," he said, "I really believe that the day will come when you and I will travel without the use of airplanes or trains or motor cars. We will simply put ourselves in the mood of being where we want to be, and be there, as this power we touch upon here becomes universal." He glanced at his wrist watch and smiled. "But it's nine o'clock, and it's warm, and I've been talking now for a long time. If there are any who want to go, then it will be perfectly all right for them to go now. Afterward, we will have a short question period."

A man and a woman got up down in front and tiptoed self-consciously up the aisle. The rest of us stayed where we were, and after a fairly short silence a tall, elderly woman in a loose gray dress and a large black straw hat got up from a seat several rows in front of me. She spoke in an embarrassed, almost inaudible fashion, and it was hard for me to hear what she had to say. I gathered, though, that her difficulty had to do with voices. She heard voices while she was in the silence, and since Neville seemed never to have mentioned this phenomenon she wanted to know what its significance was. While he listened, Neville swabbed his face with his handkerchief. "No," he said when she had finished. "I don't think you really hear voices. What you hear is the thrill of *having heard* voices, and since all that is part of the mood you are striving to achieve it can hardly have any other significance."

The next person to ask a question was a man. He, too, sat a few rows in front of me, and I couldn't see his face. He had a black suit and very black, close-cropped hair, and the back of his rather thin neck was so white as to seem almost tinged with blue. He was slightly stooped, and his build and his coloring somehow reminded me of a type one often sees along the streets of the city; the faces of such men are usually pale, earnest, studious-looking, and a little worried. He wanted to know about disciplining the mind. It had occurred to him that since the success of achieving the mood depended so much on the proper control of the thoughts, it might

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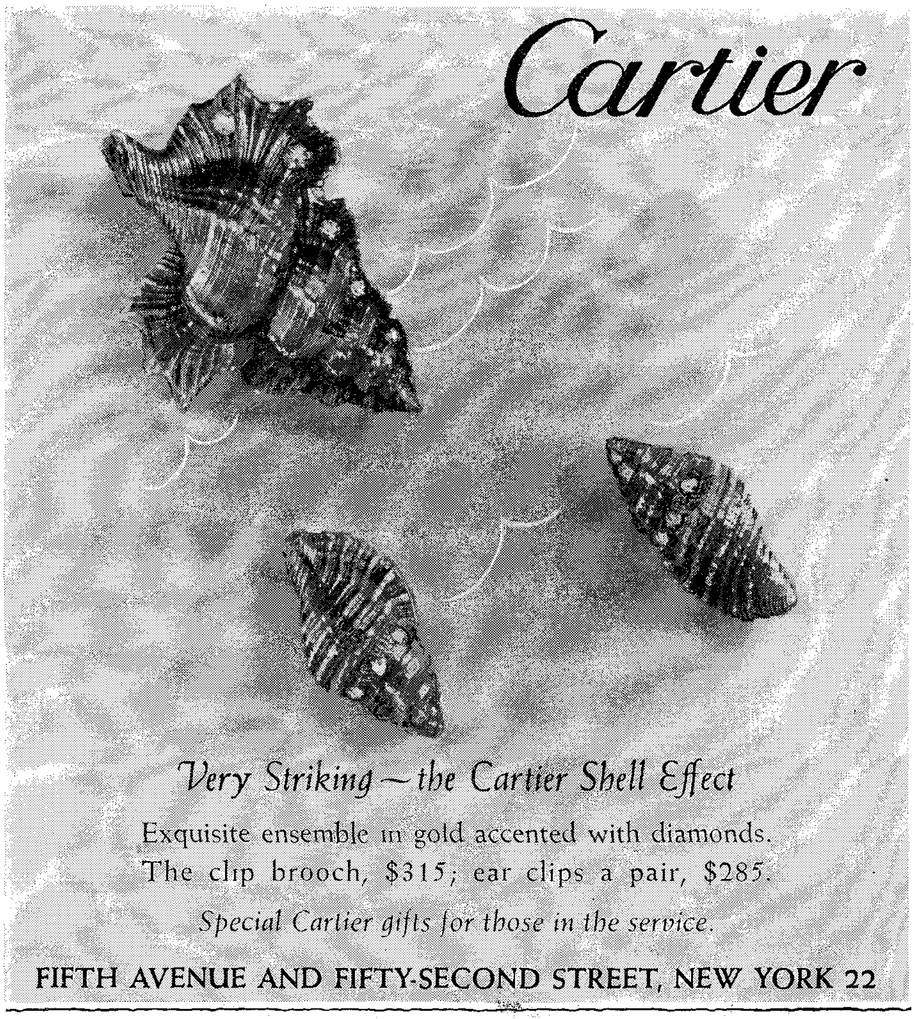
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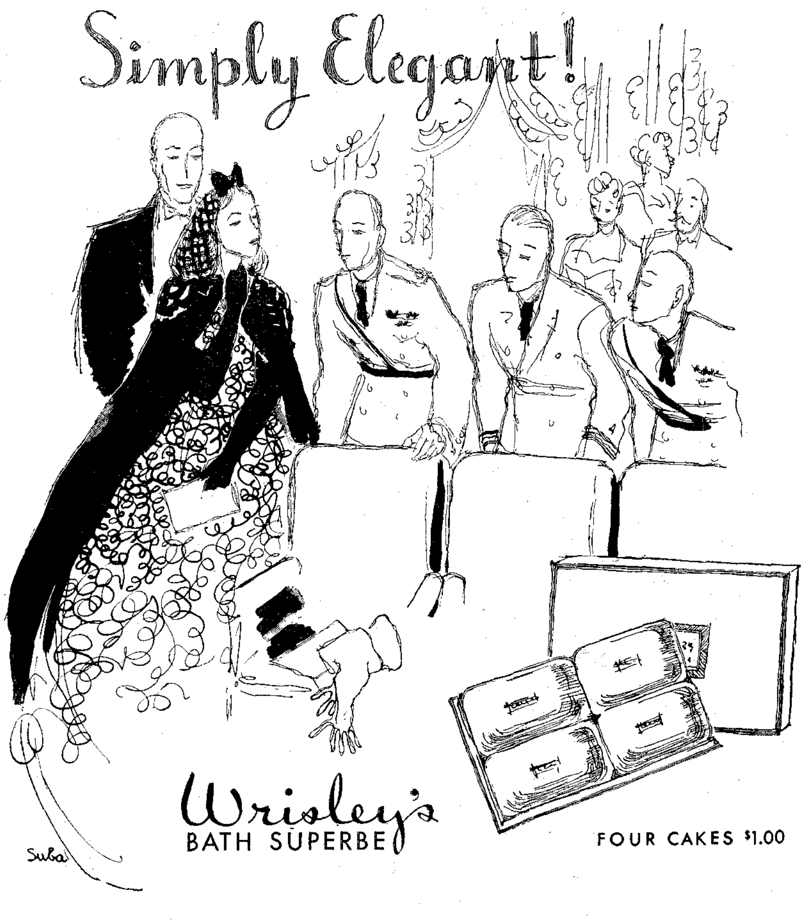
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be as well for the master to give some advice on it.

Neville was a trifle abrupt in his answer, and it struck me that possibly he was eager to have the thing over and to get home for a shower. He said that he didn't believe any special disciplining of the mind was necessary to achieve the mood, or at least he knew of no sure method. "The discipline you need is within yourself, and it concerns your fears and thoughts and desires as much as your mind. The thing to do is to bring it out." He paused, and then threw in an extra bit of advice. "But above all, don't modify your objective. What I mean is, suppose you're a man who wants a better job and you set yourself to attain it by cultivating the mood. But suppose at the same time there are doubts in your mind. You're not sure you can handle the responsibilities of that job, you're not sure that you're well enough educated, and so on. Well, then, what you're really wishing is that you were smart enough, or well trained enough, to feel able to wish for the job. That's what I call modifying the objective, and it makes the mood all confused. It's the cause of a good many of our failures. Are there any more questions?"

There were a few. A shirt-sleeved man with a long jaw and pale, protruding eyes got up to ask if Neville had read a book called "Christ in Flanders." Neville said no, he hadn't, and the man, his gambit declined, stood uncertainly for a moment and then sat down. A moment later the man in the black suit was up again. He asked embarrassedly if Neville minded his asking another question. "No, indeed," said Neville, pleasantly enough, and the man went on to say he was still deeply troubled by the matter of mental discipline. "What happens when I try to attain the mood," he said earnestly, "is that I just can't attain it. Instead of me controlling my thoughts, my thoughts control me. My mind wanders, or something."

Neville said perhaps he should *feel* more. "Instead of concentrating so much on your thoughts," he continued, "try to *feel*, feel the thrill of having whatever it is you desire, and the joy of it, the great joy and the satisfaction. Then your thoughts will take care of themselves. They will follow your feelings and you'll have more success with the mood." He paused just for an instant. "Well," he said, with finality, "if there are no more questions, we'll consider this meeting ended." He announced the succeeding week's meetings, which would include a series of Bible classes, admission one dollar. There was a round of applause, which Neville acknowledged smilingly. Then he stepped down from the stand.

TWO ladies, one of them the woman who had been hearing voices, intercepted Neville on his way to the vestry, and he stopped to speak with them. I saw the man in the black suit, after a moment's hesitation, move down toward the group. The rest of us made our way slowly up the aisle to the street. It was still warm outside and the air seemed hazy; the street was dimmed out. Spilling onto the sidewalk, the congregation showed a tendency to just stand there, not talking, merely standing silently, as if taking their bearings in the darkness that surrounded them. As the church emptied, the crowd accumulated, until passers-by coming up the street from Eighth Avenue had to worm their way through the mass before continuing freely toward Broadway.

Then the drag of their passing took hold of us; in small clusters that trailed off into smaller ones, the crowd dispersed. Where the street crossed Broadway there were more lights and more movement, but it wasn't the movement of peacetime. For one thing, there were uniforms everywhere, and the uniforms gave a sense of impermanence. Meanwhile, our crowd was moving up the dark side street. Before long it melted into the throng on Broadway and lost its identity. Its small, private uncertainties were lost, too, in the larger uncertainties around it. I didn't see a single flame on any of the foreheads as they disappeared. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

RIVER INCIDENT

A shell arched under my toes,
Stirred up a whirl of silt
That riffled around my knees.
Whatever I owed to time
Slowed in my human form;
Sea water stood in my veins,
For a moment I turned to lime;
The elements I kept warm
Crumbled and flowed away,
And I knew I had been there before,
In that cold, granitic slime,
In the dark, in the rolling water.
—THEODORE ROETHKE

•

Her [Joan Leslie's] favorite author is William Shakespeare. She has a complete set of Shakespeare's plays, and is now rereading "Hamlet." She says a person misses a lot the first time.—*Sidney Skolsky in the Post.*

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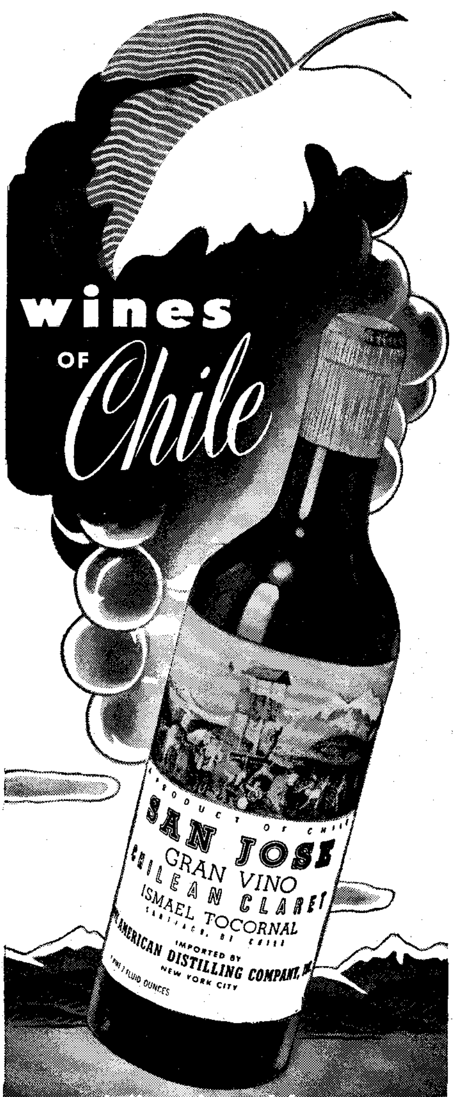

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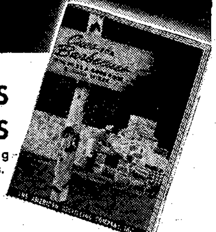

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

It's Still the Same Old Story

THIS week we have two pictures that are hot off the mimeograph, brimful of facts and situations that we haven't run across since last week or the week before. First let us consider "Destroyer," which deals, as you might suspect, with the Navy and more specifically with that type of ship which is known familiarly as a "tin can." We are given to understand that this term is generally applied in a jocular sense, since a destroyer is actually a swift and seaworthy craft to which its crew often becomes very attached. This attachment, in fact, frequently grows so strong that the ship is regarded as a woman in many respects, and that is why a destroyer, like many other types of ship, is sometimes referred to in Navy lingo as "she." Furthermore, destroyers often have distinct personalities instead of being the mere masses of machinery that a layman might easily consider them. Their personalities differ greatly, just as women's do, and from time to time one will come along that seems to be just plain contrary—that is to say, nothing about her goes quite right. In such cases the crew is likely to be what is known as an "unhappy crew," and this upsets the captain. Every destroyer captain likes to have what is known as a "happy crew." Speaking of crews (and this may be hard to believe), there is always one man aboard a destroyer who gets seasick.

The particular destroyer (or "tin can") dealt with in this picture is the John Paul Jones, a ship with a world of tradition behind her. Not only is she named after the famous commodore but she is also the successor to an earlier Jones, which was sunk in glorious action. Aboard her is a chief petty officer, played by Edward G. Robinson, who served on the old Jones and is eager to do his bit on the new one even though he's not as young as he was and really ought to retire. Of course, things have changed in the Navy since he was a recruit ("boot") and he doesn't get along too well with the fellows who have been trained the modern way, especially a young rival petty officer who, by a strange quirk of fate, is in love with the old-timer's daughter. The old fellow shows his mettle, though, when the

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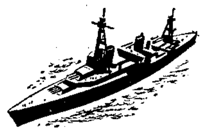
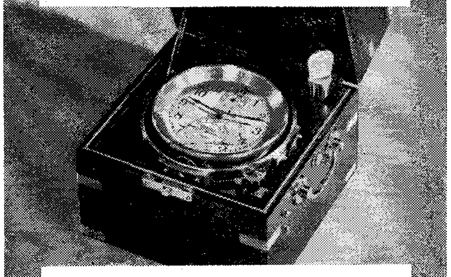


THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME



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HAMILTON *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

Japanese torpedoes ("fish") start popping and the Jones gets into trouble. He is even able, single-handed, to convert the crew from "unhappy" to "happy."

Since he has the most conspicuous part in this epic, Mr. Robinson inevitably comes out badly. Moreover, he seems to have sensed that he was swamped in nonsense and was satisfied to coast along on the routine Robinson personality. Glenn Ford, who plays the other petty officer, and Leo Gorcey and Ed Brophy, who are also in the ship's company, show up to better advantage, since they are permitted to be openly hostile to the foolish old sea dog. You get the impression that they may be a little disgusted with the picture, too, and that they may share your opinion that there is a more refreshing story tucked away somewhere in the Navy.

THE other dimly reminiscent film of recent release is "First Comes Courage," which fails to knock your eye out with any new twists on underground activities in Norway or nick-of-time Commando raids. Merle Oberon is the girl who cleverly plays up to the Germans, courting the scorn of her fellow-citizens, and Brian Aherne is the Britisher who comes to her aid. Underground activity among the fiords, which is unquestionably a grim topic as far as the Norwegians and the enemy are concerned, has somehow managed to become pretty humdrum stuff on the American screen. Apparently everybody in the picture business has bought up a batch of novels on the subject and hasn't got them all unloaded yet. Whatever became of that handy Hollywood custom known as shelving?

—David Lardner

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(MUD IN YOUR EYE DIVISION)

[*From "Dig Me a Grave," by John Spain*]

Curiosity stirred the dull muddiness of his eyes. —*Page 20.*

Except for the muddiness occasioned by last night's debauch he had his father's eyes. —*Page 20.*

The muddiness that was in the boy's eyes spread all over his face. —*Page 22.*

Anger muddied Rye's eyes. —*Page 78.*

His eyes were muddy looking. —*Page 129.*

The curiously muddy look had left his eyes . . . —*Page 131.*

His eyes had that oddly muddy look again. —*Page 135.*

Then, remembering, his eyes got that oddly muddy look again . . . —*Page 187.*

His eyes were muddy. —*Page 245.*

His eyes got that oddly muddy look again. —*Page 248.*

The obligation of a name Practice of the arts of hospitality and service to a distinguished international clientele has built world-wide reputation and esteem for The Waldorf-Astoria. Its years of leadership have created a real "noblesse oblige" permeating its entire staff, who today interpret its great traditions in the modern manner.

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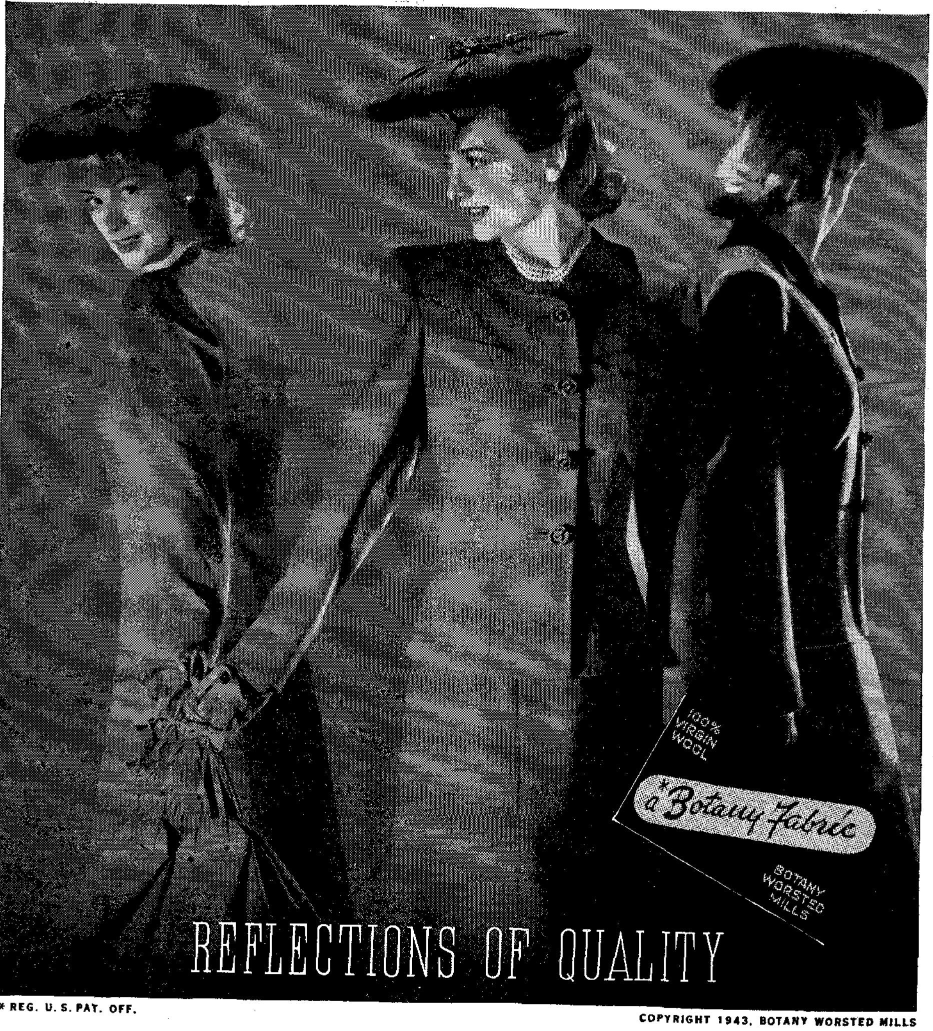

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

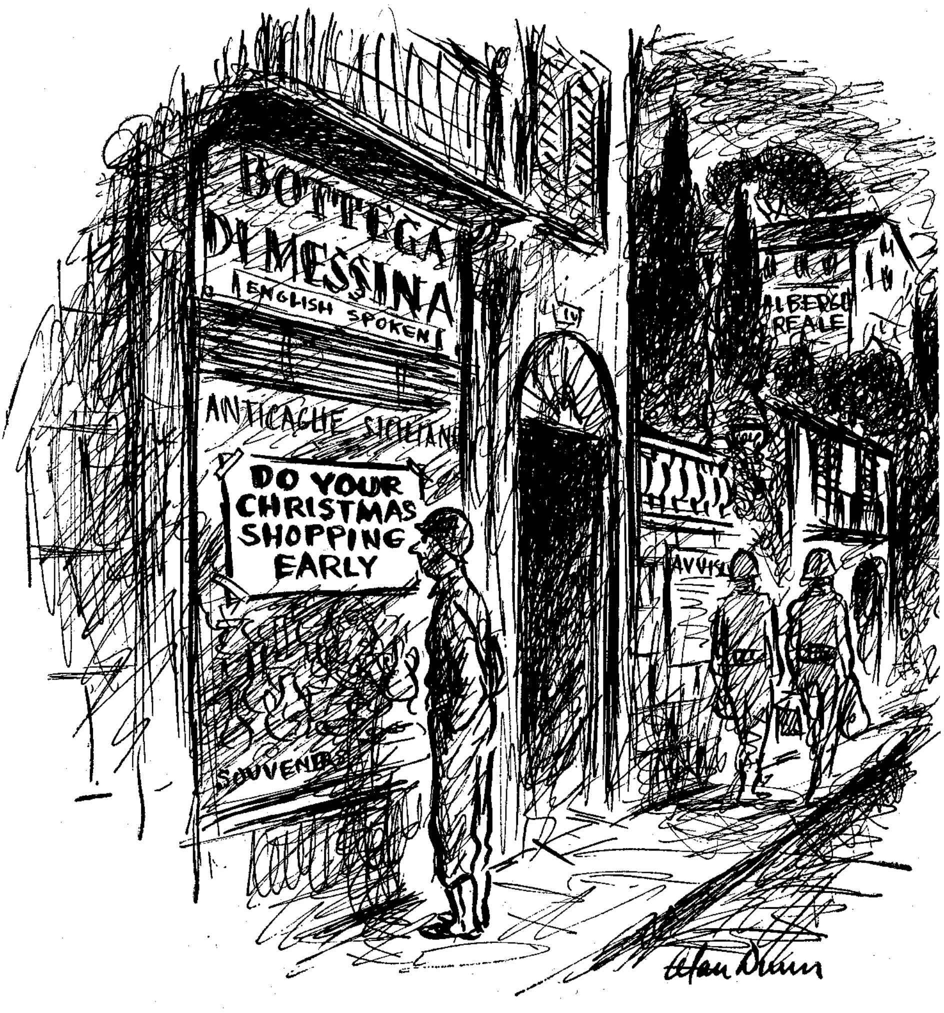
POETS have been proving for centuries that the rigid rules of the sonnet form need not throttle the imagination or stifle the spirit; the couturiers of New York are now busy proving that the regulations of the WPB need not result in uniformity or dreariness. Neither the law nor the mood of the times is sympathetic to spectacular changes in fashion, so the designers have patriotically subdued their usual passion for making the customer dissatisfied with every dress she already owns. The lines of the brave new clothes in the fall collections are trim, tubular, and slim almost to the point of skimpiness, and the two-piece suit reigns unchallenged—to be varied as you wish, and quite easily, by the blouse and accessories you wear. Basically, these clothes are practical and long-lasting, but in the details there is all the giddy imagination anyone could ask for. Everything I've seen so far is, as you might have guessed for yourself as you read on, custom.

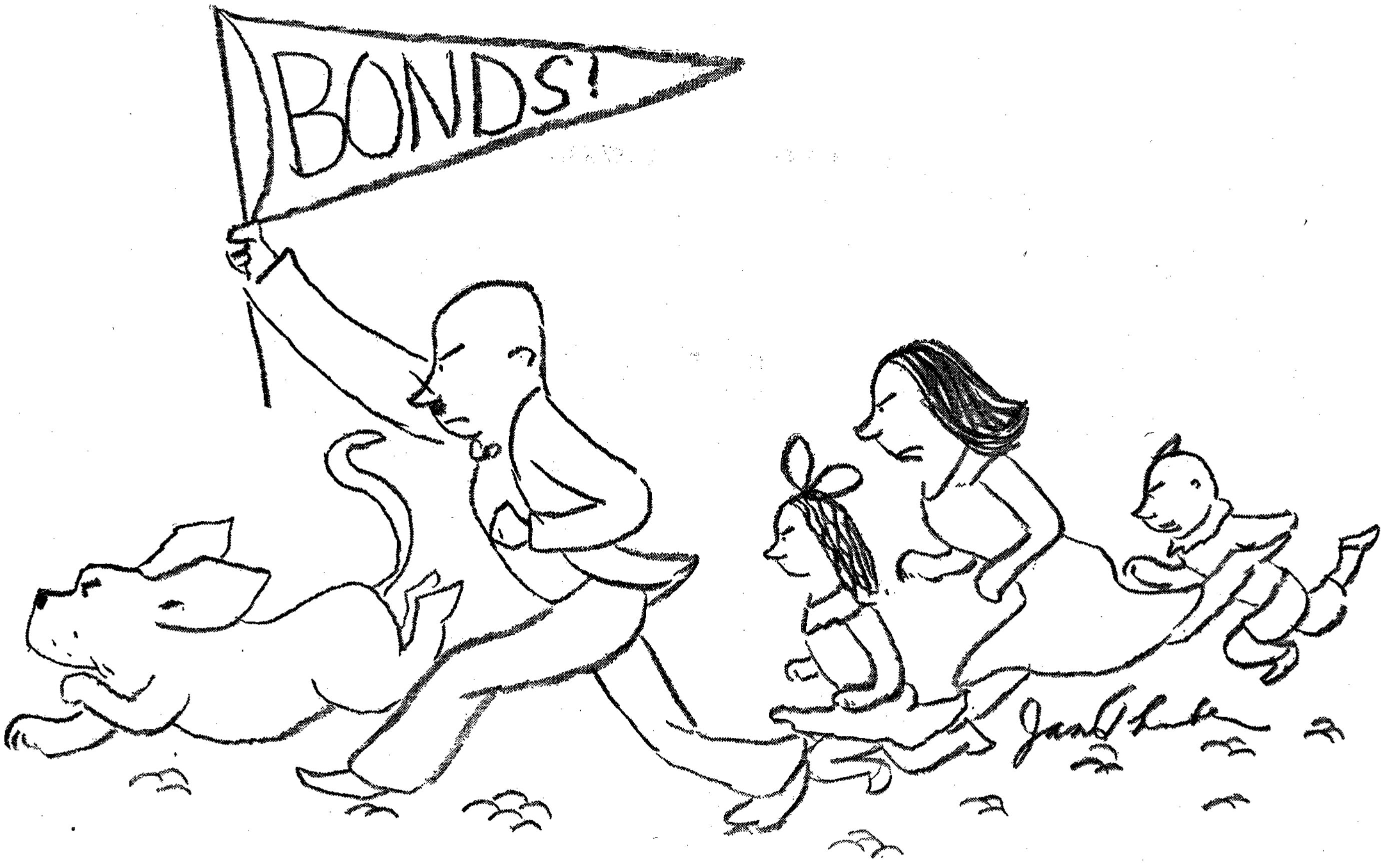
Naturally, the philosophy of the big houses differs. Hattie Carnegie says something about wanting every woman to look as feminine and exciting and desirable as possible, whether she is a recluse grandmother or a young she-wolf on the prowl. Bergdorf Goodman wants every woman to look like a lady, whether she is or not. Jay Thorpe keeps the sentimental picture of the chic Parisienne of the past always in mind, and delicate detail and black with lingerie touches are dear to its heart. And so on. In fact, each establishment, WPB or no, still reveals its own personality.

AT Carnegie there is bright color and lots of sparkle. She is making quantities of brisk little daytime suits in vivid color combinations—bright blue wool with a red velveteen vest, moss-green wool with yellowish sequins glittering on the blouse, bright purple wool with turquoise buttons and a fuchsia jacquard blouse. Wherever possible, there is shimmer if not downright glitter. A bright green-and-black horizontally striped jumper of bugle beads topping a slender black crêpe evening skirt is the kind of elegance you expect from Carnegie, and so is a suit with a black sequin leaf pattern that curls up each side of the pale-gray fitted wool jacket; with this goes a straight black wool skirt. But sequins *are* startling when they appear on the brown wool jumper blouse of a suit made of the brown herringbone tweed that you associate with small boys. And it is odd, though lovely, to see a suit with a black-and-white checked wool jacket and a black wool skirt and then to notice suddenly that the whole jacket shimmers faintly because of the activities of many tiny beads. Jackets of herringbone tweed are treated this way, too; a heavenly soft brown affair, for instance, gleams over a darker brown wool-jersey dinner dress.

Carnegie is showing a great many long evening dresses, which suggest Empire fashions (though their waistlines are normal) in their deep, wide necklines, the tiny sleeves off the tips of the shoulder, and the skirt that is absolutely straight right down to the hem and so narrow that it has to be slashed. They may be made of satin or of one of her printed crêpes, such as blue with a painted gold-leaf pattern trimmed in gold sequins, or moss green with pink. It's good to see long evening dresses shown around town again. That hasty, panicky renunciation of them made little sense, for most women like to change at the end of the day, whether they are going out or not, and a long dress is not only more graceful but requires much less fuss about lingerie, stockings, and such folderols than the short, peekaboo dresses that were so epidemic last winter. Hattie's versions of the long ones are too narrow to be suitable for a dancing romp through the bistros, but they're charming for private gatherings or that quiet dinner-and-theatre.

HOWEVER, the dinner dress and the daytime-length dinner suit still predominate, but the black-lace-underwear type of dinner dress has retired completely, thank goodness, from the scene. Jay Thorpe does wonders with black crêpe, notably in a dress with a draped V neckline and, on one hip, a vast bow of crêpe, edged with narrow black lace and trailing below the hemline. The back is as plain as a pen-





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cil, like most of the Jay Thorpe backs. Here there is also a perfect all-day-all-evening dress, in black crêpe, with a Parisian air—belted, with fullness very low in front, buttons up the bodice, and loops of white organdie edged with black lace at the round neckline and the wrists. Nobody could top this one. If you want dinner clothes with more glitter, you might try a dinner suit of black crêpe with the jacket outlined in gold fringe and a line of fringe down each side of the skirt in front. It's fun. (Jet fringe is used this way on the skirt of a slinky, full-length, black evening dress, too.) Or you might try another black crêpe, with pink moiré ribbon lacing through jet eyelets down the front and ending up in a vast bow on the stomach.

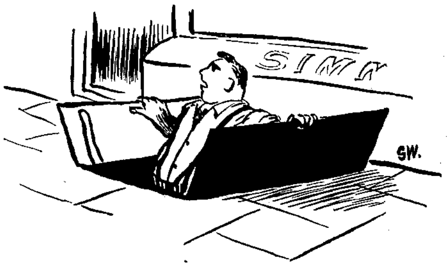
Now for daytime. J. T. has the perfect suit for people who like their jackets longish; it sports three gold hunk buttons in front and grosgrain ribbon edging in a dark-brown color to match the wool of the suit. As for the perennial "little" dresses, this house molds them tightly to the figure and concentrates on detail. A navy-blue kasha two-piece dress has a jacket whose edges are laced with navy satin ribbon, which also threads its way around the bodice. Brown velvet leaves emphasize the apron front of a cinnamon wool dress, and what passes for an accompanying hat is all curling velvet leaves. A peplum starts very quietly at the hips of a plain brown wool dress and turns into quite a saucy, bouffant affair at the back. All of these clothes are, to coin a word that will undoubtedly be stolen from me, divine.

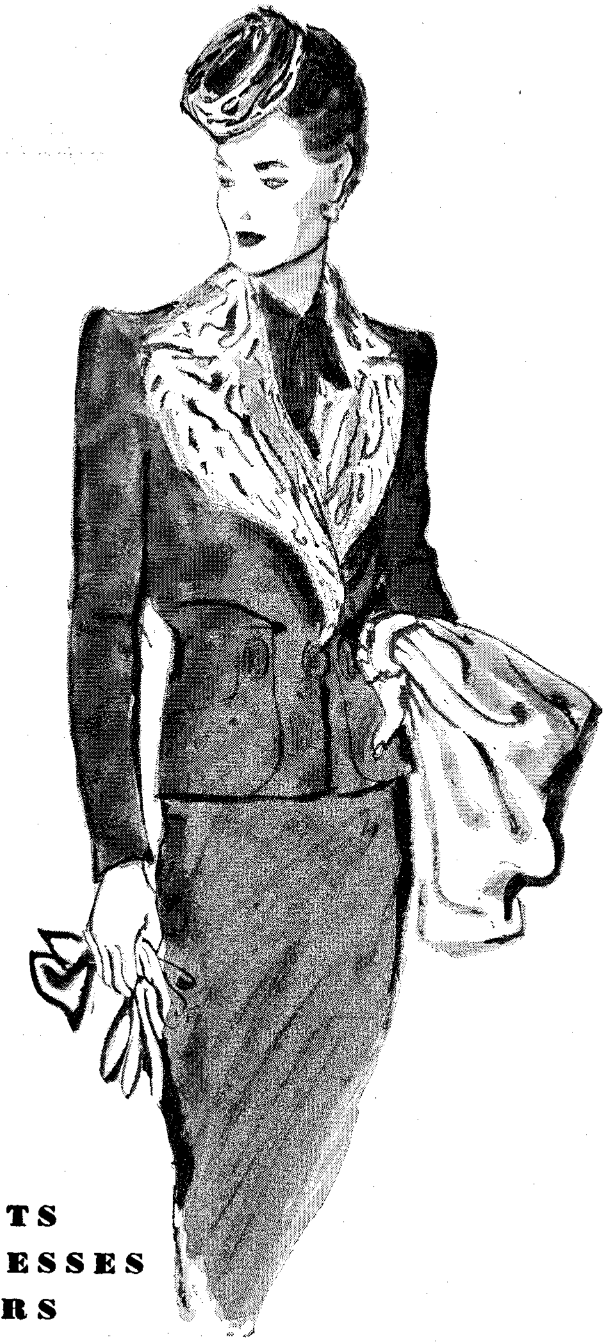
THERE is a great deal of rich, cinnamony brown around town, even for those who don't own a mink coat. That brings us to Bergdorf Goodman, who, always fond of brown-and-black combinations, have outdone themselves again. This time they have produced things like suits with a curving band of black Persian down each side of a snugly fitted brown wool jacket which is tied at the waistline in front; the wool skirt is black and straight. Or a light brown crêpe blouse with a black wool suit, with a tiny brown insert emerging underneath the tiny black Persian collar. But Bergdorf has literally everything. If it's tailored day clothes you're after, you can have Molyneux designs, which are tailored, lanky, and, well, Molyneuxish. If you like short jackets, there is a new one that is a honey, just below waist length, fitted through the shoulders but flaring beneath both front and back. Bergdorf continues to show those lumberjack jackets. A dressy version is in black wool with a waistband of Persian. There are box jackets, such as an enchanting affair in navy wool over a wool dress, with three buttons below a round neckline (you can't *say* anything about a costume like this; you just go nuts over it and buy it). Finally, there's a short, flaring Molyneux jacket in checked wool over a straight, buttoned-down-the-back black wool dress with a modified turtle neck.

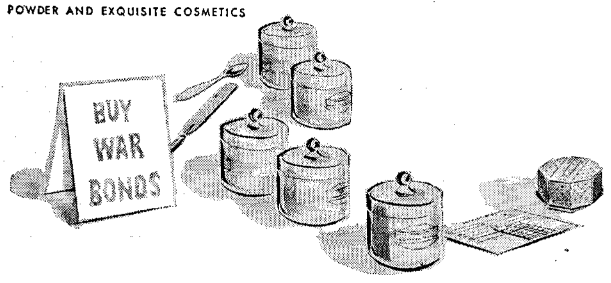
Last year the Chesterfield coat was all over town; this year everyone is trying to challenge it with adaptations of Army-officer coats, single- or double-breasted, with wide lapels and a collar that stands up rakishly against the back of your neck. These are fitted in front and are belted across the back to restrain the fullness there. Bergdorf has a particularly good example in brown wool, and the mannequin who shows it to you wears a little overseas cap to match.

As for dressy clothes for late afternoon or evening, Bergdorf has some treasures. Black velveteen suits having circular skirts and white blouses with vertical stripes of black velvet ribbon sewed on them; black velveteen skirts with tailored jackets of pale-blue-and-black jacquard, the edges trimmed with an appliqué of black lace; black crêpe dresses with deep necklines and scalloped hems or with jet diamond patterns dotting the crêpe and forming a sawtooth hemline; black silk jersey dresses, either day or evening length, with the silk shirred on elastic to make wide, off-the-shoulder necklines. Another dress, of black lace, has an evening neckline that is a beauty—off the shoulders, with tiny sleeves below and narrow black ribbon coming around the neck and down the front to form a deep V. Flesh-colored marquisette covers the décolletage and veils the shoulders. It's charming, and startling too.

Gimmicks: Bergdorf loves vast scarves—a triangular white ermine one over a slashed, full-length black evening dress, or a black velvet filigree broché number giving a cape-sleeve effect to a simple, day-length dress of the same fabric. The shop is equally fond of tulle







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scarves, dotted with sequins and other gleaming stuff, that descend from a bit of nonsense on top of the head and are caught in by the belt of a short or a long evening dress, emerging under the belt to give a flaring, Irene Castle sort of tunic look to it.

EVERYWHERE there is a suggestion of the styles of the twenties, except that the waistline, happily, shows no sign of descending again to around the hips. The influence is particularly noticeable in coats. If the coats are not fitted, they are likely to be loose and straight-hanging, with tuxedo fronts of fur. You wrap them around you, if you like, and keep them closed by the pressure of the arm that holds your pocketbook. Carnegie's devotion to jumpers emphasizes the twenties feeling, and a simple beige wool crêpe chemise dress that is all vertical lines of beads to match is also out of this world and back in the world of a golden Wall Street. When she puts sheer purple chiffon over a purple sequin day-length slip, or gold lace over a brown crêpe one, she is raking up a part of the past, however, that is best forgotten. Hattie, how *could* you? —L. L.

•

NEW BERN, Aug. 1.—Judo classes for women will begin Monday night, under the auspices of the Red Cross motor corps. Mrs. Kenneth R. Jones Jr., will be in charge. The course will be given once a week at the Willis funeral home.—*Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

Chin up, girls! Stiff upper lip!

•

The housewives, with market baskets on their arms, paid no more attention to it than if it had been a giant firecracker. One middle-aged stout woman looked at the crater, shrugged her shawled shoulders, and remarked:

Manila was declared an open city in 1941, but the Japs only redoubled their attacks upon it. —*San Francisco News.*

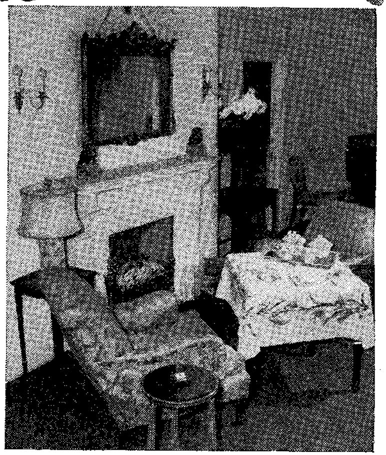
Poise is everything.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Tatler and Bystander*]

What one might call the grown-up's (as distinguished from the young people's) ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, following rather quickly on the Debutantes' Ball, was quite a success... One of the biggest parties was that got up by Lady Hamond-Graeme, but, unfortunately, owing to a temporary indisposition from eating some gull's eggs which were not quite what they should be, she was unable to be present. However, Lady Willingdon and Lady Headfort acted as hostesses instead, and Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme was there to support them.



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MR. HOOPOE, UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

THE most impressive of all barroom strategists in this war may well be my friend Mr. Sidney Hoopoe. Merely to hear him cry, "But can't you see the Russian plan? They're trying to immobilize the Nazi armor," is to imagine for a moment that Mr. Hoopoe has but recently left Stalin's headquarters, especially since he will often follow this premise by saying mysteriously, "Watch Komorskaya. That's where things are going to happen in a week or two." If you reply, as I generally do, "Yes, I read that in the *Times* last Sunday," Mr. Hoopoe will only answer, "Oh, really? They think that too? That's interesting," as though he were complimenting the experts for agreeing with him.

Sometimes, when we are discussing a campaign, Mr. Hoopoe will listen attentively and then suddenly break in firmly with a fragment of a sentence, such as "Interior lines of communication" or "Pressure on both wings." This has nothing to do with anything that has gone before, but so ponderous is Mr. Hoopoe's manner and so irresistible his air of infallibility that these vagrant words are accepted by his bewildered audience as some sort of criticism or development of what they have been saying. He is also very skillful in minimizing anything he has happened to overlook in his own reading. Perhaps I am quoting a statement made in a magazine article to the effect that the rains come in such-and-such a month in Crete. At once Mr. Hoopoe will say, "Of course, that's not *quite* so. The actual arrival of the rains cannot be forecast with any accuracy. The date varies, owing to a number of local conditions of weather. Some years the rains come later than others, so a wise commander will always take this into consideration." Observe the imbecility of that speech. Note the "owing to a number of local conditions of weather." How else could the date vary? Yet, in Mr. Hoopoe's curiously dogmatic voice, this majestic rubbish sounds like the ripest wisdom.

Mr. Hoopoe is perhaps most disconcerting with figures. He will wield them sometimes like a thunderbolt, to blast an argument into awed silence. If an invasion of France is being discussed, Mr. Hoopoe will keep still just long enough to make the others begin to dart glances at him, as though inviting his opinion. Then he will say something like this: "Don't any of you realize that it takes nine hundred and sixty ships to transport one hundred and twenty thousand men with all their arms and equipment?" Nobody has realized it, and the fact that the figures are probably a garbled version of something Mr. Hoopoe has read in a hurry doesn't make things easier. It is no use saying, "How do you know that?" He will reply, "That's not an opinion, old man, it's mathematics. Anybody can figure it out for himself."

Mr. Hoopoe also has the intricacies of naval warfare at his fingertips, and I treasure one or two of his more powerful epigrams on this difficult subject. Of our blockade of Germany, he said, "A blockade cuts both ways. By which I mean that the blockader loses ships as well as the blockadee." Of the landing in Sicily, he remarked, "If anything has ever been amphibian, that was. The crossing of the sea would have been useless without the landing and the landing would have been impossible without the crossing of the sea." One time, for a moment, we thought we had him stumped. A young man had asked him point-blank, "What would be the effect of the opening of the Dardanelles?" There was a slight pause, after which Mr. Hoopoe asked the young man to repeat his question. Then he said, "You ask me what would be the effect of the opening of the Dardanelles? I shall tell you. It would mean new shipping lanes in Turkish waters. No less than that." The young man looked puzzled and not altogether satisfied with the answer. "I mean the effect on Russia if Turkey opened the Dardanelles," he said. Mr. Hoopoe smiled blandly. "Surely," he said, "the effect that would have on Russia is only too obvious. Think, my dear sir, think." That made the young man think that he had made a fool of himself, as indeed he had, and so he did not press the point further.

AS a matter of fact, I can't recall that anybody ever got the best of Mr. Hoopoe. Just last week, when I was trying to work out how long it would take the Russians to get to the German frontier, he said, "Don't forget they are three thousand miles off, or rather more." That was too much for me, even from Mr. Hoopoe. "Hold on a minute," I said. "That's fantastic. You don't mean three thousand miles. Damn it, look at the map!" His reply was a vintage Hoopoe, never surpassed in bouquet. With a stern, pedagogic air, he gave me the facts in the case. "I *have* looked at the map," he said. "Naturally, I do not mean that the Russian line is at any one point three thousand miles from the German border. What I do mean is that in military operations there is no straight line from point to point for a vast army. One of the first lessons of war learned by troops in action is that some have to go to the right, others to the left. Some go round an object, others over it. There are retreats and fresh advances all along the line. What the military statistician does is to take a common denominator of distance involved and spread over the whole army the ratio of distance likely to be covered between one key point and another. Bearing all this in mind, you will, I think, agree that my three thousand miles is a conservative estimate." This crowning lunacy left me a little weak in the knees. I felt as a man might who, while talking casually with a friend, notices that the friend has taken off his shoes, filled them with sand, and handed them to a passer-by.

—J. B. Morton

•

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Tell Cook to prepare a rabbit, tell Nurse to get her thermometer out; we're on our way over!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Daily Mirror*]

Laugh of the town is the story about a so-called Hollywood genius and his chauffeur, who have parted company after several years. A friend asked why.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Japs are plainly distressed by the appearance of American naval forces at Marcus Island. A navy which has been abolished so often and so thoroughly has no right to act that way.

•

Four years have passed since the German armies marched into Poland. By a startling coincidence, they are now headed that way again.

•

We need not assume that there is any truth in the rumor that King Boris was assassinated. People often show a decline in health after a talk with Hitler.

•

Income-tax payers are now trying to figure out what they will owe the government on the fifteenth of September. You have to add up your hopes and dreams, subtract your fears, and divide by two.

•

The acute shortage of poultry in this region has been somewhat relieved. We are still a long way, however, from attaining the Hoover ideal of a chicken in every pot.

•

The housing crisis in Washington is evidently worse than ever. The well-known columnist Drew Pearson has had to move into the doghouse.

•

New York was shocked to hear that a gangster and racketeer may have backed a certain candidate for judge. Our people feel that such a character belongs in front of a judge, not behind one.

•

A Kansas City bank clerk is being praised because he is willing to be a soldier, though he is the father of seven children. Maybe he is only trying to get a little peace and quiet.

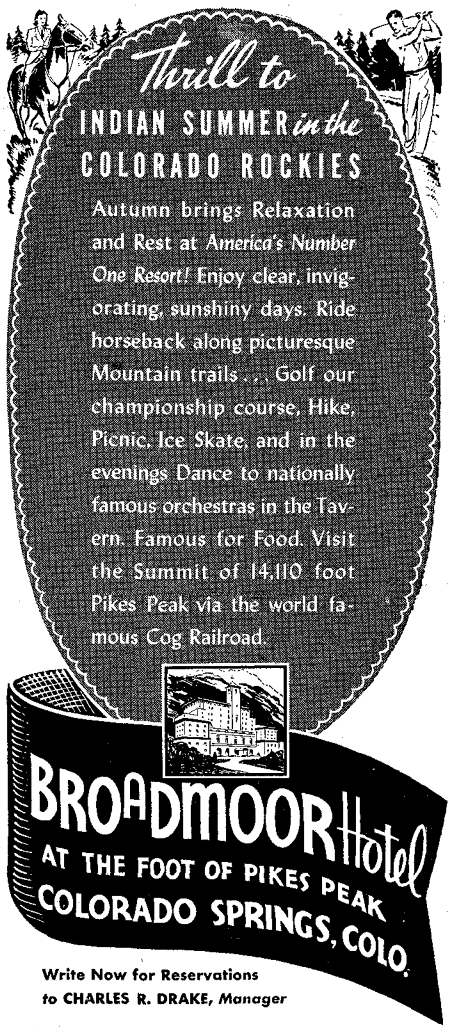
•

Park Commissioner Moses is going to Portland, Oregon, for two months to draft a postwar public-works plan. This is merely a lend-lease arrangement, and we expect to get him back in reasonably good condition.

•

It is still a puzzle why the Japs abandoned Kiska without a fight. Probably they suddenly discovered that they had wandered into the wrong hemisphere.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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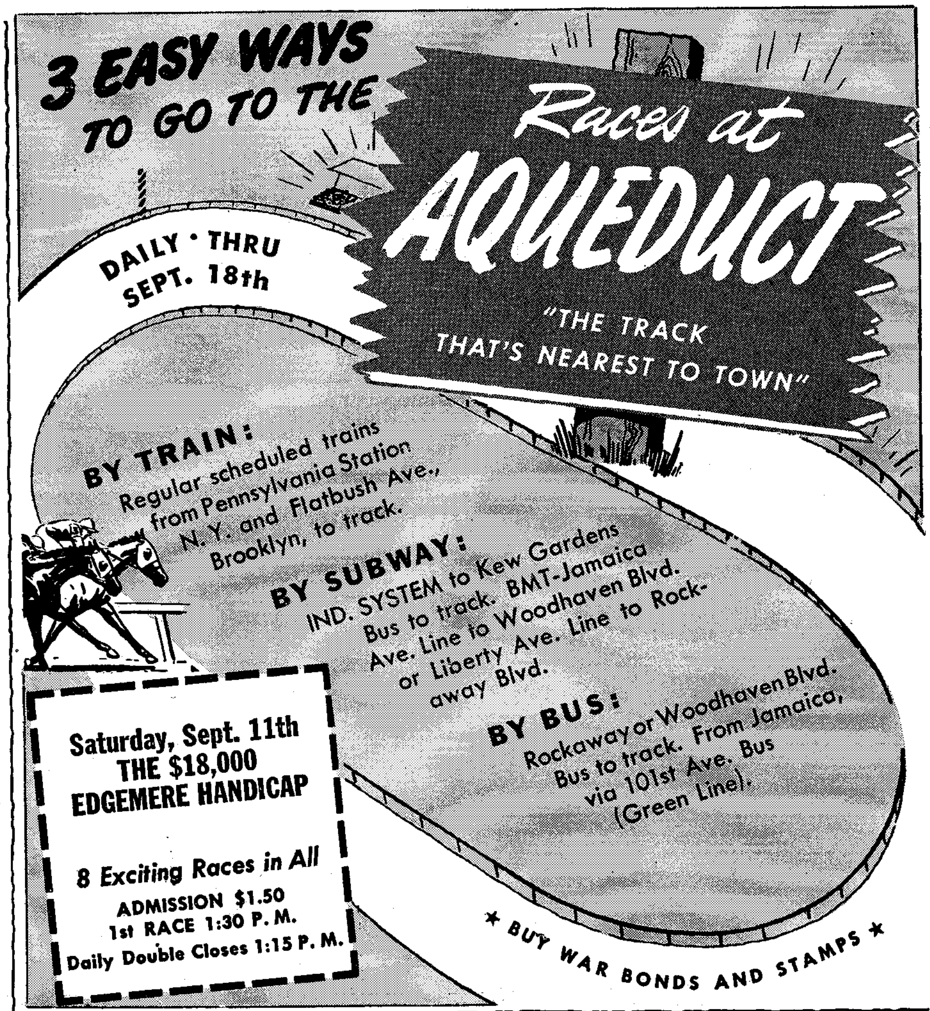
THE RACE TRACK

Mob Scene

RACING at Aqueduct last week will be remembered for the time the starting gate broke down—on opening day, no less. Horseplayers have often wondered what would happen if any of the mechanical aids to the improvement of the breed should ever fail them. This gave them a chance to see. When it was discovered that the machine couldn't be used for the Bay Shore Handicap, the fifth event, because an axle had split or something, it was decided to start the race the way steeplechases are started, simply by lining the horses up and dropping a flag. Maybe the starter should have beat a drum—races were started that way long ago, you know—or shot off a gun or even rung a bell. An electric bell rings when the doors of the starting gate open, and no doubt the horses, creatures of habit, missed it; anyway, they were plenty mixed up. I'm sure, though, that we've all seen worse starts, even from stall gates. What made this one look so bad was that Wait a Bit, a 10–1 chance, got off running, while Light Lady, the favorite, sulked and was left at the post. An interesting explanation of Wait a Bit's victory came from Matt Brady, his trainer, who said that the colt loathes being shut up in the starting stalls and made the most of his new freedom. A better explanation might be that Longden, his jockey, used to ride in the Northwest and in Canada, at small tracks where races were started this way, and so was the only rider in this event who knew exactly what was going on.

Of course, the crowd raised a row, and I'm surprised that it wasn't a bigger row. After all, you can't blame the people who wagered on Light Lady for wanting their money back; refunds have been made several times this season when bad luck befell horses at the post. But the management didn't see it that way this time. It seems to me that, when it was learned that the starting gate couldn't be used, all bets should have been declared off and a new book—if I may call it that—made on the race.

Apparently the horses in the remaining races knew what was expected of



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them, for things went off without any more uproar the rest of the day. Aqueduct, by the way, now has a spare gate.

FOR some time this department has been wondering whether something more than too much racing hasn't been wearing down the horses this season. Unhappy trainers tell me that it's getting harder than ever before, and more expensive, to run a stable efficiently. Their biggest problem, next to the horses themselves, is getting and keeping grooms and exercise boys. In other years, one groom handled one horse, but now, even in the better stables, he often has to take care of three. In fact, things have come to such a pass that some trainers are rubbing down their own horses. Steve Judge says he's been doing four every day. He's had one less to fuss over, however, since Kaytee, his best two-year-old, developed leg trouble and had to be sent to the farm. Other trainers are acting as their own exercise boys. For months Earl Sande has been working out his lot himself, and now Vince Mara gallops his pet, Smolensko, and Georgie Carroll has taken up riding Market Wise in the mornings.

Although the racers themselves don't need ration books, and the chances are they never will, they're getting along these days without many little luxuries. No lump sugar, no olive oil, and practically no alcohol for rubdowns. Imported medicines disappeared from the market some time ago. Luckily, there is still no shortage of essentials for veterinarians' prescriptions, but their cost has risen sharply. Straw has gone up from around $30 to around $40 a ton, the same price as hay, and a stable uses three times as much straw as hay. Aluminum shoes aren't seen any more. Trainers, however, are quite satisfied to make do with steel ones. Many prefer them because they hold their shape better. As a matter of fact, a steel racing plate is really only about an ounce heavier than an aluminum one anyway.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Herald*]

The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Fenway Court, Boston, which has been closed as usual during the month of August, will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 2, at 10 A.M. The music program on Thursday afternoon will be given at 2:45 by Miriam Burroughs, violinist, and Leo Litwin, pianist, and on Saturday afternoon at 2:45 by Harold Rubens, pianist.

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BOOKS

Everyman's Guide to Tokyo

WHILE we are obviously still remote from a victory over what is pretty generally considered (both in importance and chronologically) Enemy Number One, the Germans, it is equally clear that we are not waiting for that victory before we begin our offensive against Enemy Number Two, the Japanese. The appointment of Mountbatten perhaps marks the beginning of the end of the purely defensive phase of the Pacific war. This seems a good moment, then, for a little sober reflection on the pattern we may expect the Pacific offensive to take. For guidance I refer you to an all-too-brief, clumsily written, but notably suggestive book called "Highway to Tokyo." Its author, Joseph Rosenfarb, is on the staff of the National Labor Relations Board, but his hobby would appear to be strategy and tactics. What he has to say sounds sensible; I think that's about as extreme a judgment as I, a non-military innocent, have any right to make.

After a few not particularly original remarks on the global character of the war, the author goes on to make the point that our strategy will be in part dictated by the nature of our enemy. He bids us rid ourselves of a number of misconceptions: that we must allow for a Japanese racial tendency to save face, that the Japanese are suicidally courageous, that their tactics are inflexible.

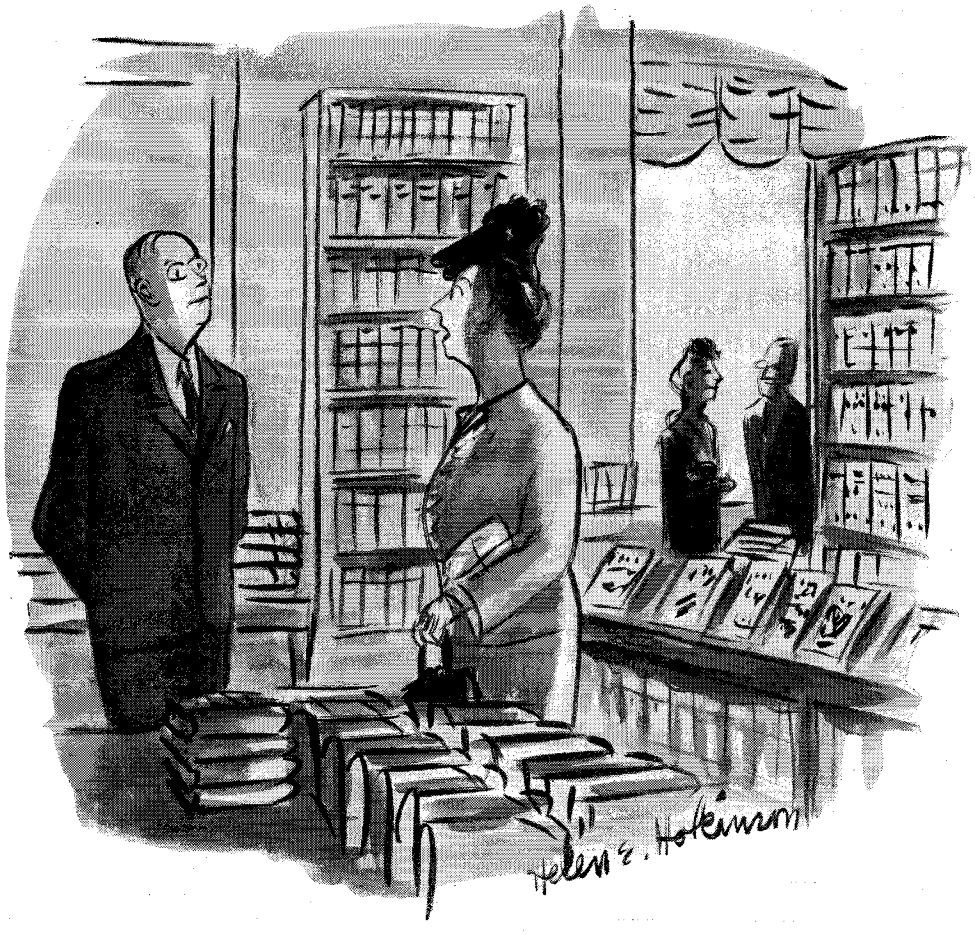
Mr. Rosenfarb is an anti-Seversky man. He is convinced that the use of air power alone against Japan is completely impractical, even though aircraft will be an essential part of the campaign, and that the Pacific offensive team must be complex: submarine fleets, land-based and carrier-based airpower, and amphibious land forces.

After presenting his view of the proper tools for the task, he proceeds to argue the pros and cons of a land offensive up through Burma and China, emerging from the argument much more con than pro. The Rosenfarb thesis, in brief, is that the base of the invasion must be a sea offensive and that the first condition of this offensive is the destruction or neutralization of the Japanese fleet. This involves the establishment of new bases in the Pacific, bases "which are to Japan what North Africa is to Southern Europe"—in other words, islands within airpower range of the enemy's homeland. As for routes, he argues cogently against both the northern approach through the Aleutians and the central route through the middle Pacific. This leaves us with the southern route, leading from Australia northwest to Tokyo, as the most feasible one, and it is apparently the one we are now taking. All of which means that on the way the Philippines must be recaptured and General MacArthur's promise transformed into action.

As for the timing of the offensive, he is certain of one thing: "Japan's defeat is futile if Hitler is victorious." Therefore the rate of our acceleration in the Pacific is dependent on the rate of progress made in Europe. Germany, he says, owing to the state of her technological development, is the greater menace and so must be given priority. We may expect the Japs, the author thinks, to launch diversionary drives against China, Australia, New Zealand, and possibly even the North and South American continents. He warns against the isolationist cry that will then arise that we must drop the European war and concentrate on Japan. On the other hand, he has some suggestions to make about the preliminary "progressive offensive" (as he calls it) against Japan, which is more than a holding operation and something less than the final, all-out attack and which he thinks should be our cue in the Pacific until the defeat of Germany seems reasonably assured.

I wish Mr. Rosenfarb had developed his fertile ideas more coherently and at greater length, but, sketchy as his demonstration is, it will strike many that "Highway to Tokyo" is an excellent manual for strategists, both armchair and non-armchair.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY's most recent contribution to the war effort is a pleasant, engaging, but by no means superficial novel, "Daylight on Saturday," which is all about life in a British aircraft plant. Life to Mr. Priestley means people, not particularly extraordinary people, either. His material, placed in the hands of an American novelist, would probably have resulted in a fascinating account of just how planes are made. Mr. Priestley doesn't



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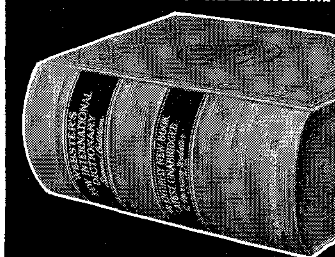

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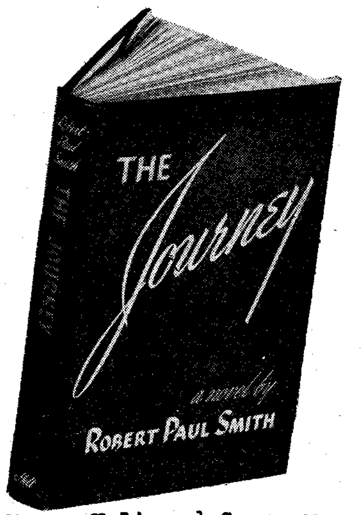
know how planes are made; his "color" is amateurish. But his characters move about and talk and get into trouble and fall in or out of love in so lively a manner that one forgives him his barely nodding acquaintance with what is known as the romance of industry.

Mr. Priestley's people run up and down the scale from Cheviot, the general manager (the author's idea—and not a bad one—of the sort of person who ought to lead us after the war), to Sammy Hamp, the odd-job man, lovable and Dickensy. All the types are worked in: Blandford, the engineer to whom human beings are an inferior kind of machine; the pipe-smoking, old-fashioned-liberal foreman, Cleeton; Joyce Deerhurst, designed by nature to be a milliner's assistant but redesigned by the Germans to punch holes in sheet metal; Freda Pinnel, restless, classless, rootless; Edith Shipton, the women's welfare officer; Ogmore, the factory's Communist, and a very agreeable chap to boot; and dozens of others.

Mr. Priestley, as usual, errs on the kindly side in his view of human nature, but he is no longer the sentimentalist that at one time it seemed he might become. He believes quite firmly and faithfully in ordinary citizens, but he believes just as firmly and faithfully in the duty of any decent society to see to it that they are encouraged not to remain too darned ordinary. He knows very well what is wrong with England and he knows that what is wrong will not be cured merely by a victory over the enemy. As a sociologist he is not in the least subtle, but he gives the impression nonetheless of having taken hold of the stick at the right end.

WE still know so little about the Chinese people that we had better listen carefully to any American who has lived with them (not with their bureaucracy) and has true tales to tell us. Agnes Smedley, a close observer of the Eighth Route Army in action for some years, is one such American. She is a woman who has suffered greatly, is beset by neuroses (she's quite candid about them), and writes as a passionate Leftist sympathizer though not a Communist. Much of her 528-page "Battle Hymn of China" is intensely subjective, much of it is filled with angry scorn for those whose politics do not jibe with hers, and some of it consists of unimportant personal anecdote. Yet the effect of the whole volume, unevenly written though it may be, is fairly impressive.

The China Miss Smedley saw and worked for and fought for is largely the



Henry Holt and Company thanks The New Yorker for its forceful and honest review of THE JOURNEY, by Robert Paul Smith, in the issue of August 28th. One of the important reasons for publishing this novel is that we, too, found it "interesting all the way through and charged with a high-tension prose that owes a certain amount to Ernest Hemingway but rather more to young Mr. Smith." ($2)

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Lin Yutang

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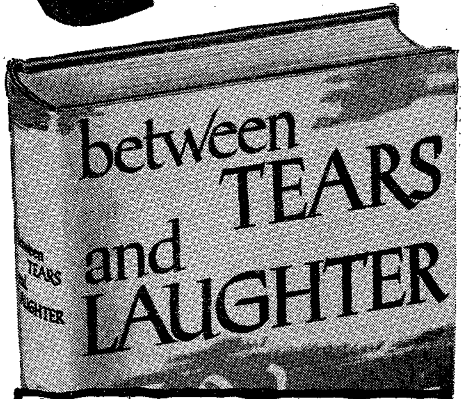


"is a great little book . . . One reads it with joy, but also with conviction because it is a succession of enlightenments. It ought to wake America to a new level of political intelligence. It is a freeing book. It limbers the joints of one's mind and at the same time makes one laugh at his own inhibitions . . . This book should be injected into the corporate 'American mind'."—ERNEST HOCKING, Professor of Philosophy, Harvard College.

Lin Yutang

brings "to the overwhelming materialism of leaders who do not even hold forth the hope of a better world, the cool wisdom of 4000 years of Chinese culture."—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. Post.*

BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER

By Lin Yutang

At all bookstores · $2.50

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
NEW YORK 19

China of liberal intellectuals, peasants, laborers, and the "Communist" Army. She does not like the Kuomintang and has plenty of reservations about the Generalissimo and his group. She likes General Stilwell but is not too fond of our State Department. She is bitter about the laissez-faire attitude many of us took toward Japan before Pearl Harbor and, like a lot of other Americans who have actually lived among the Chinese, she implies that we are still niggardly with our assistance to our ally.

Her book is not pleasant. It is full of horrors, tortures, betrayals, and poverty, poverty, poverty. The China she portrays (1928-1941) is a feudal country engaged in a revolutionary war. What is happening there is not pretty, and I imagine that if it were, the grim Miss Smedley would not care to tell us about it. Her tone is harsh and sometimes raucous. I think, however, that for all her violences and prejudices, she is worth listening to.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SURVIVAL, by Phyllis Bottome. A warm-hearted, penetrating novel about a Viennese psychoanalyst who escapes from the Hitler terror to England. There he becomes involved in the complex emotional life of the members of a prominent English family, shares their experiences in the great Plymouth air raids, and finally helps them readjust their shaken lives. Miss Bottome is, however, writing about a civilization as well as a family, and the observations of her Viennese doctor on the British mind and character are illuminated by perceptive wisdom.

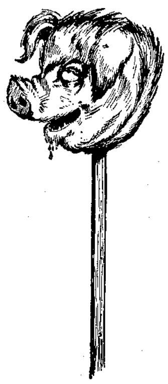
FORTRESS IN THE SKY, by Peter Mendelssohn. A fantasy, outside time and space, about some settlers in a village inhabited only by ghosts, into whose medieval feuds the newcomers are inevitably drawn. Even if you are as uncertain of the meaning of the allegory (if it is an allegory) as is this reader, you will hardly fail to find the story interesting. An oddly exciting book that has the tenseness of a puzzling yet deeply felt experience.

TAMBOURINE, TRUMPET, AND DRUM, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. A leisurely English family chronicle presenting four intensely individualistic sisters against a background of the three wars which have shaken England in the last fifty years. A workmanlike

THE GORY GAZETTE

The publication of *The Grinning Pig* by NAP LOMBARD reminds us of the days when the manuscript first came into the offices of Inner Sanctum Mysteries. Along with it was a letter from the English publishers in which they went so far as to admit that they had found the book amusing. This shattering of the tradition of British taciturnity startled us. *The Grinning Pig*, we thought, must be quite a book.

It was. As a matter of fact, since we didn't change a word of it, it still is.



So far as we know, *The Grinning Pig* is the first British entry in the Gay-Young-Couple sweepstakes first inaugurated by *The Thin Man*, and thus far a strictly American monopoly. It introduces AGNES and ANDREW KINGHOF, as charming, witty and ingratiating a pair as ever mixed with murder. One editor, a fellow who likes to think of himself as *au courant* with all the inside literary dope, said: "Confidentially, if ANGELA THIRKELL ever wrote a mystery story, this would be it." Lest any reader get the same idea, we hasten to state categorically that NAP LOMBARD is *not* ANGELA THIRKELL, that NAP LOMBARD *did* write *The Grinning Pig*, and to hazard the guess that ANGELA THIRKELL might very well wish she had. (Just to check this, a copy is on its way to her now.)

By way of extra inducement—if any is needed—*The Grinning Pig* has a fine shuddery assortment of murders, and the type of impeccable sleuthing for which the British can always be counted on.

Since every reader will inevitably have a pet chapter he'll insist upon reading aloud to the nearest victim, we'll go on record now and say that ours is Chapter Six, in which the KINGHOFS entertain their cousin from Scotland Yard at the New Year Concert of the Milmanscroft Road Division Guides and Scouts. We don't like to be stuffy about this, but arguments will be accepted only from those who go at once to the nearest book store for a copy of

THE GRINNING PIG
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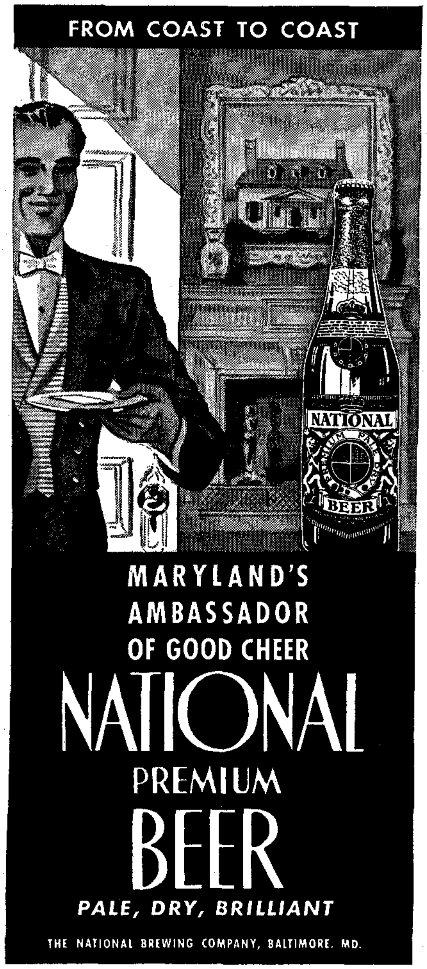

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study of ordinary human behavior in moments of crisis, in which Miss Kaye-Smith demonstrates her admirable understanding of the fact that essentially decent people often do indecent things and that the cowardly can upon occasion be very brave.

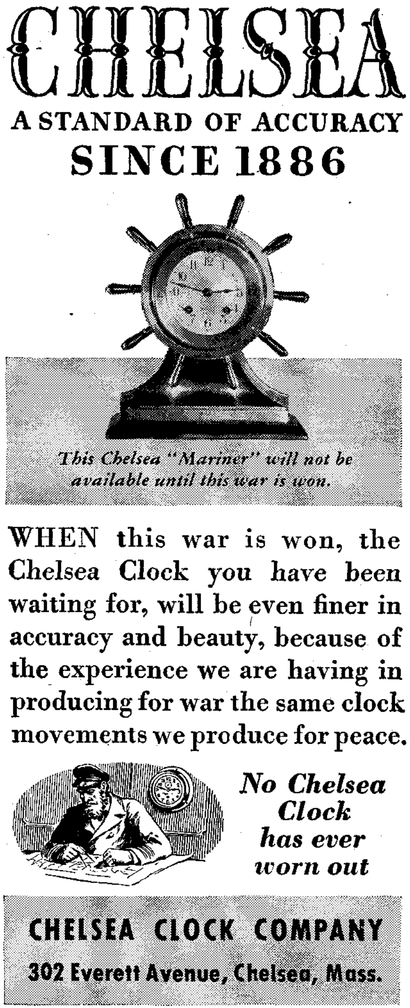
BUT GENTLY DAY, by Robert Nathan. It's a good week for fantasies. This one won't excite you much, though. About a soldier in the war who goes back to his boyhood home and finds not his father and mother but the great-grandparents who died long before he was born. Oh, yes, the soldier is really dead, too. It all has the familiar look and ring of other of Mr. Nathan's works, and the faithful will know just what to expect; so will the unfaithful.

GENERAL

UNDER A LUCKY STAR, by Roy Chapman Andrews. Autobiography of a ranking American explorer who pioneered the scientific study of the whale and led several famous expeditions into Mongolia. An energetic and pleasant book, touched with the warmth of a man who has been very busy doing the job he liked best, but with plenty of fun and humor too. The story goes rapidly and smoothly. Not much scientific detail, though.

WHAT TO DO WITH ITALY, by Gaetano Salvemini and George LaPiana. Two distinguished Italian-American historians give us a carefully qualified review of the situation in Italy and the policies which may be applied by the Allies after the country has been taken over. They put their hopes in a liberal democracy. A valuable book, intelligent, thoroughgoing, and not without acidulous comment on certain tendencies in the Vatican, the British Foreign Office, and our own State Department.

CHICAGO BLUEPRINT, "translated" by John L. Balderston. This lengthy pamphlet, described on the title page as "fiction—in form," purports to be a translation of "papers submitted to the Führer" by a group of German experts whose business it was to arrange for the disruption and invasion of this country. According to this Nazi "Supreme High Control Board," their task was facilitated by the publication on December 4, 1941, in several American newspapers (which are named), of the United States "Joint Staff Report to the President," which revealed many of the details of our war strategy. These "papers" are accompanied by



CHELSEA
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many marginal comments and inserts, initialled "A. H." and highly characteristic. On the whole, an extraordinary document which cannot fail to be of interest to isolationists and interventionists alike, though for different reasons.

Kaiser Wakes the Doctors, by Paul de Kruif. How Henry J. Kaiser, with the help of Dr. Sidney Garfield, organized a group medical service for the Kaiser shipyard workers on the West Coast, and how this plan can be extended to other industries. Fascinating account of a successful attack on the problem of prepaid, low-cost medicine, but it may be that the author, in his somewhat labored enthusiasm, overestimates the long-term virtues of Kaiser's enlightened paternalism.

The Toughest Fighting in the World, by George H. Johnston. An Australian correspondent describes the war in New Guinea and thereabouts from January, 1942, to January, 1943. Told in augmented diary form, and mostly from the Australian viewpoint, this will give you a graphic sense of what things are like down there. Some of the material has appeared in the Luce magazines. Introduction by the Right Honourable Herbert Evatt, Australian Foreign Minister.

American Counterpoint, by Alexander Alland. A text-and-picture "family album" of Americans: a hundred and thirty sharp and for the most part unmannered photographs of Americans in all their diversity of national strains, religion, derivative cultures, and so on. A fine job, and a poignant object lesson against intolerance. Excellent introduction by Pearl S. Buck.

G. I. Jungle, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. A sequel to Private (now Warrant Officer) Kahn's "The Army Life." Here, in chapters based mostly on dispatches to *The New Yorker*, he records his adventures among the "diggers" and aborigines, the mosquitoes, mud, and strange mammals of the Southwest Pacific. With Manhattan never completely out of his thoughts, he surveys the tangles of the jungle and of an infantryman's antipodean existence with some awe and with considerable good nature.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Case of the Drowsy Mosquito, by Erle Stanley Gardner. Perry Mason, slowed down only slightly by arsenic in his tea, outma-

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Blended and bottled by Haig & Haig Ltd. Edinburgh, Scotland
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neuvers the murderer of the retired California prospector who camped out in the garden of his estate while his relatives and servants hatched plots up at the house. Things get very intricate before the end of this one.

THE GRINNING PIG, by Nap Lombard. The origins of the corpse in a London air-raid shelter are investigated by a young husband-and-wife team, who work overtime at being amusing and quite often succeed. Their method of forcing a confession from the wag who scared old ladies to death is the one flaw in an otherwise well-plotted story.

TOO MANY BONES, by Ruth Sawtell Wallis. A Red Badge prize mystery, featuring a young woman anthropologist who starts work in a Midwest private museum staffed entirely by people with adequate motives for murdering the owner. Notable chiefly for its handy directions on how to boil an ape in a washtub.

THE BLACKBIRDER, by Dorothy B. Hughes. A young French refugee in this country, trying to avoid being charged with murder, keeps the conventional one jump ahead of both Nazi and anti-Nazi agents in her efforts to find the man who smuggles refugees across the Mexican border. Her adventures follow the accepted pattern for thrillers, which is, after all, a sound one, if a bit familiar by now.

WITHOUT ORDERS, by Martha Albrand. More anti-Fascist activity, this time in Rome, with an insane asylum as a starting point and a clinch as a climax. Timely if not overexciting.

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THIS IS WAR

[*From the Los Angeles Examiner*]

Tempered to the occasion of last night's war charities benefit premiere of RKO-Radio's "Flight for Freedom" and influenced by the sobering effect of war were the charming simple fashions worn by screendom's lovely ladies. Glimpsed . . . were:

IRENE DUNNE, wearing a mulberry satin dinner suit with peplum jacket, pink net ascot, pink gloves and hat. Canary diamond clips accented each lapel.

JOAN BENNETT, Iris crepe dinner dress with short tiered skirt, appliqued floral design in lime. Matching hat, and a diamond and amethyst choker necklace.

MRS. LLOYD BACON, willow green crepe frock with draped skirt. Hat and bag of taffy color, jewels were diamond butterfly earrings and clip.

MICHELE MORGAN, tobacco brown faille suit. One huge big rose trailing brown veiling was pinned in her hair.

A SAUCY SAUCE IS A CROWN FOR MEAT MAKES BREAST OF LAMB A TASTY TREAT!

When two old-time favorite condiments get together, you've got an exciting combination for any main-course dish. Spice-up rationed meals with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish. Use it on all foods on which you formerly used ordinary mustard.

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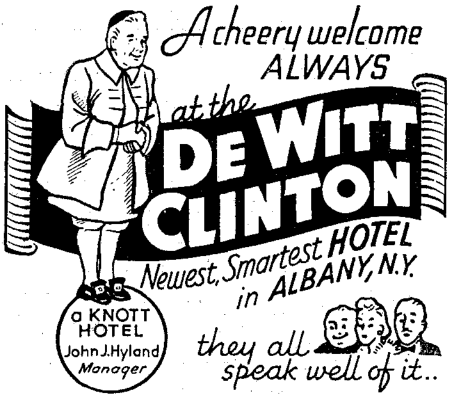
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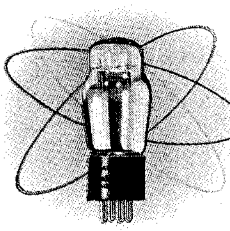

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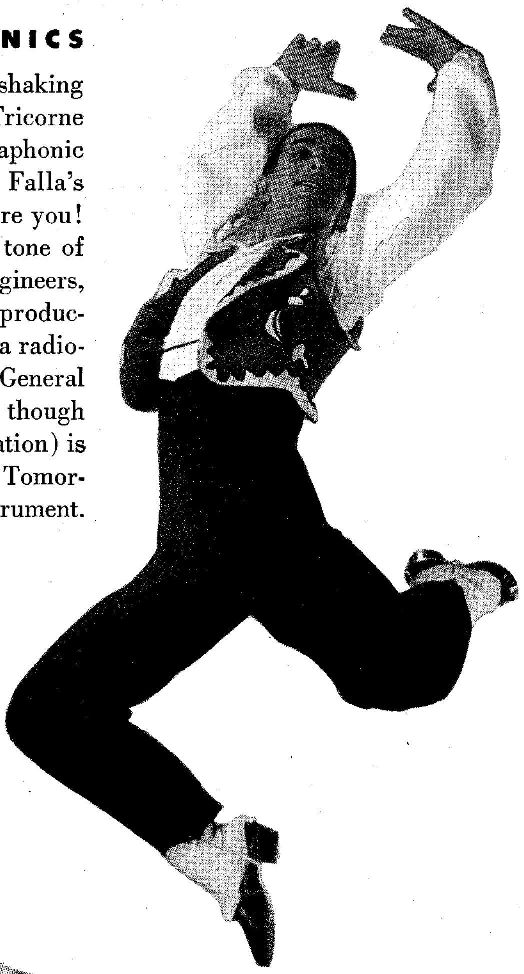
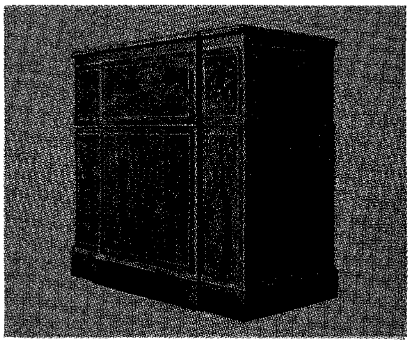


Massine as the Miller, and Argentinita as the Miller's Wife, in the Ballet Theatre production of Le Tricorne,"The Three Cornered Hat." Costumes by Picasso.



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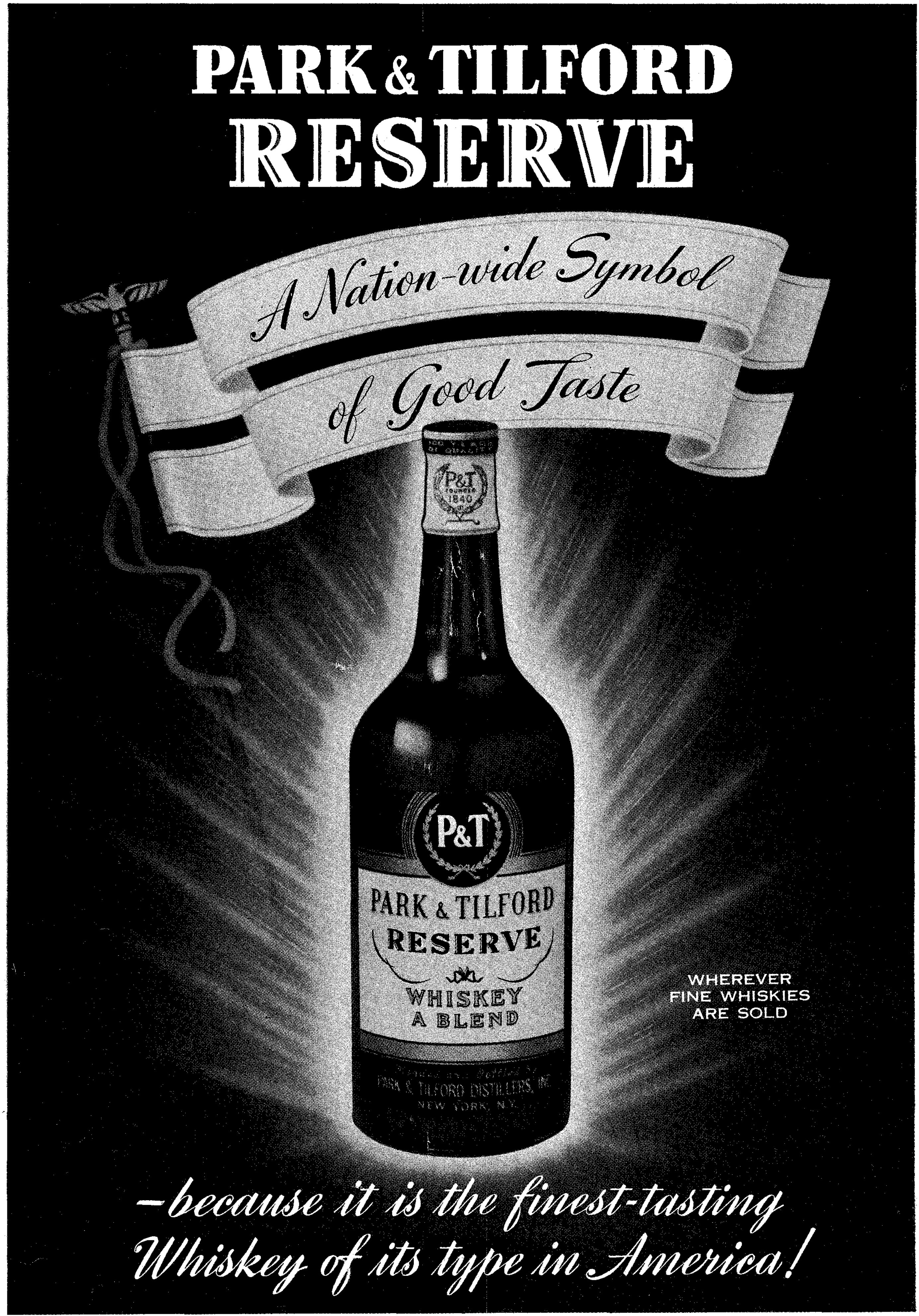

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